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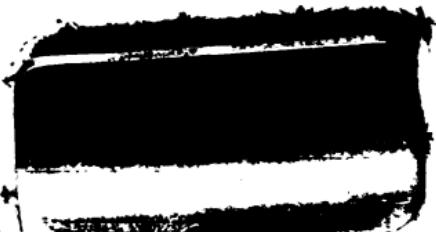
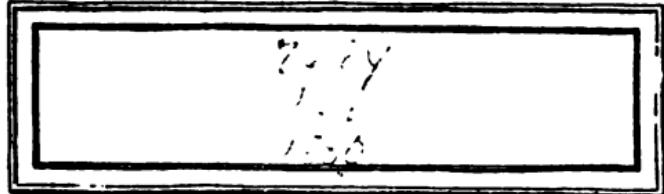
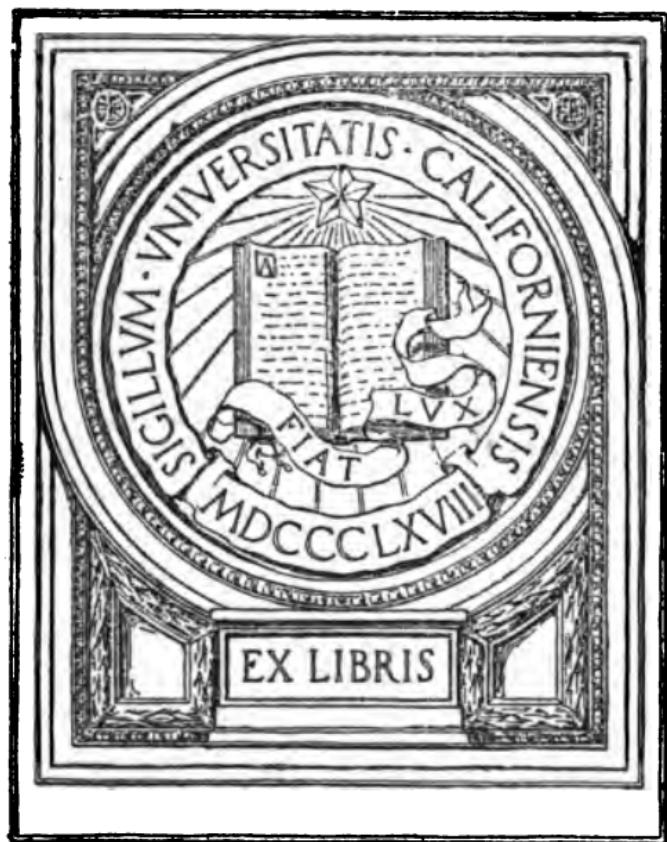
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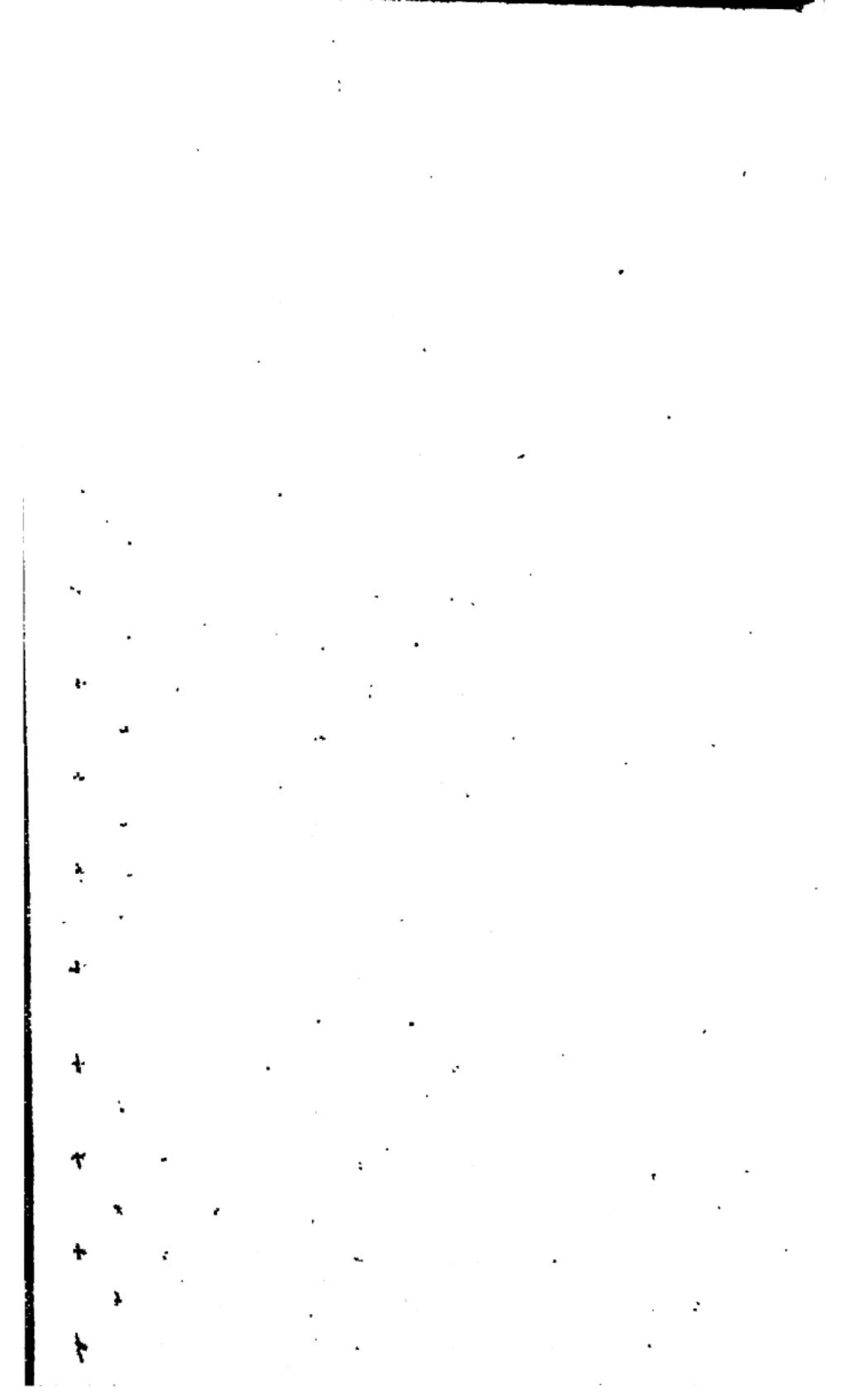
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Engraving

Terentius

THE
COMEDIES
OF
TERENCE.

AND
THE FABLES OF PHÆDRUS.

WHICH ARE
WHOLLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE
WITH NOTES,

BY HENRY THOMAS RILEY, B.A.

LATE SCHOLAR OF CLARE HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A METRICAL TRANSLATION OF PHÆDRUS,

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, A.M.



LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1880.

4651
En
1880

LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED.
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

20432

PA675:
AIK:
1880

P R E F A C E.

In this Version of the Plays of Terence the Text of Volbehr, 1846, has been followed, with the few exceptions mentioned in the Notes.

The Translator has endeavoured to convey faithfully the meaning of the author, and although not rigorously literal, he has, he trusts, avoided such wide departures from the text, as are found in the versions of Echard, Cooke, Patrick, and Gordon.

In the Translation of Phædrus, the Critical Edition by Orellius, 1831, has been used, and in the *Æsopian Fables*, the text of the Parisian Edition of Gail, 1826. The Notes will, it is believed, be found to embody the little that is known of the contemporary history of the Author.

H. T. R.

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From Terence

ANDRIA;

THE FAIR ANDRIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIMO,¹ an aged Athenian.

PAMPHILUS,² son of Simo.

SOSIA,³ freedman of Simo.

CHREMES,⁴ an aged Athenian.

CHARINUS,⁵ a young Athenian, in love with Philumena.

CRITO,⁶ a native of Andros.

DAVUS,⁷ servant of Simo.

DEOMO,⁸ servant of Simo.

BYRRHIA,⁹ servant of Charinus.

GLYCERIUM,¹⁰ a young woman beloved by Pamphilus.

MYSIS,¹¹ her maid-servant.

LESBIA,¹² a midwife.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of **SIMO** and **GLYCERIUM**.

¹ From *σιμὸς*, “flat-nosed.”

² From *πᾶν*, “all,” and *φιλός*, “a friend.”

³ From *σώζω*, “to save;” saved in war.

⁴ From *χρέμπτομαι*, “to spit.”

⁵ From *χάρις*, “grace.”

⁶ From *κριτής*, “a judge.”

⁷ From Dacia, his native country; the Davi and Daci being the same people.

⁸ From *δρόμος*, “a race.”

⁹ From *πυρρός*, “red-haired.”

¹⁰ From *γλυκερός*, “sweet.”

¹¹ From Mysia, her native country.

¹² From Lesbos, her native country.

THE SUBJECT.

CHREMES and Phania were brothers, citizens of Athens. Chremes going to Asia, leaves his daughter, Pasibula, in the care of his brother Phania, who, afterwards setting sail with Pasibula for Asia, is wrecked off the Isle of Andros. Escaping with their lives, they are kindly received by a native of the island; and Phania soon afterwards dies there. The Andrian changes the name of the girl to Glycerium, and brings her up, as his own child, with his daughter Chrysis. On his death, Chrysis and Glycerium sail for Athens to seek their fortune there. Chrysis being admired by several Athenian youths, Pamphilus, the son of Simo, an opulent citizen, chances to see Glycerium, and falls violently in love with her. She afterwards becomes pregnant by him, on which he makes her a promise of marriage. In the meantime, Chremes, who is now living at Athens, and is ignorant of the fate of Pasibula, agrees with Simo, the father of Pamphilus, to give Philumena, another daughter, in marriage to Pamphilus. While these arrangements are being made, Chrysis dies; on which Simo accidentally discovers his son's connexion with Glycerium. Chremes, also coming to hear of it, declines the match, having no idea that Glycerium is really his own daughter. Simo, however, in order to test his son's feelings, resolves to pretend that the marriage-day is fixed. Meeting Pamphilus in the town, he desires him to go home and prepare for the wedding, which is to take place immediately. In his perplexity, the youth has recourse to his servant Davus, who, having heard of the refusal of Chremes, suspects the design of Simo. At this conjuncture, Charinus, a friend of Pamphilus, who is enamoured of Philumena, but has been rejected by her father, entreats Pamphilus to put off the marriage, for at least a few days. Disclosing his own aversion to the match, Pamphilus readily engages to do this. In order the more effectually to break it off, Davus advises Pamphilus to pretend a readiness to comply with his father's wishes, supposing that of course Chremes will steadily persist in his refusal. Pamphilus does as he is advised, on which Simo again applies to Chremes, who, after some entreaty, gives his consent. Just at this conjuncture, Glycerium is delivered of a son; and by the advice of Davus, it is laid before the door of Simo's house. Chremes happening to see it there, and ascertaining that Pamphilus is its father, again refuses to give him his daughter. At this moment, Crito, a native of Andros, arrives, who, being a relative of Chrysis, has come to Athens to look after her property. Through him, Chremes discovers that Glycerium is no other than his long-lost daughter, Pasibula; on which he consents to her immediate marriage with Pamphilus, who promises Charinus that he will use his best endeavours to obtain for him the hand of Philumena.



THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Megalensian Games;¹ M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio being Curule *Ædiles*.² Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Atilius Prænestinus³ performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius,⁴ composed the music, to a pair of treble flutes and bass flutes⁵ alternately. And it is entirely

¹ *The Megalensian Games*)—These games were instituted at Rome in honour of the Goddess Cybele, when her statue was brought thither from Pessimum, in Asia Minor, by Scipio Nasica; they were so called from the Greek title Μεγάλη Μήτηρ, “the Great Mother.” They were called Megalesia or Megalensia, indifferently. A very interesting account of the origin of these games will be found in the *Fasti* of Ovid. B. iv. l. 194, *et seq.*

² *Being Curule *Ædiles**)—Among the other offices of the *Ædiles* at Rome, it was their duty to preside at the public games, and to provide the necessary dramatic representations for the Theatre, by making contracts with the Poets and Actors.

³ *Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Atilius Prænestinus*)—These persons were the heads or managers of the company of actors who performed the Play, and as such it was their province to make the necessary contracts with the Curule *Ædiles*. They were also actors themselves, and usually took the leading characters. Ambivius Turpio seems to have been a favourite with the Roman public, and to have performed for many years; of L. Atilius Prænestinus nothing is known.

⁴ *Freedman of Claudius*)—According to some, the words “Flaccus Claudi” mean “the son of Claudius.” It is, however, more generally thought that it is thereby meant that he was the freedman or liberated slave of some Roman noble of the family of the Claudii.

⁵ *Treble flutes and bass flutes*)—The history of ancient music, and especially that relative to the “tibiae,” “pipes” or “flutes,” is replete with obscurity. It is not agreed what are the meanings of the respective terms, but in the present Translation the following theory has been adopted: The words “dextræ” and “sinistræ” denote the kind of flute, the former being *treble*, the latter *bass* flutes, or, as they were sometimes called, “incentivæ” or “succentivæ”; though it has been thought by some that they were so called because the former were held with the right hand, the latter with the

Grecian.¹ Published—M. Marcellus and Cneius Sulpicius being Consuls.²

left. When two treble flutes or two bass flutes were played upon at the same time, they were called “*tibiæ pares* ;” but when one was “*dextra*” and the other “*sinistra*,” “*tibiæ impares*.” Hence the words “*paribus dextris et sinistris*,” would mean alternately with treble flutes and bass flutes. Two “*tibiæ*” were often played upon by one performer at the same time. For a specimen of a Roman “*tibicen*” or “*piper*,” see the last scene of the *Stichus* of Plautus. Some curious information relative to the pipers of Rome and the legislative enactments respecting them will be found in the *Fasti* of Ovid, B. vi. l. 653, *et seq.*

¹ *It is entirely Grecian*)—This means that the scene is in Greece, and that it is of the kind called “*palliata*,” as representing the manners of the Greeks, who wore the “*pallium*,” or outer cloak; whereas the Romans wore the “*toga*.” In the Prologue, Terence states that he borrowed it from the Greek of Menander.

² *Being Consuls*)—M. Claudius Marcellus and C. Sulpicius Galba were Consuls in the year from the building of Rome 586, and B.C. 167.

ANDRIA;
THE FAIR ANDRIAN.



THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

PAMPHILUS seduces Glycerium, wrongly supposed to be the sister of a Courtesan, an Andrian by birth; and she having become pregnant, he gives his word that she shall be his wife; but his father has engaged for him another, the daughter of Chremes; and when he discovers the intrigue he pretends that the nuptials are about to take place, desiring to learn what intentions his son may have. By the advice of Davus, Pamphilus does not resist; but Chremes, as soon as he has seen the little child born of Glycerium, breaks off the match, and declines him for a son-in-law. Afterwards, this Glycerium, unexpectedly discovered to be his own daughter, he bestows as a wife on Pamphilus, the other on Charinus.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE POET, when first he applied his mind to writing, thought that the only duty which devolved on him was, that the Plays he should compose might please the public. But he perceives that it has fallen out entirely otherwise; for he is wasting his labour in writing Prologues, not for the purpose of relating the plot, but to answer the slanders of a malevolent old Poet.¹ Now I beseech you, give your attention to the thing which they impute as a fault. Menander composed the Andrian²

¹ *A malevolent old Poet*)—Ver. 7. He alludes to Lucus Lanuvinus, or Lavinius, a Comic Poet of his time, but considerably his senior. He is mentioned by Terence in all his Prologues except that to the *Heecyra*, and seems to have made it the business of his life to run down his productions and discover faults in them.

² *Composed the Andrian*)—Ver. 9. This Play, like that of our author, took its name from the Isle of Andros, one of the Cyclades in the *Aegean* Sea, where Glycerium is supposed to have been born. *Donatus*, the Commentator on Terence, informs us that the first Scene of this Play is almost a literal translation from the *Perinthian* of Menander

and the Perinthian.¹ He who knows either of them well, will know them both; they are in plot not very different, and yet they have been composed in different language and style. What suited, he confesses he has transferred into the Andrian from the Perinthian, and has employed them as his own. These parties censure this proceeding; and on this point they differ *from him*, that Plays ought not to be mixed up together. By being *thus* knowing, do they not show that they know nothing at all? For while they are censuring him, they are censuring Nævius, Plautus, and Ennius,² whom our *Poet* has for his precedents; whose carelessness he prefers to emulate, rather than the mystifying carefulness³ of those parties. Therefore, I advise them to be quiet in future, and to cease to slander; that they may not be made acquainted with their own misdeeds. Be well disposed, then; attend with unbiassed mind, and consider the matter, that you may determine what hope is left; whether the Plays which he shall in future compose anew, are to be witnessed, or are rather to be driven off *the stage*.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter SIMO and SOSIA, followed by SERVANTS carrying provisions.

SIMO. (*to the Servants.*) Do you carry those things away in-doors; begone. (*Beckoning to SOSIA.*) SOSIA, just step here; I want a few words with you.

in which the old man was represented as discoursing with his wife just as Simo does here with SOSIA. In the Andrian of Menander, the old man opened with a soliloquy.

And the Perinthian)—Ver. 9. This Play was so called from Perinthus, a town of Thrace, its heroine being a native of that place.

* *Nævius, Plautus, and Ennius*)—Ver. 18. Ennius was the oldest of these three Poets. Nævius was a contemporary of Plautus. See a probable allusion to his misfortunes in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 211.

³ *The mystifying carefulness*)—Ver. 21. By “obscuram diligentiam” he means that formal degree of precision which is productive of obscurity.

SOSIA. Consider it as said ; that these things are to be taken care of, I suppose.¹

SIM. No, it's another matter.

SOS. What is there that my ability can effect for you more than this ?

SIM. There's no need of that ability in the matter which I have in hand ; but of those *qualities* which I have ever known as existing in you, fidelity and secrecy.

SOS. I await your will.

SIM. Since I purchased you, you know that, from a little child, your servitude with me has always been easy and light. From a slave I made you my freedman ;² for this reason, because you served me with readiness. The greatest recompence that I possessed, I bestowed upon you.

SOS. I bear it in mind.

SIM. I am not changed.

SOS. If I have done or am doing aught that is pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad that it has been done ; and that the same has been gratifying to you, I consider *sufficient* thanks. But this is a cause of uneasiness to me ; for the recital is, as it were, a censure³ to one forgetful of a kindness. But tell me, in one word, what it is that you want with me.

SIM. I'll do so. In the first place, in this affair I give you notice : this, which you suppose to be such, is not a real marriage.

SOS. Why do you pretend it then ?

SIM. You shall hear all the matter from the beginning : by that means you'll be acquainted with both my son's mode

¹ *Are to be taken care of, I suppose*)—Ver. 30. “Nempe ut curentur recte hæc.” Colman here remarks ; “Madame Dacier will have it that Simo here makes use of a kitchen term in the word ‘curentur.’ I believe it rather means ‘to take care of’ anything generally ; and at the conclusion of this very scene, Sosia uses the word again, speaking of things very foreign to cookery, ‘Sat est, curabo.’”

² *To be my freedman*)—Ver. 37. “Libertus” was the name given to a slave set at liberty by his master. A “libertinus” was the son of a “libertus.”

³ *As it were a censure*)—Ver. 43. Among the Greeks (whose manners and sentiments are supposed to be depicted in this Play) it was a maxim that he who did a kindness should forget it, while he who received it should keep it in memory. Sosia consequently feels uneasy, and considers the remark of his master in the light of a reproach.

of life and my own design, and what I want you to do in this affair. For after he had passed youthfulness,¹ Sosia, and had obtained free scope of living, (for before, how could you know or understand his disposition, while *youthful* age, fear, and a master² were checking him?)—

Sos. That's true.

SIM. What all young men, for the most part, do,—devote their attention to some particular pursuit, either to training horses or dogs for hunting, or to the philosophers;³ in not one of these did he engage in particular beyond the rest, and yet in all of them in a moderate degree. I was pleased.

Sos. Not without reason; for this I deem in life to be especially advantageous; that *one do* nothing to excess.⁴

SIM. Such was his mode of life; readily to bear and to comply with all; with whomsoever he was in company, to them to resign himself; to devote himself to their pursuits; at variance with no one; never preferring himself to them. Thus most readily you may acquire praise without envy, and gain friends.

Sos. He has wisely laid down his rule of life; for in these days obsequiousness begets friends; sincerity, dislike.

SIM. Meanwhile, three years ago,⁵ a certain woman from

¹ *After he had passed from youthfulness*)—Ver. 51. “Ephebus” was the name given to a youth when between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

² *And a master*)—Ver. 54. See the Notes to the Translation of the Bacchides of Plautus, l. 109, where Lydus, a slave, appears as the “pædagogus,” or “magister,” of Pistoclerus.

³ *Or to the philosophers*)—Ver. 57. It was the custom in Greece with all young men of free birth to apply themselves to the study of philosophy, of course with zeal proportioned to the love of learning in each. They each adopted some particular sect, to which they attached themselves. There is something sarcastic here, and indeed not very respectful to the “philosophers,” in coupling them as objects of attraction with horses and hounds.

⁴ *Nothing to excess*)—Ver 61. “Ne quid nimis.” This was one of the three sentences which were inscribed in golden letters in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The two others were “Know thyself,” and “Misery is the consequence of debt and discord.” Sosia seems from the short glimpse we have of him to have been a retailer of old saws and proverbs. He is unfortunately only a Protagon or introductory character, as we lose sight of him after this Act.

⁵ *Meanwhile, three years ago*)—Ver. 69. The following remark of Donatus on this passage is quoted by Colman for its curiosity. “The

Andros removed hither into this neighbourhood, driven by poverty and the neglect of her relations, of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.

Sos. Ah! I'm afraid that this Andrian will bring some mischief.

SIM. At first, in a modest way, she passed her life with thriftiness and in hardship, seeking a livelihood with her wool and loom. But after an admirer made advances, promising her a recompense, *first* one and then another; as the disposition of all mankind has a downward tendency from industry towards pleasure, she accepted their proposals, *and* then began to trade upon her beauty. Those who then were her admirers, by chance, as it often happens, took my son thither that he might be in their company. Forthwith I said to myself, "He is surely caught; he is smitten."¹ In the morning I used to observe their servant-boys coming or going away; I used to make enquiry, "Here, my lad, tell me, will you, who had Chrysis yesterday?" for that was the name of the Andrian (*touching SOSIA on the arm*).

Sos. I understand.

SIM. Phædrus, or Clinias, or Niceratus, they used to say; for these three then loved her at the same time. "Well now, what did Pamphilus do?" "What? He gave his contribution;² he took part in the dinner." Just so on another day I made inquiry, but I discovered nothing whatever that affected Pamphilus. In fact, I thought him sufficiently proved, and a great pattern of continence; for he who is brought into

Author has artfully said three years, when he might have given a longer or a shorter period; since it is probable that the woman might have lived modestly one year; set up the trade the next; and died the third. In the first year, therefore, Pamphilus knew nothing of the family of Chrysis; in the second, he became acquainted with Glycerium; and in the third, Glycerium marries Pamphilus, and finds her parents."

¹ *He is smitten*)—Ver. 78. "Habet," literally "He has it." This was the expression used by the spectators at the moment when a Gladiator was wounded by his antagonist. In the previous line, in the words "captus est," a figurative allusion is made to the "retiarius," a Gladiator who was provided with a net, with which he endeavoured to entangle his opponent.

² *Gave his contribution*)—Ver. 88. "Symbolam." The "symbolæ," "shot" at pic-nic or club entertainments, are more than once alluded to in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

contact with dispositions of that sort, and his feelings are not aroused even under such circumstances, you may be sure that he is already capable of undertaking the governance of his own life. This pleased me, and everybody with one voice *began* to say all *kinds of* flattering things, and to extol my *good* fortune, in having a son endowed with such a disposition. What need is there of talking? Chremes, influenced by this report, came to me of his own accord, to offer his only daughter as a wife to my son, with a very large portion. It pleased me; I betrothed him; this was the day appointed for the nuptials.

Sos. What then stands in the way? Why should they not take place?

SIM. You shall hear. In about a few days after these things had been agreed on, Chrysis, this neighbour, dies.

Sos. Bravo! You've made me happy. I was afraid for him on account of Chrysis.

SIM. Then my son was often there, with those who had admired Chrysis; with them he took charge of the funeral; sorrowful, in the meantime, he sometimes wept *with them* in condolence. Then that pleased me. Thus I reflected: "He by reason of this slight intimacy takes her death so much to heart; what if he himself had wooed her? What will he do for me his father?" All these things I took to be the duties of a humane disposition and of tender feelings. Why do I detain you with many *words*? Even I myself,¹ for his sake, went forth to the funeral, as yet suspecting no harm.

Sos. Ha! what is this?

SIM. You shall know. She is brought out; we proceed. In the meantime, among the females who were there present, I saw by chance one young woman of beauteous form.

Sos. Very likely.

SIM. And of countenance, Sosia, so modest, so charming, that nothing could surpass. As she appeared to me to lament beyond the rest, and as she was of a figure handsome and genteel beyond the other women, I approached the female

¹ Even I myself)—Ver. 116. Cooke remarks here: "A complaisant father, to go to the funeral of a courtesan, merely to oblige his son!"

attendants;¹ I enquired who she was. They said that she was the sister of Chrysia. It instantly struck my mind: "Aye, aye, this is it; hence those tears, hence that sympathy."

Sos. How I dread what you are coming to!

SIM. The funeral-procession meanwhile advances; we follow; we come to the burying-place.² She is placed upon the pile; they weep. In the meantime, this sister, whom I mentioned, approached the flames too incautiously, with considerable danger. There, at that moment, Pamphilus, in his extreme alarm, discovers his well-dissembled and long-hidden passion; he runs up, clasps the damsel by the waist. "My Glycerium," says he, "what are you doing? Why are you going to destroy yourself?" Then she, so that you might easily recognize their habitual attachment, weeping, threw herself back upon him—how affectionately!

Sos. What do you say?

SIM. I returned thence in anger, and hurt at heart: and yet there was not sufficient ground for reproving him. He might say; "What have I done? How have I deserved *this*, or offended, father? She who wished to throw herself into the flames, I prevented; I saved her." The defence is a reasonable one.

Sos. You judge aright; for if you censure him who has assisted to preserve life, what are you to do to him who causes loss or misfortune to it?

SIM. Chremes comes to me next day, exclaiming: "Disgraceful conduct!"—that he had ascertained that Pamphilus was keeping this foreign woman as a wife. I steadfastly denied that to be the fact. He insisted that it was the fact. In short, I then left him refusing to bestow his daughter.

Sos. Did not you then reprove your son?

SIM. Not even this was a cause sufficiently strong for censuring him.

Sos. How so? Tell me.

¹ *The female attendants*)—Ver. 123. "Pedissequæ." These "pedissequæ," or female attendants, are frequently alluded to in the Plays of Plautus. See the Notes to Bohn's Translation.

² *To the burying-place*)—Ver. 128. "Sepulcrum" strictly means, the tomb or place for burial, but here the funeral pile itself. When the bones were afterwards buried on the spot where they were burnt, it was called "bustum."

SIM. "You yourself, father," *he might say*, "have prescribed a limit to these proceedings. *The time* is near, when I must live according to the humour of another ; meanwhile, for the present allow me to live according to my own."

Sos. What room for reproving him, then, is there left ?

SIM. If on account of his amour he shall decline to take a wife, that, in the first place, is an offence on his part to be censured. And now for this am I using my endeavours, that, by means of the pretended marriage, there may be real ground for rebuking him, if he should refuse ; at the same time, that if *that* rascal Davus has any scheme, he may exhaust it now, while *his* knaveries can do no harm : who, I do believe, with hands, feet, *and* all his might, will do everything ; and more for this, no doubt, that he may do me an ill turn, than to oblige my son.

Sos. For what reason ?

SIM. Do you ask ? Bad heart, bad disposition. Whom, however, if I do detect — But what need is there of talking ? If it should turn out, as I wish, that there is no delay on the part of Pamphilus, Chremes remains to be prevailed upon by me ; and I do hope that all will go well. Now it's your duty to pretend these nuptials cleverly, to terrify Davus ; and watch my son, what he's about, what schemes he is planning with him.

Sos. 'Tis enough ; I'll take care ; now let's go in-doors.

SIM. You go first ; I'll follow. (*Sosia goes into the house of Simo.*)

SIM. (*to himself*) There's no doubt but that my son doesn't wish for a wife ; so alarmed did I perceive Davus to be just now, when he heard that there was going to be a marriage. But the very man is coming out of the house. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE II.

Enter Davus from the house of Simo.

DAV. (*aloud to himself.*) I was wondering if this matter was to go off thus ; and was continually dreading where my

master's good humour would end ; for, after he had heard that a wife would not be given to his son, never uttered a word to any one of us, or took it amiss.

SIM. (*apart, overhearing him.*) But now he'll do so : and that, I fancy, not without heavy cost to you.

DAV. (*to himself.*) He meant this, that we, thus unsuspecting, should be led away by delusive joy ; that now in hope, *all* fear being removed, we might during our supineness be surprised, so that there might be no time for planning a rupture of the marriage. How clever !

SIM. (*apart.*) The villain ! what does he say ?

DAV. (*overhearing him, to himself.*) It's my master, and I didn't see him.

SIM. Davus.

DAV. Well, what is it ?

SIM. Just step this way to me.

DAV. (*to himself.*) What does he want ?

SIM. What are you saying ?

DAV. About what ?

SIM. Do you ask the question ? There's a report that my son's in love.

DAV. The public troubles itself about that,¹ of course..

SIM. Will you attend to this, or not ?

DAV. Certainly, I will, to that.

SIM. But for me to enquire now into these matters, were the part of a severe father. For what he has done hitherto, doesn't concern me at all. So long as his time of life prompted to that course, I allowed him to indulge his inclination : now this day brings on another mode of life, demands other habits. From this time forward, I do request, or if it is reasonable, I do entreat you, Davus, that he may now return to the *right* path.

DAV. (*aside.*) What can this mean ?

SIM. All who are intriguing take it ill to have a wife given them.

DAV. So they say.

SIM. And if any one has adopted a bad instructor in that

¹ *Troubles itself about that*)—Ver. 185. He says this contemptuously, as if it was likely that the public should take any such great interest in his son as the father would imply by his remark. By thus saying, he also avoids giving a direct reply.

course, he generally urges the enfeebled mind to pursuits still more unbecoming.

DAV. Ifaith, I do not comprehend.

SIM. No? Ha—

DAV. No—I am Davus, not *Œ*dipus.¹

SIM. Of course then, you wish me to speak plainly in what further I have to say.

DAV. Certainly, by all means.

SIM. If I this day find out that you are attempting any trickery about this marriage, to the end that it may not take place; or are desirous that in this matter it should be proved how knowing you are; I'll hand you over, Davus, beaten with stripes, to the mill,² even to your dying day, upon this condition and pledge, that if *ever* I release you, I shall grind in your place. Now, do you understand this? Or not yet even this?

DAV. Yes, perfectly: you have now spoken so plainly upon the subject, you have not used the least circumlocution.

SIM. In anything would I more willingly allow myself to be imposed upon than in this matter.

DAV. Fair words, I entreat.

SIM. You are ridiculing *me*: you don't at all deceive me. I give you warning, don't act rashly, and don't say you were not warned. Take care. (*Shaking his stick, goes into the house.*)

SCENE III.

DAVUS alone.

DAV. (*to himself.*) Assuredly, Davus, there's no room for slothfulness or inactivity, so far as I've just now ascertained the old man's mind about the marriage; which, if it is not provided against by cunning, will be bringing either myself or my master to ruin. What to do, I am not determined; whether I should assist Pamphilus or obey the old man. If I desert the former, I fear for his life; if I assist him, I dread

¹ *Davus, not Œdipus*)—Ver. 194. Alluding to the circumstance of *Œ*dipus alone being able to solve the riddle of the Sphynx.

² *To the mill*)—Ver. 199. The “pistrinum,” or “hand-mill,” for grinding corn, was used as a mode of punishment for refractory slaves. See the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

the other's threats, on whom it will be a difficult matter to impose. In the first place, he has now found out about this amour; with hostile feelings he watches me, lest I should be devising some trickery against the marriage. If he discovers it, I'm undone; or even if he chooses to allege any pretext, whether rightfully or wrongfully, he will consign me headlong to the mill. To these evils this one is besides added for me. This Andrian, whether she is *his* wife, or whether *his* mistress, is pregnant by Pamphilus. It is worth while to hear their effrontery; for it is an undertaking *worthy* of those in their dotage, not of those who dote in love;¹ whatever she shall bring forth, they have resolved to rear;² and they are now contriving among themselves a certain scheme, that she is a citizen of Attica. There was formerly a certain old man of this place, a merchant; he was shipwrecked off the isle of Andros; he died. *They say* that there, the father of Chrysis, on that occasion, sheltered this girl, thrown on shore, an orphan, a little child. What nonsense! To myself at least it isn't very probable; the fiction pleases them however. But Mysis is coming out of the house. Now I'll betake myself hence to the Forum,³ that I may meet with Pamphilus, lest his father should take him by surprise about this matter.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter Mysis from the house of GLYCERIUM.

Mys. (*speaking at the door to Archylis within.*) I've heard

¹ *Those in their dotage, not those who dote in love*)—Ver. 218. There is a jingle intended in this line, in the resemblance between “amentium,” “mad persons,” and “amantium,” “lovers.”

² *They have resolved to rear*)—Ver. 219. This passage alludes to the custom among the Greeks of laying new-born children on the ground upon which the father, or other person who undertook the care of the child, lifted it from the ground, “tollebat.” In case no one took charge of the child, it was exposed, which was very frequently done in the case of female children. Plato was the first to inveigh against this barbarous practice. It is frequently alluded to in the Plays of Plautus.

³ *Hence to the Forum*)—Ver. 226. Colman has the following remark: “The Forum is frequently spoken of in the Comic Authors; and from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected that it was a public place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the courts of justice, a public walk, and an exchange.”

you already, Archylis ; you request Lesbia to be fetched. Really, upon my faith, she is a wine-bibbing¹ and a rash woman, and not sufficiently trustworthy for you to commit to her care a female at her first delivery ; is she still to be brought ? (*She receives an answer from within, and comes forward.*) Do look at the inconsiderateness of the old woman ; because she is her pot-companion. Ye Gods, I do entreat you, give her ease in her delivery, and to that woman an opportunity of making her mistakes elsewhere in preference. But why I do see Pamphilus so out of spirits ? I fear what it may be. I'll wait, that I may know whether this sorrow portends any disaster. (*Stands apart.*)

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS, wringing his hands.

PAM. (*to himself.*) Is it humane to do or to devise this ? Is this the duty of a father ?

MYS. (*apart.*) What does this mean ?

PAM. (*to himself.*) O, by our faith in the Gods ! what is, if this is not, an indignity ? He had resolved that he *himself* would give me a wife to-day ; ought I not to have known this beforehand ? Ought it not to have been mentioned previously ?

MYS. (*apart.*) Wretched me ! What language do I hear ?

PAM. (*to himself.*) What does Chremes do ? He who had declared that he would not entrust his daughter to me as a wife ; because he *himself* sees me unchanged he has changed. Thus perversely does he lend his aid, that he may withdraw wretched me from Glycerium. If this is effected, I am utterly undone. That any man should be so unhappy in love, or so unfortunate as I am ! Oh, faith of Gods and men ! shall I by no device be able to escape *this* alliance with Chremes ? In how many ways *am* I contemned, *and* held in scorn ? Everything done, *and* concluded ! Alas ! once rejected I am sought again ; for what reason ? Unless perhaps it is this,

¹ - *Wine-bibbing*)—Ver. 229. The nurses and midwives of antiquity seem to have been famed for their tippling propensities. In some of the Plays of Plautus we do not find them spared.

which I suspect it is : they are rearing some monster,¹ and as she cannot be pushed off upon any one *else*, they have recourse to me.

MYS. (*apart.*) This language has terrified wretched me with apprehension.

PAM. (*to himself.*) But what am I to say about my father? Alas! that he should so thoughtlessly conclude an affair of such importance! Passing me in the Forum just now, he said, "Pamphilus, you must be married to-day: get ready; be off home." He seemed to me to say this: "Be off this instant, and go hang yourself." I was amazed; think you that I was able to utter a single word, or any excuse, even a frivolous, false, *or* lame one? I was speechless. But if any one were to ask me now what I would have done, if I had known this sooner, *why*, I would have done anything rather than do this. But now, what course shall I first adopt? So many cares beset me, which rend my mind to pieces; love, sympathy for her, the worry of this marriage; then, respect for my father, who has ever, until now, with such an indulgent disposition, allowed me to do whatever was agreeable to my feelings. Ought I to oppose him? Ah me! I am in uncertainty what to do.

MYS. (*apart.*) I'm wretchedly afraid how this uncertainty is to terminate. But now there's an absolute necessity, either for him to speak to her, or for me *to speak* to him about her. While the mind is in suspense, it is swayed by a slight impulse one way or the other.

PAM. (*overhearing her.*) Who is it speaking here? (*Seeing her.*) Mysis? Good Morrow to you.

MYS. O! Good Morrow to you, Pamphilus.

PAM. How is she?

MYS. Do you ask? She is oppressed with grief,² and on this account the poor thing is anxious, because some time

¹ *Rearing some monster*) — Ver. 250. "Aliquid monstri alunt." Madame Dacier and some other Commentators give these words the rather far-fetched meaning of "They are hatching some plot." Donatus, with much more probability, supposes him to refer to the daughter of Chremes, whom, as the young women among the Greeks were brought up in great seclusion, we may suppose Pamphilus never to have seen.

² *She is oppressed with grief*) — Ver. 268. "Laborat a dolore."

ago the marriage was arranged for this day. Then, too, she fears this, that you may forsake her.

PAM. Ha! could I attempt that? Could I suffer her, poor thing, to be deceived on my account? She, who has confided to me her affection, and her entire existence? She, whom I have held especially dear to my feelings as my wife? Shall I suffer her mind, well and chastely trained and tutored, to be overcome by poverty and corrupted? I will not do it.

MYS. I should have no fear if it rested with yourself alone; but whether you may be able to withstand compulsion—

PAM. Do you deem me so cowardly, so utterly ungrateful, inhuman, *and* so brutish, that neither intimacy, nor affection, nor shame, can move or admonish me to keep faith?

MYS. This one thing I know, that she is deserving that you should not forget her.

PAM. Forget her? Oh Mysis, Mysis, at this moment are those words of Chrysis concerning Glycerium written on my mind. Now at the point of death, she called me; I went to her; you had withdrawn; we were alone; she began: "My dear Pamphilus, you see her beauty and her *youth*; and it is not unknown to you to what extent both of these are now of use to her, in protecting both her chastity and her interests. By this right hand I do entreat you, and by your *good Genius*,¹ by your own fidelity, and by her bereft condi-

Colman has the following remark upon this passage: "Though the word 'laborat' has tempted Donatus and the rest of the Commentators to suppose that this sentence signifies Glycerium being in labour, I cannot help concurring with Cooke, that it means simply that she is weighed down with grief. The words immediately subsequent corroborate this interpretation; and at the conclusion of the Scene, when Mysis tells him that she is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away, as he would naturally have done here had he understood by these words that her mistress was in labour."

¹ *By your good Genius*)—Ver. 289. "Per Genium tuum." This was a common expression with the Romans, and is used by Horace, Epistles, B. i., Ep. 7:—

"Quod te per Genium dextramque Deosque Penates,
Obsecro, et obtestor—"

The word "Genius" signified the tutelary God who was supposed to attend every person from the period of his birth. The signification of the word will be found further referred to in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

tion, do not withdraw yourself from her, or forsake her; if I have loved you as my own brother, or if she has always prized you above all others, or has been obedient to you in all things. You do I give to her as a husband, friend, protector, father. This property of mine do I entrust to you, and commit to your care." She placed her in my hands; that instant, death came upon her. I accepted her; having accepted, I will protect her.

MYS. So indeed I hope. (*Moving.*)

PAM. But why are you leaving her?

MYS. I'm going to fetch the midwife.¹

PAM. Make all haste. And—do you hear?—take care, and not one word about the marriage, lest that too should add to her illness.

MYS. I understand.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS and BYRRHIA.²

CHAR. How say you, Byrrhia? Is she to be given in marriage to Pamphilus to-day?

BYR. It is so.

CHAR. How do you know?

¹ *To fetch the midwife*)—Ver. 299. Cooke has the following remark here: "Methinks Mysis has loitered a little too much, considering the business which she was sent about; but perhaps Terence knew that some women were of such a temper as to gossip on the way, though an affair of life or death requires their haste." Colman thus takes him to task for this observation: "This two-edged reflection, glancing at once on Terence and the ladies, is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of Mysis, on seeing the emotion of Pamphilus, is very natural; and her artful endeavours to interest Pamphilus on behalf of her mistress, are rather marks of her attention than neglect."

² *Charinus and Byrrhia*). We learn from Donatus that the characters of Charinus and Byrrhia were not introduced in the work of Menander, but were added to the Play of Terence, lest Philumena's being left without a husband, on the marriage of Pamphilus to Glycera, should appear too tragical a circumstance. Diderot is of opinion that Terence did not improve his Play by this addition.

BYR. I heard *it* just now from Davus at the Forum.

CHAR. Woe unto wretched me! As, hitherto, until now, my mind has been racked amid hope and fear; so, since hope has been withdrawn, wearied with care, it sinks overwhelmed.

BYR. By my troth, Charinus, since that which you wish cannot come to pass, prithee, do wish that which can.

CHAR. I wish for nothing else but Philumena.

BYR. Alas! How much better were it for you to endeavour to expel that passion from your mind, than to be saying that by which your desire is to no purpose still more inflamed.

CHAR. We all, when we are well, with ease give good advice to the sick. If you were in my situation, you would think otherwise.

BYR. Well, well, just as you like.

CHAR. (*looking down the side scene.*) But I see Pamphilus; I'm determined I'll try everything before I despair.

BYR. (*aside.*) What does he mean?

CHAR. I will entreat his own self; I will supplicate him; I will disclose to him my love. I think that I shall prevail upon him to put off the marriage for some days at least; in the meantime, something will turn up, I trust.

BYR. That something is nothing.

CHAR. Byrrhia, how seems it to you? Shall I accost him?

BYR. Why not? Should you not prevail, that at least he may look upon you as a gallant *ready* provided for him, if he marries her.

CHAR. Away with you to perdition with that vile suggestion, you rascal!

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

PAM. I espy Charinus. (*Accosting him.*) Good Morrow!

CHAR. O, good Morrow. Pamphilus, I'm come to you, seeking hope, safety, counsel, *and* assistance.

PAM. I'faith, I have neither time for counsel, nor resources for assistance. But what's the matter now?

CHAR. To-day you are going to take a wife?

PAM. So they say.

CHAR. Pamphilus, if you do that, you behold me this day for the last time.

PAM. Why so?

CHAR. Ah me! I dread to tell it; prithee, do you tell it, Byrrhia.

BYR. I'll tell it.

PAM. What is it?

BYR. He's in love with your betrothed.

PAM. Assuredly he's not of my way of thinking. Come now, tell me, have you had any more *to do* with her, Charinus?

CHAR. Oh Pamphilus, nothing.

PAM. How much I wish *you had*.

CHAR. Now, by our friendship and by my affection, I do beseech you, in the first place, not to marry her.

PAM. For my own part I'll use my endeavours.

CHAR. But if that cannot be, or if this marriage is agreeable to you—

PAM. Agreeable to me?

CHAR. Put it off for some days at least, while I go elsewhere, that I may not be witness.

PAM. Now listen, once for all: I think it, Charinus, to be by no means the part of an ingenuous man, when he confers nothing, to expect that it should be considered as an obligation on his part. I am more desirous to avoid this match, than you to gain it.

CHAR. You have restored me to life.

PAM. Now, if you can do anything, either you yourself, or Byrrhia here, manage, fabricate, invent, contrive *some means*, whereby she may be given to you; this I shall aim at, how she may not be given to me.

CHAR. I am satisfied.

PAM. Most opportunely I perceive Davus, on whose advice I have depended.

CHAR. (turning to BYRRHIA.) But you, i'faith, tell me nothing,¹ except those things which there is no need for knowing. (Pushing him away.) Get you gone from here.

BYR. Certainly I will, and with all my heart. (Exit.

¹ Tell me nothing)—Ver. 336. It has been suggested that this refers to Byrrhia's dissuading his master from addressing Pamphilus, or else to what he has told him concerning the intended marriage. Westerhovius thinks that Byrrhia is just then whispering some trifling nonsense in his master's ear, which he, occupied with more important cares, is unwilling to attend to.

SCENE III.

Enter DAVUS, in haste.

DAV. (*not seeing PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS.*) Ye gracious Gods, what good news I bring! But where shall I find Pamphilus, that I may remove the apprehension in which he now is, and fill his mind with joy——?

CHAR. (*apart to PAMPHILUS.*) He's rejoiced about something, I don't know what.

PAM. (*apart.*) It's of no consequence; he hasn't yet heard of these misfortunes.

DAV. (*to himself.*) For I do believe now, if he has already heard that a marriage is prepared for him——

CHAR. (*apart.*) Don't you hear him?

DAV. (*to himself.*) He is seeking me distractedly all the city over. But where shall I look for him? Or in which direction now first to betake me——

CHAR. (*apart to PAMPHILUS.*) Do you hesitate to accost him?

DAV. (*to himself.*) I have it. (*Moving on.*)

PAM. Davus, come here! Stop!

DAV. Who's the person that's—— (*Turning round.*) O Pamphilus, you are the very man I'm looking for. Well done, Charinus! both in the nick of time: I want you *both*.

CHAR. Davus, I'm undone!

DAV. Nay but, do hear this.

PAM. I'm utterly ruined!

DAV. I know what you are afraid of.

CHAR. I'faith, my life indeed is really in danger.

DAV. (*to CHARINUS.*) And what you *are afraid of*, I know.

PAM. My marriage——

DAV. As if I did not know it?

PAM. This day——

DAV. Why keep dinning me *with it*, when I know it all?

(*To PAMPHILUS.*) This are you afraid of, lest you should marry her; and you (*to CHARINUS,*) lest you should not marry her.

CHAR. You understand the matter.

PAM. That's the very thing.

DAV. And that very thing is in no danger; trust me for that.

PAM. I do entreat you, release wretched me as soon as possible from this apprehension.

DAV. Well, then, I will release you; Chremes is not going to give you his daughter at present.

PAM. How do you know?

DAV. You shall know. Your' father just now laid hold of me; he said that a wife was to be given you to-day, and many other things as well, which just now I haven't time to relate. Hastening to you immediately, I ran on to the Forum that I might tell you these things. When I didn't find you, I ascended there to a high place.¹ I looked around; you were nowhere. There by chance I saw Byrrhia, his servant (*pointing to CHARINUS*). I enquired of him; he said he hadn't seen you. This puzzled me. I considered what I was to do. As I was returning in the meantime, a surmise from the circumstances themselves occurred to me: "How now,—a very small amount of good cheer; he out of spirits; a marriage all of a sudden; *these things don't agree.*"

PAM. But to what purpose this?

DAV. I forthwith *betook* myself to the house of Chremes. When I arrived there—stillness before the door;² then I was pleased at that.

CHAR. You say well.

PAM. Proceed.

DAV. I stopped *there*. In the meantime I saw no one going in, no one going out; no matron at the house;³ no preparation, no bustle. I drew near; looked in—

¹ *To a high place*)—Ver. 356. He probably alludes to some part of the Acropolis, the citadel, or higher part of Athens, which commanded a view of the lower town.

² *Stillness before the door*)—Ver. 362. Madame Dacier observes that this remark is very appropriately made by Davus, as showing that the marriage was clearly not intended by Chremes. The house of the bride on such an occasion would be thronged by her friends, and at the door would be the musicians and those who were to form part of the bridal procession.

³ *No matron at the house*)—Ver. 364. By the use of the word "matrona," he probably alludes to the "pronubæ" among the Romans, whose duties were somewhat similar to those of our bride's-maids. At the completion of the bridal repast, the bride was conducted to the bridal chamber by matrons who had not had more than one husband.

PAM. I understand; a considerable indication.

DAV. Do these things seem to accord with a wedding?

PAM. I think not, Davus.

DAV. Think, do you say? You don't view it rightly; the thing is certain. Besides, coming away from there I saw the servant-boy of Chremes carrying some vegetables and little fishes, an obol's worth;¹ for the old man's dinner.

CHAR. This day, Davus, have I been delivered by your means.

DAV. And yet not at all.

CHAR. Why so? Surely he will not give her to him, after all this. (*Pointing to PAMPHILUS.*)

DAV. You silly fellow! as though it were a necessary consequence that if he doesn't give her to him you should marry her: unless, *indeed*, you look about you; unless you entreat *and* make court to the old man's friends.

CHAR. You advise well. I'll go; although, upon my faith, this hope has often eluded me already. Farewell!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

PAMPHILUS and DAVUS.

PAM. What then does my father mean? Why does he *thus* make pretence?

DAV. I'll tell you. If now he were angry *with you*, because Chremes will not give you a wife, he would seem to himself to be unjust, and that not without reason, before he has ascertained your feelings as to the marriage, how they are disposed. But if you refuse to marry her, in that case he will transfer the blame to you; then such disturbances will arise.

PAM. I will submit to anything *from him.*

DAV. He is your father, Pamphilus. It is a difficult matter. Besides, this woman is defenceless. No sooner said

¹ *An obol's worth*)—Ver. 369. The “obolus” was the smallest Greek silver coin, and was equal in value to about three halfpence of our money. “Pisciculi minuti,” “little fish,” were much used for food among the poorer classes; “mena,” a fish resembling our pilchard, was a common article of food with the Romans. The larger kinds of fish went under the general name of “cetum.”

than done; he will find some pretext for driving her away from the city.

PAM. Driving her away?

DAV. *Aye*, and quickly too.

PAM. Tell me then, Davus, what am I to do?

DAV. Say that you will marry her.

PAM. (*starting.*) Ha!

DAV. What's the matter?

PAM. What, am I to say so?

DAV. Why not?

PAM. Never will I do it.

DAV. Don't say no.

PAM. Don't attempt to persuade me.

DAV. Consider what will be the result of it.

PAM. That I shall be deprived of the one, *and* fixed with the other.

DAV. Not so. In fact, I think it will be thus: Your father will say: "I wish you to marry a wife to-day." You reply: "I'll marry her." Tell me, how can he raise a quarrel with you? Thus you will cause all the plans which are now arranged by him to be disarranged, without any danger; for this is not to be doubted, that Chremes will not give you his daughter. Therefore do not hesitate in those measures which you are taking, on this account, lest he should change his sentiments. Tell your father that you consent; so that although he may desire it, he may not be able to be angry at you with reason. For that which you rely on, I will easily refute; "No one," *you think*, "will give a wife to a person of these habits." But he will find a beggar for you, rather than allow you to be corrupted by a mistress. If, however, he shall believe that you bear it with a contented mind, you will render him indifferent; at his leisure he will look out for another wife for you; in the meantime something lucky may turn up.

PAM. Do you think so?

DAV. It really is not a matter of doubt.

PAM. Consider to what you are persuading me.

DAV. Nay, but do be quiet.

PAM. Well, I'll say it; but, that he mayn't come to know that she has had a child by me, is a thing to be guarded against; for I have promised to bring it up.

DAV. O, piece of effrontery!

PAM. She entreated me that I would give her this pledge, by which she might be sure she should not be deserted.

DAV. It shall be attended to ; but your father's coming. Take care that he doesn't perceive that you are out of spirits.

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO, at a distance.

SIM. (*apart to himself.*) I've come back to see what they are about, or what scheme they are hatching.

DAV. (*to PAMPHILUS.*) He has no doubt at present but that you'll refuse to marry. Having considered his course, he's come from a retired spot somewhere or other ; he hopes that he has framed a speech by which to disconcert you ; do you take care, then, to be yourself.

PAM. If I am only able, Davus.

DAV. Trust me for that, Pamphilus, I tell you ; your father will never this day exchange a single word with you, if you say that you will marry.

SCENE VI.

Enter BYRRHIA, unperceived, at a distance behind SIMO.

BYR. (*apart to himself.*) My master has ordered me, leaving my business, to keep an eye on Pamphilus to-day, what he is doing with regard to the marriage. I was to learn it ; for that reason, I have now followed him¹ (*pointing to SIMO*) as

¹ *I have now followed him*)—Ver. 414. “Hunc venientem sequor.” Cook has the following remark on this line : “This verse, though in every edition, as Bentley judiciously observes, is certainly spurious ; for as Pamphilus has not disappeared since Byrrhia left the stage, he could not say ‘nunc hunc venientem sequor.’ If we suppose the line genuine, we must at the same time suppose Terence guilty of a monstrous absurdity.” On these words Colman makes the following just observations : “Other Commentators have also stumbled at this passage ; but if in the words ‘followed him hither,’ we suppose ‘him’ (hunc) to refer to Simo, the difficulty is removed ; and that the pronoun really does signify Simo, is evident from the circumstance of Pamphilus never having left the stage since the disappearance of Byrrhia. Simo is also represented as coming on the stage homewards, so that Byrrhia might easily have followed him along the street ; and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus from the agreeable surprise which he expresses on seeing him there so opportunely for the purpose.”

he came *hither*. Himself, as well, I see standing with Davus close at hand; I'll note this.

SIM. (*apart to himself.*) I see that both of them are here.

DAV. (*in a low voice to PAMPHILUS.*) Now then, be on your guard.

SIM. Pamphilus!

DAV. (*in a low voice.*) Look round at him as though taken unawares.

PAM. (*turning round sharply.*) What, my father!

DAV. (*in a low voice.*) Capital!

SIM. I wish you to marry a wife to-day, as I was saying.

BYR. (*apart.*) Now I'm in dread for our side, as to what he will answer.

PAM. Neither in that nor in anything else shall you ever find any hesitation in me.

BYR. (*apart.*) Hah!

DAV. (*in a low voice to PAMPHILUS.*) He is struck dumb.

BYR. (*apart.*) What a speech!

SIM. You act as becomes you, when that which I ask I obtain with a good grace.

DAV. (*aside to PAMPHILUS.*) Am I right?

BYR. My master, so far as I learn, has missed his wife.

SIM. Now, then, go in-doors, that you mayn't be causing delay when you are wanted.

PAM. I'll go. (*Goes into the house.*)

BYR. (*apart.*) Is there, in no case, putting trust in any man? That is a true proverb which is wont to be commonly quoted, that "all had rather it to be well for themselves than for another." I remember noticing, when I saw her, *that she was a young woman of handsome figure*; wherefore I am the more disposed to excuse Pamphilus, if he has preferred that he himself, rather than the other, should embrace her in his slumbers. I'll carry back these tidings, that, in return for this evil he may inflict evil upon me.¹ (*Exit.*)

¹ *Inflict evil upon me*)—Ver. 431. "Malam;" the usual name by which slaves spoke of the beatings they were in the habit of receiving at the hands or by the order of their irascible masters. Colman has the following remarks: "Donatus observes on this Scene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the dialogue is sustained by four persons, who have little or no intercourse with each other; so

SCENE VII.

SIMO and DAVUS.

DAV. (*aside, coming away from the door of the house.*) He now supposes that I'm bringing some trick to bear against him, and that on that account I've have remained here.

SIM. What does he say, Davus?¹

DAV. Just as much as nothing.²

SIM. What, nothing? Eh?

DAV. Nothing at all.

SIM. And yet I certainly was expecting something.

DAV. It has turned out contrary to your expectations. (*Aside.*) I perceive it; this vexes the man.

SIM. Are you able to tell me the truth?

DAV. I? Nothing more easy.

SIM. Is this marriage at all disagreeable to him, on account of his intimacy with this foreign woman?

DAV. No, faith; or if at all, it is a two or three days' annoyance this—you understand. It will then cease. Moreover, he himself has thought over this matter in a proper way.

SIM. I commend him.

that the Scene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace, excluding a fourth person, but is also otherwise vicious in its construction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though, indeed, the form of the ancient Theatre was more adapted to the representation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of speeches *aside* is also the chief error in this dialogue; such speeches, though very common in dramatic writers, ancient and modern, being always more or less unnatural."

¹ *What does he say, Davus?*—Ver. 434. "Quid, Dave, narrat?" This reading Vollbehr suggests in place of the old one, "Quid Davus narrat?" and upon good grounds, as it appears. According to the latter reading we are to suppose that Davus is grumbling to himself, on which Simo says, "What does Davus say?" It seems, however, much more likely that Davus accompanies Pamphilus to the door, and speaks to him before he goes in, and then, on his return to Simo, the latter asks him, "What does he say, Davus?"

² *Just as much as nothing*)—Ver. 434. "Æque quidquam nunc quidem." This is a circumlocution for "nothing at all;" somewhat more literally perhaps, it might be rendered "just as much as before." Perizonius supplies the ellipsis with a long string of Latin words, which translated would mean, "Now, indeed, he says equally as much as he says then, when he says nothing at all."

DAV. While it was allowed him, and while his years prompted him, he intrigued ; *even* then it *was* secretly. He took precaution that that circumstance should never be a cause of disgrace to him, as behoves a man of principle ; now that he must have a wife, he has set his mind upon a wife.

SIM. He seemed to me to be somewhat melancholy in a slight degree.

DAV. Not at all on account of her, but there's something he blames you for.

SIM. What is it, pray ?

DAV. It's a childish thing.

SIM. What is it ?

DAV. Nothing at all.

SIM. Nay but, tell me what it is.

DAV. He says that you are making too sparing preparations.

SIM. What, I ?

DAV. You.—He says that there has hardly been fare provided to the amount of ten drachmæ.¹—“Does he seem to be bestowing a wife on his son ? Which one now, in preference, of my companions shall I invite to the dinner ?” And, it must be owned, you really *are providing* too parsimoniously—I do not commend you.

SIM. Hold your tongue.

DAV. (*aside.*) I've touched him up.

SIM. I'll see that these things are properly done. (DAVUS goes into the house.) What's the meaning of this ? What does this old rogue mean ? But if there's any knavery here, why, he's sure to be the source of the mischief. (Goes into his house.)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter SIMO and DAVUS from the house of the former. MYSIS and LESBIA are coming towards the house of GLYCERIUM.

MYS. (*not seeing SIMO and DAVUS.*) Upon my faith, the fact is really as you mentioned, Lesbia, you can hardly find a man constant to a woman.

¹ *Amount of ten drachmæ*—Ver. 451. The Attic drachma was a silver coin worth in value about 9½d. of English money.

SIM. (*apart to DAVUS.*) This maid-servant comes from the **Andrian.**

DAV. (*apart to SIMO.*) What do you say?

SIM. (*apart to DAVUS.*) It is so.

MYS. But this **Pamphilus**—

SIM. (*apart to DAVUS.*) What is she saying?

MYS. Has proved his constancy.

SIM. (*apart.*) Hah!

DAV. (*apart to himself.*) I wish that either he were deaf, or she struck dumb.

MYS. For the child she brings forth, he has ordered to be brought up.

SIM. (*apart.*) O Jupiter! What do I hear! It's all over, if indeed this woman speaks the truth.

LES. You mention a good disposition on the part of the young man.

MYS. A most excellent one. But follow me in-doors, that you mayn't keep her waiting.

LES. I'll follow. (*MYSIS and LESBIA go into GLYCERIUM's house.*)

SCENE II.

SIMO and DAVUS.

DAV. (*aside.*) What remedy now shall I find for this mishap?

* **SIM.** (*to himself aloud.*) What does this mean? Is he so infatuated? *The child of a foreign woman?* Now I understand; ah! scarcely even at last, in my stupidity, have I found it out.

DAV. (*aside to himself.*) What does he say he has found out?

SIM. (*aside.*) This piece of knavery is being now for the first time palmed upon me by this fellow; they are pretending that she's in labour, in order that they may alarm Chremes.

GLY. (*exclaiming from within her house.*) Juno Lucina,¹ grant me thine aid, save me, I do entreat thee!

SIM. Whew! so sudden? What nonsense! As soon

¹ *Juno Lucina*)—Ver. 473. Juno Lucina had the care of women in childbed. Under this name some suppose Diana to have been worshipped. A similar incident to the present is found in the *Adelphi*, l. 486; and in the *Aulularia* of Plautus, l. 646.

as she has heard that I'm standing before the door, she makes all haste. These *incidents*, Davus, have not been quite happily adapted by you as to the points of time.

DAV. By me?

SIM. Are your scholars forgetful?¹

DAV. I don't know what you are talking about.

SIM. (aside.) If he at the real marriage of my son had taken me off my guard, what sport he would have made of me. Now it is at his own risk; I'm sailing in harbour.

SCENE III.

Re-enter LESBIA from the house of GLYCERIUM.

LES. (speaking to ARCHYLIS at the door, and not seeing SIMO and DAVUS.) As yet, Archylis, all the customary symptoms which ought to exist towards recovery, I perceive in her. Now, in the first place, take care and let her bathe;² then, after that, what I ordered to be given her to drink, and as much as I prescribed, do you administer: presently I will return hither. (To herself aloud.) By all that's holy, a fine boy has been born to Pamphilus. I pray the Gods that he may survive, since the father himself is of a good disposition, and since he has hesitated to do an injustice to this most excellent young woman. (Exit.

SCENE IV.

SIMO and DAVUS.

SIM. Even this, who is there that knows you that would not believe that it originated in you?

DAV. Why, what is this?

SIM. She didn't order in their presence what was requisite to be done for the woman lying in; but after she has come out, she bawls from the street to those who are in the house. O Davus, am I thus trifled with by you? Or pray, do I seem

¹ *Are your scholars forgetful?*)—Ver. 477. He alludes under this term to Mysis, Lesbia, and Pamphilus, whom he supposes Davus to have been training to act their parts in the plot against him.

² *Let her bathe*)—Ver. 483. It was the custom for women to bathe immediately after childbirth. See the Amphitryon of Plautus, l. 669, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation.

to you so very well suited to be thus openly imposed upon by your tricks? At all events *it should have been* with precaution; that at least I might have seemed to be feared, if I should detect it.

DAV. (*aside.*) Assuredly, upon my faith, it's he that's now *deceiving himself*, not I.

SIM. I gave you warning, I forbade you with threats to do it. Have you been awed? What has it availed? Am I to believe you now in this, that this woman has had a child by Pamphilus?

DAV. (*aside.*) I understand where he's mistaken; and I see what I must do.

SIM. Why are you silent?

DAV. What would you believe? As though word had not been brought you that thus it would happen.

SIM. Any *word brought* to me?

DAV. Come now, did you of your own accord perceive that this was counterfeited?

SIM. I am being trifled with.

DAV. Word has been brought you; for *otherwise* how could this suspicion have occurred to you?

SIM. How? Because I knew you.

DAV. As though you meant to say that this has been done by my contrivance.

SIM. Why, I'm sure of it, to a certainty.

DAV. Not yet even do you know me sufficiently, Simo, what sort of person I am.

SIM. I, not *know* you!.

DAV. But if I begin to tell *you* anything, at once you think that deceit is being practised upon you in guile; therefore, upon my faith, I don't dare now *even* to whisper.

SIM. This one thing I am sure of, that no person has been delivered here. (*Pointing to GLYCERIUM'S house.*)

DAV. You have discovered *that*? Still, not a bit the less will they presently be laying the child¹ here before the door. Of this, then, I now warn you, master, that it will happen,

¹ *Be laying the child*)—Ver. 507. Colman has the following remark on this line:—"The art of this passage is equal to the pleasantry, for though Davus runs into this detail merely with a view to dupe the old man still further by flattering him on his fancied sagacity, yet it very naturally prepares us for an incident which, by another turn of circumstances, afterwards becomes necessary."

you may be aware of it. Don't you hereafter be saying this was done through the advice or artifices of Davus. Wish this suspicion of yours to be entirely removed from myself.

IM. How do you know that?

DAV. I've heard so, and I believe it: many things combine me to form this conjecture. In the first place then, she said that she was pregnant by Pamphilus; that has been proved to be false.¹ Now, when she sees that preparations are being made for the wedding at our house, the maid-servant has secretly sent to fetch the midwife to her, and to bring a child at the same time.² Unless it is managed for you to see this child, the marriage will not be at all impeded.

IM. What do you say to this? When you perceived that I were adopting this plan, why didn't you tell Pamphilus immediately?

DAV. Why, who has induced him to leave her, but myself? indeed, we all know how desperately he loved her. Now I wishes for a wife. In fine, do you intrust me with that matter; proceed however, as before, to celebrate these nuptials, as you are doing, and I trust that the Gods will prosper this matter.

IM. Very well; be off in-doors; wait for me there, and be ready what's necessary to be prepared. (DAVUS goes into the house.) He hasn't prevailed upon me *even* now altogether to believe these things, and I don't know whether what he said is all true; but I deem it of little moment; this is far greater importance to me—that my son himself has promised me. Now I'll go and find Chremes; I'll ask him to be a wife for my son; if I obtain my request, at what other time rather than to-day should I prefer these nuptials taking place? For as my son has promised, I have no doubt but that he should prove unwilling, I can fairly compel him. And here's Chremes himself, just at the very time.

(*Proved to be false*)—Ver. 513. That is, according to Simo's own account, which Davus now thinks proper to humour.

(*To bring a child at the same time*)—Ver. 515. This is a piece of artifice which has probably been practised in all ages, and was somewhat commonly perpetrated in Greece. The reader of English history will remember how the unfortunate son of James II. was said, in the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary, to have been a supposititious child brought into the queen's chamber in a silver warming-pan.

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES.

SIM. I greet you, Chremes.

CHREM. O, you are the very person I was looking for.

SIM. And I for you.

CHREM. You meet me at a welcome moment. Some persons have been to me, to say that they had heard from you, that my daughter was to be married to your son to-day; I've come to see whether they are out of their senses or you.

SIM. Listen; in a few words you shall learn both what I want of you, and what you seek *to know*.

CHREM. I am listening; say what you wish.

SIM. By the Gods, I do entreat you, Chremes, and *by* our friendship, which, commencing with our infancy, has grown up with our years, and by your only daughter and by my own son (of preserving whom the entire power lies with you), that you will assist me in this matter; and that, just as this marriage was about to be celebrated, it may be celebrated.

CHREM. O, don't importune me; as though you needed to obtain this of me by entreaty. Do you suppose I am different now from what I was formerly, when I promised her? If it is for the advantage of them both that it should take place, order her to be sent for. But if from this course there would result more harm than advantage for each, this I do beg of you, that you will consult for their common good, as though she were your own *daughter*, and I the father of *Pamphilus*.

SIM. Nay, so I intend, and so I wish it to be, Chremes; and I would not ask it of you, did not the occasion itself require it.

CHREM. What is the matter?

SIM. There is a quarrel between Glycerium and my son.

CHREM. (*ironically.*) I hear *you*.

SIM. So much so, that I'm in hopes they may be separated.

CHREM. Nonsense!

SIM. It really is so.

CHREM. After this fashion, i' faith, I tell you, "the quarrels of lovers *are* the renewal of love."

SIM. Well—this I beg of you, that we may prevent it. While an opportunity offers, and while his passion is cooled by affronts, before the wiles of these women and their tears, craftily feigned, bring back his love-sick mind to compassion, let us give him a wife. I trust, Chremes, that, when attached by intimacy and a respectable marriage, he will easily extricate himself from these evils.

CHREM. So it appears to you; but I do not think¹ that either he can possibly hold to her with constancy, or that I can put up with it if he does not.

SIM. How then can you be sure of that, unless you make the experiment?

CHREM. But for that experiment to be made upon a daughter is a serious thing—

SIM. Why look, all the inconvenience in fine amounts to this—possibly, which may the Gods forfend, a separation may take place. But if he is reformed, see how many are the advantages: in the first place, you will have restored a son to your friend; you will obtain a sure son-in-law² for yourself, and a husband for your daughter.

CHREM. What is *one to say* to all this? If you feel persuaded that this is beneficial, I don't wish that any advantage should be denied you.

SIM. With good reason, Chremes, have I always considered you a most valuable friend.

CHREM. But how say you—?"

SIM. What?

CHREM. How do you know that they are now at variance?

SIM. Davus himself, who is privy to *all* their plans, has told me so; and he advises me to expedite the match as fast as I can. Do you think he would do so, unless he was aware that my son desired it? You yourself as well shall presently hear what he says. (*Goes to the door of his house and calls.*)

¹ *But I do not think*)—Ver. 563-4. “At ego non posse arbitror neque illum hanc perpetuo habere.” Chremes uses an ambiguous expression here, perhaps purposely. It may mean, “I do not think that he can possibly be constant to her,” or, “that she will continue to live with him.”

² *A sure son-in-law*)—Ver. 571. By the use of the word “firmum,” he means a son-in-law who will not be likely to resort to divorce or separation from his wife.

Hallo there! Call Davus out here. Look, here he is; I see him just coming out.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS from the house.

DAV. I was coming to you.

SIM. Why, what's the matter?

DAV. Why isn't the bride sent for?¹ It's now growing late in the day.

SIM. Do you hear me? I've been for some time not a little apprehensive of you, Davus, lest you should do that which the common class of servants is in the habit of doing, namely, impose upon me by your artifices; because my son is engaged in an amour.

DAV. What, I do that?

SIM. I fancied *so*; and therefore, fearing that, I concealed from you what I shall now mention.

DAV. What?

SIM. You shall know; for now I almost feel confidence in you.

DAV. Have you found out at last what sort of a person I am?

SIM. The marriage was not to have taken place.

DAV. How? *Not to have taken place?*

SIM. But I was making pretence, that I might test you *all*.

DAV. (*affecting surprise.*) What is it you tell me?

SIM. Such is the fact.

DAV. *Only* see! I was not able to discover that. Dear me! what a cunning contrivance!

SIM. Listen to this. Just as I ordered you to go from here into the house, he (*pointing to CHREMES*) most opportunely met me.

¹ *Why isn't the bride sent for?*—Ver. 582. Among the Greeks the bride was conducted by the bridegroom at nightfall from her father's house, in a chariot drawn by a pair of mules or oxen, and escorted by persons carrying the nuptial torches. Among the Romans, she proceeded in the evening to the bridegroom's house; preceded by a boy carrying a torch of white thorn, or, according to some, of pine-wood. To this custom reference is indirectly made in the present passage.

DAV. (*aside.*) Ha ! Are we undone, then ?

SIM. I told him what you just now told me.

DAV. (*aside.*) Why, what am I to hear ?

SIM. I begged him to give his daughter, and with difficulty I prevailed upon him.

DAV. (*aside.*) Utterly ruined !

SIM. (*overhearing him speaking.*) Eh—What was it you said ?

DAV. Extremely well done, I say.

SIM. There's no delay on his part now.

CHREM. I'll go home at once ; I'll tell her to make due preparation, and bring back word here. (*Exit.*)

SIM. Now I do entreat you, Davus, since you by yourself have brought about this marriage for me—

DAV. I myself, indeed !¹

SIM. Do your best still to reform my son.

DAV. Troth, I'll do it with all due care.

SIM. Do it now, while his mind is agitated.

DAV. You may be at ease.

SIM. Come then ; where is he just now ?

DAV. A wonder if he isn't at home.

SIM. I'll go to him ; and what I've been telling you, I'll tell him as well. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VII.

DAVUS alone.

DAV. (*to himself.*) I'm a lost man ! What reason is there why I should'nt take my departure straightway hence for the mill ? There's no room left for supplicating ; I've upset everything now ; I've deceived my master ; I've plunged my master's son into a marriage ; I've been the cause of its taking place this very day, without his hoping for it, and against the wish of Pamphilus. Here's cleverness *for you !* But, if I had kept myself quiet, no mischief would have happened. (*Starting.*) But see, I espy him ; I'm utterly undone ! Would that there were some spot here for me, from which I might this instant pitch myself headlong ! (*Stands apart.*)

¹ *I myself, indeed !*—Ver. 597. No doubt Davus says these words in sorrow and regret ; Simo, however, supposes them to be uttered in exultation at the apparent success of his plans. Consequently “ *vero* ” is intended by Davus to have the sense here of “ *too truly* ”.

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS in haste from SIMO's house.

PAM. Where is he? The villain, who this day—I'm ruined; and I confess that this has justly befallen me, for being such a dolt, so devoid of sense; that I should have entrusted my fortunes to a frivolous slave!¹ I am suffering the reward of my folly; still he shall never get off from me unpunished for this.

DAV. (apart.) I'm quite sure that I shall be safe in future, if for the present I get clear of this mishap.

PAM. But what now am I to say to my father? Am I to deny that I am ready, who have just promised to marry? With what effrontery could I presume *to do* that? I know not what to do with myself.

DAV. (apart.) Nor I with myself, and *yet* I'm giving all due attention to it. I'll tell him that I will devise something, in order that I may procure some respite in this dilemma.

PAM. (catching sight of him.) Oho!

DAV. (apart.) I'm seen.

PAM. (sneeringly). How now, good sir, what are you about? Do you see how dreadfully I am hampered by your devices?

DAV. Still, I'll soon extricate you.

PAM. You, extricate *me*?

DAV. Assuredly, Pamphilus.

PAM. As you *have* just *done*, I suppose.

DAV. Why no, better, I trust.

PAM. What, am I to believe you, you scoundrel?² You, indeed, make good a matter that's all embarrassment and

¹ *To a frivolous slave*)—Ver. 610. “*Servo futili.*” According to the Scholiast on the *Thebais* of Statius, B. viii. l. 297, “*vas futile*” was a kind of vessel with a broad mouth and narrow bottom, used in the rites of Vesta. It was made of that peculiar shape in order that the priest should be obliged to hold it during the sacrifices, and might not set it on the ground, which was considered profane; as, if set there, the contents must necessarily fall out. From this circumstance, men who could not contain a secret were sometimes called “*futiles*.”

² *You scoundrel*)—Ver. 619. “*Furcifer*;” literally, wearer of the “*furca*,” or wooden collar. This method of punishment has been referred to in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

ruin! Just see, in whom I've been placing reliance,—you who this day from a most happy state have been and plunged me into a marriage. Didn't I say that this would be the case?

DAV. You did say *so*.

PAM. What do you deserve?¹

DAV. The cross.² But allow me a little time to recover myself; I'll soon hit upon something.

PAM. Ah me! not to have the leisure to inflict punishment upon you as I desire! for the present conjuncture warns me to take precautions for myself, not to be taking vengeance on you. *(Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS, wringing his hands.

CHAR. (*to himself.*) Is this to be believed or spoken of; that malice so great could be inborn in any one as to exult at misfortunes, and to derive advantage from the distresses of another! Oh, is this true? Assuredly, that is the most dangerous class of men, in whom there is only a slight degree of hesitation at refusing; afterwards, when the time arrives for fulfilling their promises, then, obliged, of necessity they discover themselves. They are afraid, and yet the circumstances³ compel them to refuse. Then, in that case, their very insolent remark is, "Who are you? What are you to me? Why should I give up to you what's my own?

¹ *What do you deserve?*)—Ver. 622. Madame Dacier remarks that this question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking him what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of his answer they mitigated or increased his punishment. The Commentators quote a similar passage from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.

² *The cross*)—Ver. 622. The "cross," "crux," as a punishment for refractory slaves has been remarked upon in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

³ *The circumstances*)—Ver. 635. "Rea." According, however, to Donatus, this word has the meaning here of "malice" or "spitefulness."

Look you, I am the most concerned in my own interests.¹ But if you enquire where is honor, they are not ashamed.² Here, where there is occasion, they are not afraid ; there, where there is no occasion, they are afraid. But what am I to do? Ought I not to go to him, and reason with him upon this outrage, and heap many an invective upon *him*? Yet some one may say, "you will avail nothing." Nothing? At least I shall have vexed him, and have given vent to my own feelings.

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS and DAVUS.

PAM. Charinus, unintentionally I have ruined both myself and you, unless the Gods in some way befriend us.

CHAR. Unintentionally, is it! An excuse has been discovered at last. You have broken your word.

PAM. How so, pray?

CHAR. Do you expect to deceive me a second time by these speeches?

PAM. What does this mean?

CHAR. Since I told you that I loved her, she has become quite pleasing to you. Ah wretched me! to have judged of your disposition from my own.

PAM. You are mistaken.

CHAR. Did this pleasure appear to you not to be quite complete, unless you tantalized me in my passion, and lured me on by groundless hopes?—You may take her.

PAM. I, take her? Alas! you know not in what perplexities, to my sorrow,¹ I am involved, and what vast anxieties this executioner of mine (*pointing to DAVUS*) has contrived for me by his devices.

CHAR. What is it so wonderful, if he takes example from yourself?

¹ *Concerned in my own interests*)—Ver. 637. Equivalent to our sayings, "Charity begins at home ;" "Take care of number one."

² *They are not ashamed*)—Ver. 638. Terence has probably borrowed this remark from the Epidicus of Plautus, l. 165-6: "Generally all men are ashamed when it is of no use ; when they ought to be ashamed, then does shame forsake them, when occasion is for them to be ashamed."

(PAM.) You would not say that if you understood either myself or my affection.

(CHAR.) I'm quite aware (*ironically*) ; you have just now had a dispute with your father, and he is now angry with you in consequence, and has not been able to-day to prevail upon you to marry her.

(PAM.) No, not at all,—as you are not acquainted with my sorrows, these nuptials were not in preparation for me ; and no one was thinking at present of giving *me* a wife.

(CHAR.) I am aware ; you have been influenced by your own inclination.

(PAM.) Hold ; you do not yet know *all*.

(CHAR.) For my part, I certainly do know that you are about to marry her.

(PAM.) Why are you torturing me to death ? Listen to this. He (*pointing to DAVUS*) never ceased to urge me to tell my father that I would marry her ; to advise and persuade me, even until he compelled me.

(CHAR.) Who was this person ?

(PAM.) Davus.

(CHAR.) Davus ! For what reason ?

(PAM.) I don't know ; except that I must have been under the displeasure of the Gods, for me to have listened to him.

(CHAR.) Is this the fact, Davus ?

(DAV.) It is the fact.

(CHAR. *starting.*) Ha ! What do you say, *you* villain ? Then may the Gods send you an end worthy of your deeds. Come now, tell me, if all his enemies had wished him to be plunged into a marriage, what advice but this could they have given ?

(DAV.) I have been deceived, but I don't despair.

(CHAR. *ironically.*) I'm sure of that.

(DAV.) This way it has not succeeded ; we'll try another. Unless, perhaps, you think that because it failed at first, this misfortune cannot now possibly be changed for better luck.

(PAM.) Certainly not ; for I quite believe that if you set about it, you will be making two marriages for me out of one.

(DAV.) I owe you this, Pamphilus, in respect of my servitude, to strive with hands *and* feet, night and day ; to submit to hazard of my life, to serve you. It is your part, if anything has fallen out contrary to expectation, to forgive

me. What I was contriving has not succeeded ; still, I am using all endeavours ; or, do you yourself devise something better, *and* dismiss me.

PAM. I wish to ; restore me to the position in which you found me.

DAV. I'll do so.

PAM. But it must be done directly.

DAV. But the door of Glycerium's house here makes a noise.¹

PAM. That's nothing to you.

DAV. (assuming an attitude of meditation.) I'm in search of—

PAM. (ironically.) Dear me, what, now at last ?

DAV. Presently I'll give you what I've hit upon.

SCENE III.

Enter MYSIS from the house of GLYCERIUM.

MYS. (calling at the door to GLYCERIUM within.) Now, wherever he is, I'll take care that your own Pamphilus shall be found for you, and brought to you by me ; do you only, my life, cease to vex yourself.

PAM. Mysis.

MYS. (turning round.) Who is it ? Why, Pamphilus, you do present yourself opportunely to me. My mistress charged me to beg of you, if you love her, to come to her directly ; she says she wishes to see you.

PAM. (aside.) Alas ! I am undone ; this dilemma grows apace ! (To DAVUS.) For me and her, unfortunate persons, now to be tortured this way through your means ; for I am sent for, because she has discovered that my marriage is in preparation.

¹ Makes a noise)—Ver. 683. The doors with the Romans opened inwardly, while those of the Greeks opened on the outside. It was therefore usual with them, when coming out, to strike the door on the inside with a stick or with the knuckles, that those outside might be warned to get out of the way. Patrick, however, observes with some justice, that the word “concrepuit” may here allude to the creaking of the hinges. See the Curculio of Plautus, l. 160, where the Procuress pours water on the hinges, in order that Cappadox may not hear the opening of the door.

CHAR. From which, indeed, how easily a respite could have been obtained, if he (*pointing to DAVUS*) had kept himself quiet.

DAV. (*ironically to CHARINUS.*) Do proceed ; if he isn't sufficiently angry of his own accord, do you irritate him.

MYS. (*to PAMPHILUS.*) Aye faith, that is the case ; and for that reason, poor thing, she is now in distress.

PAM. Mysis, I swear by all the Gods that I will never forsake her ; not if I were to know that all men would be my enemies in consequence. Her have I chosen for mine ; she has fallen to my lot ; our feelings are congenial ; farewell they, who wish for a separation between us ; nothing but Death separates her from me.

MYS. I begin to revive.

PAM. Not the responses of Apollo are more true than this. If it can possibly be contrived that my father may not believe that this marriage has been broken off through me, I could wish it. But if that cannot be, I will do that which is easily effected, for him to believe that through me it has been caused. What do you think of me ?

CHAR. That you are as unhappy as myself.

DAV. (*placing his finger on his forehead.*) I'm contriving an expedient.

CHAR. You are a clever hand ; if you do set about anything.

DAV. Assuredly, I'll manage this for you.

PAM. There's need of it now.

DAV. But I've got it now.

CHAR. What is it ?

DAV. For him (*pointing to PAMPHILUS*) I've got it, not for you, don't mistake.

CHAR. I'm quite satisfied.

PAM. What will you do ? Tell me.

DAV. I'm afraid that this day won't be long enough for me to execute it, so don't suppose that I've now got leisure for relating it ; do you betake yourself off at once, for you are a hindrance to me.

PAM. I'll go and see her. (*Goes into the house of GLYCERIUM.*)

DAV. (*to CHARINUS.*) What are you going to do ? Whither are you going from here ?

CHAR. Do you wish me to tell you the truth ?

DAV. No, not at all ; (*aside*) he's making the beginning of a long story for me.

CHAR. What will become of me ?

DAV. Come now, you unreasonable person, are you not satisfied that I give you a little respite, by putting off his marriage ?

CHAR. But yet, Davus—

DAV. What then ?

CHAR. That I may marry her—

DAV. Absurd.

CHAR. Be sure to come hither (*pointing in the direction of his house*) to my house, if you can *effect* anything.

DAV. Why should I come ? I can do nothing *for you*.

CHAR. But still, if anything—

DAV. Well, well, I'll come.

CHAR. If you can ; I shall be at home. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

MYSIS and DAVUS.

DAV. Do you, Mysis, remain here a little while, until I come out.

MYS. For what reason ?

DAV. There's a necessity for so doing.

MYS. Make haste.

DAV. I'll be here this moment, I tell you. (*He goes into the house of GLYCERIUM.*)

SCENE V.

MYSIS alone.

MYS. (*to herself.*) That nothing can be secure to any one ! Ye Gods, by our trust in you ! I used to make sure that this Pamphilus was a supreme blessing for my mistress ; a friend, a protector, a husband secured under every circumstance ; yet what anguish is she, poor thing, now suffering through him ? Clearly there's more trouble *for her* now than *there was* happiness formerly. But Davus is coming out.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS from the house of GLYCERIUM with the child.

MYS. My good sir, prithee, what is that ? Whither are you carrying the child ?

DAV. Mysis, I now stand in need of your cunning being brought into play in this matter, and of your address.

MYS. Why, what are you going to do?

DAV. (*holding out the child.*) Take it from me directly, and lay it down before our door.

MYS. Prithee, on the ground?

DAV. (*pointing.*) Take some sacred herbs¹ from the altar here,² and strew them under it.

MYS. Why don't you do it yourself?

DAV. That if perchance I should have to swear to my master that I did not place it there, I may be enabled to do so with a clear conscience.

MYS. I understand; have these new scruples only just now occurred to you, pray?

DAV. Bestir yourself quickly, that you may learn what I'm going to do next. (*MYSIS lays the child at SIMO's door.*) Oh Jupiter!

MYS. (*starting up.*) What's the matter?

DAV. The father of the *intended* bride is coming in the middle of it all. The plan which I had first purposed I now give up.³

MYS. I don't understand what you are talking about.

DAV. I'll pretend too that I've come in this direction from the right. Do you take care to help out the conversation by your words, whenever there's necessity.⁴

¹ *Take some sacred herbs*)—Ver. 727. “Verbena” appears to have been a general term applied to any kind of herb used in honor of the Deities, or to the boughs and leaves of any tree gathered from a pure or sacred place. Fresh “verbena” were placed upon the altars every day. See the Mercator of Plautus, l. 672.

² *From the altar here*)—Ver. 727. It was usual to have altars on the stage; when Comedy was performed, one on the left hand in honor of Apollo, and on the representation of Tragedy, one on the right in honor of Bacchus. It has been suggested that Terence here alludes to the former of these. As, however, at Athens almost every house had its own altar in honor of Apollo Prostaterius just outside of the street-door, it is most probable that to one of these altars reference is here made. They are frequently alluded to in the Plays of Plautus.

³ *Which I had first purposed, I now give up*)—Ver. 734. His first intention no doubt was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door.

⁴ *Whenever there's necessity*)—Ver. 737. He retires without fully explaining his intention to Mysis; consequently, in the next Scene she gives an answer to Chremes which Davus does not intend.

MYS. I don't at all comprehend what you are about; but if there's anything in which you have need of my assistance, as you understand the best, I'll stay, that I mayn't in any way impede your success. (DAVUS retires out of sight.)

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES on the other side of the stage, going towards the house of SIMO.

CHREM. (to himself.) After having provided the things necessary for my daughter's nuptials, I'm returning, that I may request her to be sent for. (Seeing the child.) But what's this? I'faith, it's a child. (Addressing MYSIS.) Woman, have you laid that here (pointing to the child)?

MYS. (aside, looking out for DAVUS.) Where is he?

CHREM. Don't you answer me?

MYS. (looking about, to herself.) He isn't anywhere to be seen. Woe to wretched me! the fellow has left me and is off.

DAV. (coming forward and pretending not to see them.) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! what a crowd there is in the Forum! What a lot of people are squabbling there! (Aloud.) Then provisions are so dear. (Aside.) What to say besides, I don't know. (CHREMES passes by MYSIS, and goes to a distance at the back of the stage.)

MYS. Pray, why did you leave me here alone?

DAV. (pretending to start on seeing the child.) Ha! what story is this? How now, MYSIS, whence comes this child? Who has brought it here?

MYS. Are you quite right in your senses, to be asking me that?

DAV. Whom, then, ought I to ask, as I don't see any one else here?

CHREM. (apart to himself.) I wonder whence it has come.

DAV. Are you going to tell me what I ask?

MYS. Pshaw!

DAV. (in a whisper.) Step aside to the right. (They retire on one side.)

MYS. You are out of your senses; didn't you your own self?

DAV. (in a low voice.) Take you care not to utter a single word beyond what I ask you. Why don't you say aloud whence it comes?

MYS. (in a loud voice.) From our house.

DAV. (*affecting indignation.*) Heyday, indeed! it really is a wonder if a woman, who is a courtesan, acts impudently.

CHREM. (*apart.*) So far as I can learn, this woman belongs to the Andrian.

DAV. Do we seem to you such very suitable persons for you to be playing tricks with us in this way?

CHREM. (*apart.*) I came *just* in time.

DAV. Make haste then, and take the child away from the door here: (*in a low voice*) stay *there*; take care you don't stir from that spot.

MYS. (*aside.*) May the Gods confound you! you do so terrify poor me.

DAV. (*in a loud voice.*) Is it to you I speak or not?

MYS. What is it you want?

DAV. (*aloud.*) What—do you ask me again? Tell me, whose child have you been laying here? Let me know.

MYS. Don't you know?

DAV. (*in a low voice.*) Have done with what I know; tell me what I ask.

MYS. (*aloud.*) It belongs to your people.

DAV. (*aloud.*) Which of our people?

MYS. (*aloud.*) To Pamphilus.

DAV. (*affecting surprise in a loud tone*) How? What—to Pamphilus?

MYS. (*aloud.*) How now—is it not so?

CHREM. (*apart.*) With *good* reason have I *always* been, averse to this match, it's clear.

DAV. (*calling aloud.*) O abominable piece of effrontery!

MYS. Why are you bawling out so?

DAV. (*aloud.*) What, the very one I saw being carried to your house yesterday evening?

MYS. O you impudent fellow!

DAV. (*aloud.*) It's the truth. I saw Canthara stuffed out beneath her clothes.¹

MYS. I'faith, I thank the Gods that several free women were present² at the delivery.

¹ *Stuffed out beneath her clothes*)—Ver. 771. “Suffarcinatam.” He alludes to the trick already referred to as common among the Greeks, of the nurses and midwives secretly introducing supposititious children; see l. 515 and the Note.

² *Several free women were present*)—Ver. 772. She speaks of

DAV. (*aloud.*) Assuredly she doesn't know him, on whose account she resorts to these schemes. Chremes, *she fancies*, if he sees the child laid before the door, will not give his daughter ; i'faith, he'll give her all the sooner.

CHREM. (*apart.*) I'faith, he'll not do so.

DAV. (*aloud.*) Now therefore, that you may be quite aware, if you don't take up the child, I'll roll it forthwith into the middle of the road ; and yourself in the same place I'll roll over into the mud.

MYS. Upon my word, man, you are not sober.

DAV. (*aloud.*) One scheme brings on another. I now hear it whispered about that she is a citizen of Attica—

CHREM. (*apart.*) Ha !

DAV. (*aloud.*) And that, constrained by the laws,¹ he will have to take her as his wife.

MYS. Well now, pray, is she not a citizen ?

CHREM. (*apart.*) I had almost fallen unawares into a comical misfortune. (*Comes forward.*)

DAV. Who's that, speaking ? (*Pretending to look about.*) O Chremes, you have come in good time. Do listen to this.

CHREM. I have heard it all already.

DAV. Prithee, did you hear it ? Here's villany for you ! she (*pointing at MYSIS*) ought to be carried off² hence to the torture forthwith. (*To MYSIS, pointing at CHREMES.*) This is Chremes himself ; don't suppose that you are trifling with Davus *only*.

MYS. Wretched me ! upon my faith I have told no untruth, my *worthy* old gentleman.

CHREM. I know the whole affair. Is Simo within ?

DAV. He is. (*CHREMES goes into SIMO's house.*)

“liberæ,” “free women,” because in Greece as well as Italy slaves were not permitted to give evidence. See the Curculio of Plautus, l. 621, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation. See also the remark of Geta in the Phormio, l. 293.

¹ *Constrained by the laws*)—Ver. 782. He alludes to a law at Athens which compelled a man who had debauched a free-born woman to marry her. This is said by Davus with the view of frightening Chremes from the match.

² *She ought to be carried off*)—Ver. 787. He says this implying that Mysis, who is a slave, ought to be put to the torture to confess the truth ; as it was the usual method at Athens to force a confession from slaves by that method. We find in the Hecyra, Bacchis readily offering her slaves to be put to the torture, and in the Adelphi the same custom is alluded to in the Scene between Micio, Hegio, and Geta.

SCENE VIII.

DAVUS and MYSIS.

MYS. (DAVUS attempting to caress her.) Don't touch me, villain. (Moving away.) On my word, if I don't tell Glycerium all this—

DAV. How now, simpleton, don't you know what has been done?

MYS. How should I know?

DAV. This is the bride's father. It couldn't any other way have been managed that he should know the things that we wanted him to know.

MYS. You should have told me that before.

DAV. Do you suppose that it makes little difference whether you do things according to impulse, as nature prompts, or from premeditation?

SCENE IX.

Enter Crito, looking about him.

CRI. (to himself.) It was said that Chrysis used to live in this meet, who preferred to gain wealth here dishonorably to living honestly as a poor woman in her own country: by her death that property has descended to me by law.¹ But I see some persons of whom to make enquiry. (Accosting them.) Good morrow to you.

MYS. Prithee, whom do I see? Isn't this Crito, the kinsman of Chrysis? It is he.

CRI. O Mysis, greetings to you.

MYS. Welcome to you, Crito.

CRI. Is Chrysis then—?² Alas!

¹ *Descended to me by law*)—Ver. 800. On the supposition that Chrysis died without a will, Crito as her next of kin would be entitled to her effects.

² *Is Chrysis then—?*)—Ver. 804. This is an instance of Aposiopesis; Crito, much affected, is unwilling to name the death of Chrysis. It was deemed of ill omen to mention death, and numerous Euphemisms or circumlocutions were employed in order to avoid the necessity of doing so.

MYS. Too truly. She has indeed left us poor creatures quite heartbroken.

CRI. How *fare* you here, *and* in what fashion? Pretty well?

MYS. What, we? Just as we can, *as* they say; since we can't as we would.

CRI. How *is* Glycerium? Has she discovered her parents yet?

MYS. I wish *she had*.

CRI. What, not yet? With no favourable omen did I set out for this place; for, upon my faith, if I had known that, I never would have moved a foot hither. She was always said to be, and was looked upon as her sister; what thing, were hers she is in possession of; now it's me to begin a suit at law here, the precedents of others warn me, a stranger how easy and profitable a task it would be for me. At the same time, I suppose that by this she has got some friend and protector; for she was pretty nearly a grown-up girl when she left there. They would cry out that I am a sharper than that, a pauper, I'm hunting after an inheritance; besides shouldn't like to strip the girl herself.

MYS. O most worthy stranger! Faith, Crito, you still adhere to your good old-fash'd

CRI. Lead me to her, since I have come hither, that may see her.

MYS. By all means. (*They go into the house of GLYCERIUM.*)

DAV. (*to himself.*) I'll follow them; I don't wish the old man to see me at this moment. (*He follows MYSIS and Crito.*)

¹ *Warn me, a stranger*—Ver. 812. Patrick has the following remarks upon this passage: "Madame Dacier observes that it appears from Xenophon's Treatise on the policy of the Athenians, that all the inhabitants of cities and islands in alliance with Athens were obliged in all claims to repair thither, and refer their cause to the decision of the people, not being permitted to plead elsewhere. We cannot wonder then that Crito is unwilling to engage in a suit so inconvenient from its length, expense, and little prospect of success." She might have added that such was the partiality and corruptness of the Athenian people, that, being a stranger, his chances of success would probably be materially diminished.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter CHREMES and SIMO from the house of SIMO.

CHREM. Enough already, enough, Simo, has my friendship towards you been proved. Sufficient hazard have I begun to encounter; make an end of your entreaties, then. While I've been endeavouring to oblige you, I've almost fooled away my daughter's prospects in life.

SIM. Nay but now in especial, Chremes, I do beg and entreat of you, that the favour, commenced a short time since in words, you'll now complete by deeds.

CHREM. See how unreasonable you are from your *very* earnestness: so long as you effect what you desire, you neither think of limits to compliance, nor what *it is* you request of me; for if you did think, you would now forbear to trouble me with unreasonable requests.

SIM. What unreasonable *requests*?

CHREM. Do you call? You importuned me to promise my daughter to a young man engaged in another attachment, averse to the ~~marriage~~ state, to plunge her into discord and a ~~marriage~~ of uncertain duration; that through her ~~sorrow and~~ anguish I might reclaim your son. You ~~waited~~; while the case admitted of it I made preparations. Now it does not admit of it; you must put up with it; they say that she is a citizen of this place; a child has been born; do cease to trouble us.

SIM. By the Gods, I do conjure you not to bring your mind to believe those whose especial interest it is that he should be as degraded as possible. On account of the marriage, have all these things been feigned and contrived. When the reason for which they do these things is removed from them, they will desist.

CHREM. You are mistaken; I myself saw the servant-maid wrangling with Davus.

SIM. (*sneeringly.*) I am aware.

CHREM. With an appearance of earnestness, when neither at the moment perceived that I was present there.

SIM. I believe it; and Davus a short time since forewarned me that this would be the case; and I don't know how I forgot to tell it you to-day, as I had intended.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS from the house of GLYCERIUM.

DAV. (*aloud at the door, not seeing SIMO and CHREMES.*) Now then, I bid you set your minds at ease.

CHREM. (*to SIMO.*) See you, there's Davus.

SIM. From what house is he coming out?

DAV. (*to himself.*) Through my means, and that of the stranger—

SIM. (*overhearing.*) What mischief is this?

DAV. (*to himself.*) I never did see a more opportune person, encounter, or occasion.

SIM. The rascal! I wonder who it is he's praising?

DAV. All the affair is now in a safe position.

SIM. Why do I delay to accost him?

DAV. (*to himself, catching sight of SIMO.*) Is my master, what am I to do?

SIM. (*accosting him.*) O, save you, good sir!

DAV. (*affecting surprise.*) Hah! Simo! O, Chremes, my dear sir, all things are now quite ready in-doors.

SIM. (*ironically.*) You have taken such very good care.

DAV. Send for the bride when you like.

SIM. Very good: (*ironically*) of course, that's the *only* thing that's now wanting here. But do you answer me this, what business had you there? (*Pointing to the house of GLYCERIUM.*)

DAV. What, I?

SIM. Just so.

DAV. I?

SIM. Yes, you.

DAV. I went in just now.

SIM. As if I asked how long ago!

DAV. Together with your son.

SIM. What, is Pamphilus in *there*? (*Aside.*) To my confusion, I'm on the rack! (*To DAVUS.*) How now? Didn't you say that there was enmity between them, *you* scoundrel?

DAV. There is.

SIM. Why is he there, then ?

CHREM. Why do you suppose he *is* ? (Ironically.) Quarrelling with her, *of course*.

DAV. Nay but, Chremes, I'll let you now hear from me a disgraceful piece of business. An old man, I don't know who he is, has just now come here ; look you, he is a confident *and* shrewd person ; when you look at his appearance, he seems to be a person of some consequence. There is a grave sternness in his features, and something commanding in his words.

SIM. What *news* are you bringing, I wonder ?

DAV. Why nothing but what I heard him mention.

SIM. What does he say then ?

DAV. That he knows Glycerium to be a citizen of Attica.

SIM. (*going to his door.*) Ho there ! Dromo, Dromo !

SCENE III.

Enter Dromo hastily from the house.

DRO. What is it ?

SIM. Dromo !

DAV. Hear me.

SIM. If you add a word — Dromo !

DAV. Hear me, pray.

DRO. (*to Simo.*) What do you want ?

SIM. (*pointing to DAVUS.*) Carry him off on your shoulders in-doors as fast as possible.

DRO. Whom ?

SIM. Davus.

DAV. For what reason ?

SIM. Because I choose. (*To Dromo.*) Carry him off, I say.

DAV. What have I done ?

SIM. Carry him off.

DAV. If you find that I have told a lie in any one matter, then kill me.

SIM. I'll hear nothing. I'll soon have you set in motion.¹

¹ *You set in motion*) — Ver. 865. By the use of the word "Commotus" he seems to allude to the wretched, restless existence of a man tied hand and foot, and continually working at the hand-mill. Westerhovius thinks that Simo uses this word sarcastically, in allusion to the words of Davus, at the beginning of the present Scene, "Animo tiosio esse impero ;" "I bid you set your minds at ease."

DAV. *What?* Although this is the truth.

SIM. In spite of it. (*To DROMO.*) Take care he's kept well secured; and, do you hear? Tie him up hands and feet together. Now then, be off; upon my faith this very day, if I live, I'll teach you what hazard there is in deceiving a master, and him *in deceiving a father.* (*DROMO leads DAVUS into the house.*)

CHREM. Oh, don't be so extremely vexed.

SIM. O Chremes, the dutifulness of a son! Do you not pity me? That I should endure so much trouble for such a son! (*Goes to the door of GLYCERIUM's house.*) Come, Pamphilus, come out, Pamphilus! have you any shame left?

SCENE IV.

Enter PAMPHILUS in haste from GLYCERIUM's house.

PAM. Who is it that wants me? (*Aside.*) I'm undone! it's my father.

SIM. What say you, of all men, the—?

CHREM. Oh! rather speak about the matter itself, and forbear to use harsh language.

SIM. As if anything too severe could now be possibly said against him. Pray, do you say that Glycerium is a citizen—

PAM. So they say.

SIM. So they say! Unparalleled assurance! does he consider what he says? Is he sorry for what he has done? Does his countenance, pray, at all betray any marks of shame? That he should be of mind so weak, as, without regard to the custom and the law² of his fellow-citizens, and the wish of his own father, to be anxious, in spite of everything, to have her, to his own utter disgrace!

PAM. Miserable that I am!

SIM. Ha! have you at last found that out only just now, Pamphilus? Long since *did* that expression, long since, when

¹ *Hands and feet together*)—Ver. 866. “Quadrupedem.” Literally “as a quadruped” or “all fours.” Echard remarks that it was the custom of the Athenians to tie criminals hands and feet together, just like calves.

² *Without regard to the custom and the law*)—Ver. 880. There was a law among the Athenians which forbade citizens to marry strangers, and made the offspring of such alliances illegitimate; the same law also excluded such as were not born of two citizens from all offices of trust and honor.

you made up your mind, that what you desired must be effected by you at any price ; from that very day did that *expression* aptly befit you. But yet why do I torment myself ? Why vex myself ? Why worry my old age with his madness ? Am I to suffer the punishment for his offences ? Nay then, let him have her, good bye to him, let him pass his life with her.

PAM. My father——

SIM. How, "my father ?" As if you stood in any need of this father. Home, wife, *and* children, provided *by you* against the will of your father ! People suborned, *too*, to say that she is a citizen of this place ! You have gained your point.

PAM. Father, may I *say* a few words ?

SIM. What can you say to me ?

CHREM. But, Simo, do hear him.

SIM. I, hear him ? Why should I hear him, Chremes ?

CHREM. Still, however, do allow him to speak.

SIM. Well then, let him speak : I allow him.

PAM. I own that I love her ; if that is committing a fault, I own that also. To you, father, do I subject myself. Impose on me any injunction you please ; command me. Do you wish me to take a wife ? Do you wish me to give her up ? As well as I can, I will endure it. This only I request of you, not to think that this old gentleman has been suborned by me. Allow me to clear myself, and to bring him here before you.

SIM. To bring him here ?

PAM. Do allow me, father.

CHREM. He asks what's reasonable ; do give him leave.

PAM. Allow me to obtain thus much of you.

SIM. I allow it. I desire anything, so long as I find. Chremes, that I have not been deceived by him. (PAMPHILUS goes into the house of GLYCERIUM.)

CHREM. For a great offence, a slight punishment ought to satisfy a father.

SCENE V.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS with CRITO.

CRI. (to PAMPHILUS, as he is coming out.) Forbear entreat-
ing. Of these, any one reason prompts me to do it, either

your own sake, or the fact that it is the truth, or that I wish well for Glycerium herself.

CHREM. (*starting.*) Do I see Crito of Andros? Surely it is he.

CRI. Greetings to you, Chremes.

CHREM. How is it that, so contrary to your usage, you are at Athens?

CRI. So it has happened. But is this Simo?

CHREM. It is he.

CRI. Simo, were you asking for me?

SIM. How now, do you say that Glycerium is a citizen of this place?

CRI. Do you deny it?

SIM. (*ironically.*) Have you come here so well prepared?

CRI. For what purpose?

SIM. Do you ask? Are you to be acting this way with impunity? Are you to be luring young men into snares here, inexperienced in affairs, and liberally brought up, by tempting them, and to be playing upon their fancies by making promises?

CRI. Are you in your senses?

SIM. And are you to be patching up amours with Courtesans by marriage?

PAM. (*aside.*) I'm undone! I fear that the stranger will not put up with this.

CHREM. If, Simo, you knew this person well, you would not think thus; he is a worthy man.

SIM. He, a worthy man! To come so opportunely to-day just at the very nuptials, *and yet* never to have come before? (*Ironically.*) Of course, we must believe him, Chremes.

PAM. (*aside.*) If I didn't dread my father, I have something, which, in this conjuncture, I could opportunely suggest to him.¹

¹ *Could opportunely suggest to him*)—Ver. 919. Colman has the following remark on this line: “Madame Dacier and several English Translators make Pamphilus say that he could give Crito a hint or two. What hints he could propose to suggest to Crito, I cannot conceive. The Italian translation, printed with the Vatican Terence, seems to understand the words in the same manner that I have translated them, in which sense (the pronoun ‘illum’ referring to Simo instead of Crito) they seem to be the most natural words of Pamphilus on occasion of his father’s anger and the speech immediately preceding.”

SIM. (*sneeringly, to CHREMES.*) A sharper!¹

CRI. (*starting.*) Hah!

CHREM. It is his way, Crito; do excuse it.

CRI. Let him take heed how he behaves. If he persists in saying to me what he likes, he'll be hearing things that he don't like. Am I meddling with these matters or interesting myself? Can you not endure your troubles with a patient mind? For as to what I say, whether it is true or false what I have heard, can soon be known. A certain man of Attica, a long time ago,² his ship being wrecked, was cast ashore at Andros, and this woman together with him, who was *then* a little girl; he, in his destitution, by chance first made application to the father of Chrysis—

SIM. (*ironically.*) He's beginning his tale.

CHREM. Let him alone.

CRI. Really, is he to be interrupting me in this way?

CHREM. Do you proceed.

CRI. He who received him was a relation of mine. There I heard from him that he was a native of Attica. He died there.

CHREM. His name?

CRI. The name, in such a hurry!

PAM. Phania.

CHREM. (*starting.*) Hah! I shall die!

CRI. I faith, I really think it was Phania; this I know for certain, he said that he was a citizen of Rhamnus.³

CHREM. O Jupiter!

¹ *A sharper*)—Ver. 920. “Sycophanta.” For some account of the “sycophantæ,” “swindlers” or “sharpers” of ancient times, see the Notes to the *Trinummus* of Plautus, Bohn’s Translation.

² *A long time ago*)—Ver. 924. The story begins with “Olim,” just in the same way that with us nursery tales commence with “There was, a long time ago.”

³ *A citizen of Rhamnus*)—Ver. 931. Rhamnus was a maritime town of Attica, near which many of the more wealthy Athenians had country-seats. It was famous for the Temple of Nemesis there, the Goddess of Vengeance, who was thence called “Rhamnusia.” In this Temple was her statue, carved by Phidias out of the marble which the Persians brought to Greece for the purpose of making a statue of Victory out of it, and which was thus appropriately devoted to the Goddess of Retribution. The statue wore a crown, and had wings, and, holding a spear of ash in the right hand, it was seated on a stag.

CRI. Many other persons in Andros have heard the same, Chremes.

CHREM. (*aside.*) I trust it may turn out as I hope. (*To Crito.*) Come now, tell me, what *did* he then *say* about her? Did he say she was his own *daughter*?

CRI. No.

CHREM. Whose then?

CRI. His brother's daughter.

CHREM. She certainly is mine.

CRI. What do you say?

SIM. What is this that you say?

PAM. (*aside.*) Prick up your ears, Pamphilus.

SIM. Why do you suppose *so*?

CHREM. That Phania was my brother.

SIM. I knew him, and I am aware of it.

CHREM. He, flying from the wars, and following me to Asia, set out from here. At the same time he was afraid to leave her here behind; since then, this is the first time I have heard what became of him.

PAM. (*aside.*) I am scarcely myself, so much has my mind been agitated by fear, hope, joy, and surprise at this so great, so unexpected blessing.

SIM. Really, I am glad for many reasons that she has been discovered to be a citizen.

PAM. I believe it, father.

CHREM. But there yet remains one difficulty¹ with me, which keeps me in suspense.

PAM. (*aside.*) You deserve to be —, with your scruples, you plague. You are seeking a knot in a bulrush.²

CRI. (*to CHREMES.*) What is that?

CHREM. The names don't agree.

CRI. Troth, she had another when little.

CHREM. What *was it*, Crito? Can you remember it?

¹ *One difficulty*)—Ver. 941. “Scrupus,” or “scrupulus,” was properly a stone or small piece of gravel which, getting into the shoe, hurt the foot; hence the word figuratively came to mean a “scruple,” “difficulty,” or “doubt.” We have a similar expression: “to be gravelled.”

² *A knot in a bulrush*)—Ver. 942. “Nodum in scirpo querere” was a proverbial expression implying a desire to create doubts and difficulties where there really were none; there being no knots in the bulrush. The same expression occurs in the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, l. 247.

CRI. I'm trying to recollect it.

PAM. (*aside.*) Am I to suffer his memory to stand in the way of my happiness, when I myself can provide my own remedy in this matter? I will not suffer it. (*Aloud.*) Hark you, Chremes, that which you are trying to recollect is 'Pasibula.'

CHREM. The very same.

CRI. That's it.

PAM. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.

SIM. I suppose, Chremes, that you believe that we all rejoice at this discovery.

CHREM. So may the Gods bless me, I do believe it.

PAM. What remains *to be done*, father?

SIM. The event itself has quite brought me to reconciliation.

PAM. O kind father! With regard to her as a wife, since I have taken possession of her, Chremes will not offer any opposition.

CHREM. The plea is a very good one, unless perchance your father says anything to the contrary.

PAM. Of course, I agree.

SIM. *Then be it so.*¹

CHREM. Her portion, Pamphilus, is ten talents.

PAM. I am satisfied.

CHREM. I'll hasten to my daughter. Come now, (*beckoning*) along with me, Crito; for I suppose that she will not know me. (*They go into GLYCERIUM's house.*)

SIM. (*To PAMPHILUS.*) Why don't you order her to be sent for hither, *to our house?*

PAM. Well thought of; I'll at once give charge of that to Davus.

SIM. He can't *do it*.

¹ *Of course—Then be it so*)—Ver. 951. "Nempe id. Scilicet." Colman has the following remark on this line: "Donatus, and some others after him, understand these words of Simo and Pamphilus as requiring a fortune of Chremes with his daughter; and one of them says that Simo, in order to explain his meaning, in the representation, should produce a bag of money. This surely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true Commentator. Madame Dacier, who entertains a just veneration for Donatus, doubts the authenticity of the observation ascribed to him. The sense I have followed is, I think, the most obvious and natural interpretation of the words of Pamphilus and Simo, which refers to the preceding, not the subsequent, speech of Chremes."

PAM. How so?

SIM. Because he has another matter that more nearly concerns himself, and of more importance.

PAM. What, pray?

SIM. He is bound.

PAM. Father, he is not rightly bound.¹

SIM. But I ordered to that effect.

PAM. Prithee, do order him to be set at liberty.

SIM. Well, be it so.

PAM. But immediately.

SIM. I'm going in.

PAM. O fortunate and happy day! (SIMO goes into his house.)

SCENE VI.

Enter CHARINUS, at a distance.

CHAR. (*apart to himself.*) I'm come to see what Pamphilus is about; and look, here he is.

PAM. (*to himself.*) Some one perhaps might imagine that I don't believe this to be true; but now it is clear to me that it really is true. I do think that the life of the Gods is everlasting, for this reason, because their joys are their own.² For immortality has been obtained by me, if no sorrow interrupts this delight. But whom in particular could I wish to be now thrown in my way, for me to relate these things to?

CHAR. (*apart to himself.*) What means this rapture?

¹ *He is not rightly bound*)—Ver. 956. “Non recte vinctus;” meaning “it was not well done to bind him.” The father pretends to understand him as meaning (which he might equally well by using the same words), “non satis stricte,” “he wasn't tightly enough” bound; and answers “I ordered that he should be,” referring to his order for Davus to be bound hand and foot. Donatus justly observes that the disposition of the old gentlemen to joke is a characteristic mark of his thorough reconciliation.

² *Their joys are their own*)—Ver. 961. Westerhovius remarks that he seems here to be promulgating the doctrine of Epicurus, who taught that the Deities devoted themselves entirely to pleasure and did not trouble themselves about mortals. Donatus observes that these are the doctrines of Epicurus, and that the whole sentence is copied from the Eunuch of Menander; to which practice of borrowing from various Plays, allusion is made in the Prologue, where he mentions the mixing of plays; “contaminari fabulas.”

PAM. (*to himself.*) I see Davus. There is no one in the world whom I would choose in preference; for I am sure that he of all people will sincerely rejoice in my happiness.

SCENE VII.

Enter DAVUS.

DAV. (*to himself.*) Where is Pamphilus, I wonder?

PAM. Here he is, Davus.

DAV. (*turning round.*) Who's that?

PAM. 'Tis I, Pamphilus; you don't know what has happened to me.

DAV. No really; but I know what has happened to myself.

PAM. And I too.

DAV. It has fallen out just like human affairs in general; that you should know the mishap I have met with, before I the good that has befallen you.

PAM. My Glycerium has discovered her parents.

DAV. O, well done!

CHAR. (*apart, in surprise.*) Hah!

PAM. Her father is an intimate friend of ours.

DAV. Who?

PAM. Chremes.

DAV. You do tell good news.

PAM. And there's no hindrance to my marrying her at once.

CHAR. (*apart.*) Is he dreaming the same that he has been wishing for when awake?

PAM. Then about the child, Davus.

DAV. O, say no more; you are the only person whom the Gods favour.

CHAR. (*apart.*) I'm all right if these things are true. I'll accost them. (*Comes forward.*)

PAM. Who is this? *Why*, Charinus, you meet me at the very nick of time.

CHAR. That's all right.

PAM. Have you heard——?

CHAR. Everything; come, in your good fortune do have

some regard for me. Chremes is now at your command; I'm sure that he'll do everything you wish.

PAM. I'll remember you; and because it is tedious for us to wait for him until he comes out, follow me this way; he is now in-doors at the house of Glycerium; do you, Davus, go home; send with all haste to remove her thence. Why are you standing *there*? Why are you delaying?

DAV. I'm going. (*PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS go into the house of GLYCERIUM. DAVUS then comes forward and addresses the Audience.*) Don't you wait until they come out from there; she will be betrothed within: if there is anything else that remains, it will be transacted in-doors. Grant us your applause.¹

¹ *Grant us your applause*)—Ver. 982. “*Plaudite.*” Colman has the following remark at the conclusion of this Play: “All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. ‘*Donec cantor vos ‘Plaudite’ dicat,*’ says Horace. Who the ‘cantor’ was, is a matter of dispute. Madame Dacier thinks it was the whole chorus; others suppose it to have been a single actor; some the prompter, and some the composer. Before the word ‘*Plaudite*’ in all the old copies is an Ω , which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is most probable, according to the notion of Madame Dacier, that this Ω , being the last letter of the Greek alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber to signify the end, like the Latin word ‘*Finis*’ in modern books; or it might, as Patrick supposes, stand for $\Omega\deltaος$, ‘cantor,’ denoting that the following word ‘*Plaudite*’ was spoken by him. After ‘*Plaudite*’ in all the old copies of Terence stand these two words, ‘*Calliopius recensui;*’ which signify, ‘I, Calliopius, have revised and corrected this piece.’ And this proceeds from the custom of the old critics, who carefully revised all Manuscripts, and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the same by placing their names at the end of it.”

EUNUCHUS; THE EUNUCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LACHES,¹ an aged Athenian.

PHÆDRIA,² } his sons.
CHÆREA,³

ANTIPHO,⁴ a young man, friend of Chærea.

CHREMES,⁵ a young man, brother of Pamphila.

THRASO,⁶ a boastful Captain.

GNATHO,⁷ a Parasite.

PARMENO,⁸ servant of Phædria.

SANGA,⁹ cook to Thraso.

DONAX,¹⁰

SIMALIO,¹¹ } servants of Thraso.

SYRISCUS,¹²

DORUS,¹³ a Eunuch slave.

THAIS,¹⁴ a Courtesan.

PYTHIAS,¹⁵ } her attendants.

DORIAS,¹⁶

SOPHRONA,¹⁷ a nurse.

PAMPHILA,¹⁸ a female slave.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of LACHES and THAIS.

¹ From *λαγχάνω*, “to obtain by lot” or “heirship.”

² From *φαιδρός*, “cheerful.”

³ From *χαίρων*, “rejoicing.”

⁴ From *ἀντί*, “opposite to,” and *φῶς*, “light,” or *φῆμι*, “to speak.”

⁵ From *χρεμίζω*, “to neigh;” delighting in horses.

⁶ From *θρασός*, “boldness.”

⁷ From *γναθός*, “the jawbone;” a glutton.

⁸ From *παρόν*, “by,” and *μένω*, “to remain.”

⁹ From Sangia in Phrygia, his native country.

¹⁰ From *δόναξ*, “a reed.”

¹¹ From *σιμός*, “flat-nosed.”

¹² From Syria, his country; or from *συρίσκος*, “a basket of figs.”

¹³ From *θεάμαι*, “to look at.”

¹⁴ From *πυθομένη*, “asking questions.”

¹⁵ From Doris, their country, a part of Caria.

¹⁶ From *σώφρων*, “prudent.”

¹⁷ From *πᾶν*, “all,” and *φίλος*, “a friend.”

THE SUBJECT.

A CERTAIN citizen of Athens had a daughter named Pamphila, and a son called Chremes. The former was stolen while an infant, and sold to a Rhodian merchant, who having made a present of her to a Courtesan of Rhodes, she brought her up with her own daughter Thais, who was somewhat older. In the course of years, Thais following her mother's way of life, removes to Athens. Her mother dying, her property is put up for sale, and Pamphila is purchased as a slave by Thraso, an officer and an admirer of Thais, who happens just then to be visiting Rhodes. During the absence of Thraso, Thais becomes acquainted with Phædria, an Athenian youth, the son of Laches; she also discovers from Chremes, who lives near Athens, that Pamphila, her former companion, is his sister. Thraso returns, intending to present to her the girl he has bought, but determines not to do so until she has discarded Phædria. Finding that the girl is no other than Pamphila, Thais is at a loss what to do, as she both loves Phædria, and is extremely anxious to recover Pamphila. At length, to please the Captain, she excludes Phædria, but next day sends for him, and explains to him her reasons, at the same time begging of him to allow Thraso the sole right of admission to her house for the next two days, and assuring him that as soon as she shall have gained possession of the girl, she will entirely throw him off. Phædria consents, and resolves to spend these two days in the country; at the same time he orders Parmeno to take to Thais a Eunuch and an *A*ethiopian girl, whom he has purchased for her. The Captain also sends Pamphila, who is accidentally seen by Chærea, the younger brother of Phædria; he, being smitten with her beauty, prevails upon Parmeno to introduce him into the house of Thais, in the Eunuch's dress. Being admitted there, in the absence of Thais, he ravishes the damsel. Shortly afterwards Thraso quarrels with Thais, and comes with all his attendants to her house to demand the return of Pamphila, but is disappointed. In conclusion, Pamphila is recognized by her brother Chremes, and is promised in marriage to Chærea; while Thraso becomes reconciled to Phædria, through the mediation of Gnatho, his Parasite.

THE TITLE¹ OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Megalensian Games; L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula being Curule *Ædiles*. L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to two treble flutes. From the Greek of Menander. It was acted twice,² M. Valerius and C. Fannius being *Consuls*.³

¹ *The Title*)—Colman has the following remark on this Play: “This seems to have been the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. Suetonius and Donatus both inform us that it was acted with the greatest applause, and that the Poet received a larger price for it from the *Ædiles* than had ever been paid for any before, namely, 8000 sesterces, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.”

² *Acted twice*)—This probably means “twice in one day.” As it is generally supposed that something is wanting after the figures II, this is presumed to be “die,” “in one day,” in confirmation of which Suetonius informs us that it really was performed twice in one day. Donatus says it was performed three times, by which he may probably mean, twice on one day and once on another.

³ *Being Consuls*)—M. Valerius Messala and C. Fannius Strabo were *Consuls* in the year from the building of the City 591, or B.C. 162.

EUNUCHUS; THE EUNUCH.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

THE Captain, Thraso, being ignorant of the same, has brought *from abroad* a girl who used wrongly to be called the sister of Thais, and presents her to *Thais* herself: she *in reality* is a citizen of Attica. To the same woman, Phædria, an admirer of Thais, orders a Eunuch whom he has purchased, to be taken, and he himself goes away into the country, having been entreated to give up two days to Thraso. A youth, the brother of Phædria, having fallen in love with the damsel sent to the house of Thais, is dressed up in the clothes of the Eunuch. Parmeno prompts him; he goes in; he ravishes the maiden; but *at length* her brother being discovered, a citizen of Attica, betrothes her who has been ravished, to the youth, and Thraso prevails upon Phædria by his entreaties.

THE PROLOGUE.

IF there is any one who desires to please as many good men as possible, and to give offence to extremely few, among those does our Poet enrol his name. Next, if there is one who thinks¹ that language too harsh is *here* applied to *him*, let him bear this in mind—that it is an answer, not an attack; inasmuch as he has himself been the first aggressor; who, by translating *plays* verbally,² and writing them in bad *Latin*, has made out of good Greek *Plays* Latin ones by no means good.

¹ *If there is one who thinks*)—Ver. 4. He alludes to his old enemy, Lucus Lavinius, the Comic Poet, who is alluded to in the Prologue to the *Andria*, and has since continued his attacks upon him.

² *By translating literally*)—Ver. 7. “*Bene vertendo, at eosdem scribendo male.*” This passage has greatly puzzled some of the Commentators. Bentley has, however, it appears, come to the most reasonable conclusion; who supposes that Terence means by “*bene vertere*,” a literal translation, word for word, from the Greek, by which a servile adherence to the idiom of that language was preserved to the neglect of the Latin idiom; in consequence of which the *Plays* of Lucus Lavinius were, as he remarks, “*male scriptæ*,” written in bad Latin.

Just as of late he has published the *Phasma*¹ [the Apparition] of Menander; and in the *Thesaurus* [the Treasure] has described² him from whom the gold is demanded, as

¹ *Has published the Phasma*)—Ver. 9. The “Φασμά,” or “Apparition,” was a Play of Menander, so called, in which a young man looking through a hole in the wall between his father’s house and that next door, sees a young woman of marvellous beauty, and is struck with awe at the sight, as though by an apparition; in the Play, the girl’s mother is represented as having made this hole in the wall, and having decked it with garlands and branches that it may resemble a consecrated place; where she daily performs her devotions in company with her daughter, who has been privately brought up, and whose existence is unknown to the neighbours. On the youth coming by degrees to the knowledge that the object of his admiration is but a mortal, his passion becomes so violent that it will admit of no cure but marriage, with the celebration of which the Play concludes. Bentley gives us the above information from an ancient Scholiast, whose name is unknown, unless it is Donatus himself, which is doubtful. It would appear that Luscus Lavinius had lately made a translation of this Play, which, from its servile adherence to the language of the original, had been couched in ungrammatical language, and probably not approved of by the Audience. Donatus thinks that this is the meaning of the passage, and that, content with this slight reference to a well-known fact, the author passes it by in contemptuous silence.

² *And in the Thesaurus has described*)—Ver. 10. Cook has the following appropriate remark upon this passage: “In the ‘Thesaurus,’ or ‘Treasure’ of Luscus Lavinius, a young fellow, having wasted his estate by his extravagance, sends a servant to search his father’s monument: but he had before sold the ground on which the monument was, to a covetous old man; to whom the servant applies to help him open the monument; in which they discover a hoard and a letter. The old fellow sees the treasure and keeps it; the young one goes to law with him, and the old man is represented as opening his cause first before the judge, which he begins with these words:—

“Athenienses, bellum cum Rhodiensibus,

Quod fuerit, quid ego praedicem?”

“Athenians, why should I relate the war with the Rhodians?” And he goes on in a manner contrary to the rules of court; which Terence objects to, because the young man, who was the plaintiff, should open his cause first. Thus far Bentley, from the same Scholiast [as referred to in the last Note]. This Note is a clear explanation of the four verses to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madame Dacier in her opinion “de Thesauro,” that it is only a part of the *Phasma* of Menander, and not a distinct Play; but were I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the text itself would not permit me to be of their opinion; for the words “atque in Thesauro scripsit” seem plainly to me to be a transition to another Play. The subject of the *Thesaurus* is related by

pleading his cause why it should be deemed his own, before the person who demands it *has stated* how this treasure belongs to him, or how it came into the tomb of his father. Henceforward, let him not deceive himself, or fancy thus, "I have now done with it; there's nothing that he can say to me." I recommend him not to be mistaken, and to refrain from provoking me. I have many other points, as to which for the present he shall be pardoned, which, *however*, shall be brought forward hereafter, if he persists in attacking me, as he has begun to do. After the *Ædiles* had purchased the *Eunuch of Menander*, the *Play* which we are about to perform, he managed to get an opportunity of viewing it.¹ When the magistrates were present it began to be performed. He exclaimed that a thief, no Poet, had produced the piece, but still had not deceived² *him*; that, in fact, it was the *Colax*, an old *Play* of *Plautus*;³ and that from it were taken the characters of the *Parasite* and the *Captain*.

Eugraphius, though not with all the circumstances mentioned in my Note from Bentley." Colman also remarks here: "Menander and his contemporary *Philemon*, each of them wrote a Comedy under this title. We have in the above Note the story of Menander's; and we know that of *Philemon*'s from the 'Trinummus' of *Plautus*, which was a Translation of it."

¹ *Opportunity of viewing it*)—Ver. 21. Colman thinks that this means something "stronger than merely being present at the representation," and he takes the meaning to be, that having obtained leave to peruse the MS., he furnished himself with objections against the piece, which he threw out when it came to be represented before the magistrates. Cooke thinks that the passage only means, "that he bustled and took pains to be near enough at the representation to see and hear plainly." The truth seems to be that *Lavinius* managed to obtain admission at the rehearsal or trial of the merits of the piece before the magistrates, and that he then behaved himself in the unseemly manner mentioned in the text.

² *Produced the piece, but still had not deceived him*)—Ver. 24. There is a pun here upon the resemblance in meaning of the words "verba dare" and "fabulam dare." The first expression means "to deceive" or "impose upon;" the latter phrase has also the same meaning, but it may signify as well "to represent" or "produce a Play." Thus the exclamation in its ambiguity may mean, "he has produced a Play, and has not succeeded in deceiving us," or "he has deceived us, and yet has not deceived us." This is the interpretation which *Donatus* puts upon the passage.

³ *Colax, an old Play of Plautus*)—Ver. 25. Although *Nonius Mar-*

If this is a fault, the fault is the ignorance of the Poet; not that he intended to be guilty of theft. That so it is, you will now be enabled to judge. The Colax is a *Play* of Menander's; in it there is Colax, a Parasite, and a braggart Captain: he does not deny that he has transferred these characters into his Eunuch from the Greek; but assuredly he does deny this, that he was aware that those pieces had been already translated into Latin. But if it is not permitted *us* to use the same characters as others, how can it any more be allowed to represent hurrying servants,¹ to describe virtuous matrons, artful courtesans, the glutinous

cellus professes to quote from the Colax of Plautus (so called from the Greek Κολαξ, “a flatterer” or “parasite”), some scholars have disbelieved in the existence of any Play of Plautus known by that name. Cooke says: “If Plautus had wrote a Play under the title of ‘Colax,’ I should think it very unlikely that it should have escaped Terence’s eye, considering how soon he flourished after Plautus, his being engaged in the same studies, and his having such opportunities to consult the libraries of the great; for though all learning was then confined to Manuscripts, Terence could have no difficulty in coming at the best copies. The character of the ‘Miles Gloriosus’ [Braggart Captain] here mentioned, I am inclined to think the same with that which is the hero of Plautus’s Comedy, now extant, and called ‘Miles Gloriosus,’ from which Terence could not take his Thraso. Pyrgopolinices and Thraso are both full of themselves, both boast of their valour and their intimacy with princes, and both fancy themselves beloved by all the women who see them; and they are both played off by their Parasites, but they differ in their manner and their speech: Plautus’s Pyrgopolinices is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds—Terence’s Thraso never says too little nor much, but is an easy ridiculous character, continually supplying the Audience with mirth without the wild extravagant bluster of Pyrgopolinices; Plautus and Terence both took their soldiers and Parasites from Menander, but gave them different dresses.” Upon this Note Colman remarks: “Though there is much good criticism in the above Note, it is certain that Plautus did not take his ‘Miles Gloriosus’ from the Colax of Menander, as he himself informs us it was translated from a Greek play called ‘Αλάζων, ‘the Boaster,’ and the Parasite is but a trifling character in that play, never appearing after the first Scene.”

¹ *Hurrying servants*)—Ver. 35. On the “currentes servi,” see the Prologue to the Heautontimorumenos, l. 31. Ovid, in the Amores, B. i., El. 15, l. 17, 18, mentions a very similar combination of the characters of Menander’s Comedy: “So long as the deceitful slave, the harsh father, the roguish procress, and the cozening courtesan shall endure, Menander will exist.”

parasite, the braggart captain, the infant palmed off, the old man cajoled by the servant, about love, hatred, suspicion? In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before. Wherefore it is but just that you should know this, and make allowance, if the moderns do what the ancients used to do. Grant me your attention, and give heed in silence, that you may understand what the Eunuch means.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter PHÆDRIA and PARMENO.

PHÆD. What, then, shall I do?¹ Ought I not to go, not now even, when I am sent for of her own accord? Or ought I rather so to behave myself as not to put up with affronts from Courtesans? She shut her door against me; she *now* invites me back. Ought I to return? No; though she should implore me.

PAR. I'faith, if indeed you *only* can, there's nothing better or more spirited; but if you begin, and cannot hold out stoutly, and if, when you cannot endure it, while no one asks you, peace being not made, you come to her of your own accord, showing that you love her, and cannot endure it, you are done for; it's all over *with you*; you are ruined outright. She'll be jilting you, when she finds you overcome. Do you then, while there's time, again and again reflect upon this, master, that a matter, which in itself admits of neither prudence nor moderation, you are unable to manage with prudence. In love there are all these evils; wrongs, suspicions, enmities, reconcilements, war, then peace; if you expect to render these things, *naturally* uncertain, certain by dint of reason, you wouldn't effect it a bit the more than if you were to use your endeavours to be

¹ *What, then, shall I do?*—Ver. 46. Phædria, on being sent for by Thais, breaks out into these words as he enters, after having deliberated upon his parting with her. Both Horace and Persius have imitated this passage in their Satires.

mad with reason. And, what you are now, in anger, meditating to yourself, "What! I to her?¹ Who—him! Who—me! Who wouldn't? Only let me alone; I had rather die; she shall find out what sort of a person I am;" these expressions, upon my faith, by a single false tiny tear, which, by rubbing her eyes, poor thing, she can hardly squeeze out perforce, she will put an end to; and she'll be the first to accuse you; and you will be too ready to give satisfaction to her.

PHÆD. O disgraceful conduct! I now perceive, both that she is perfidious, and that I am a wretched man. I am both weary of her, and burn with passion; knowing *and* fully sensible, alive and seeing it, I am going to ruin; nor do I know what I am to do.

PAR. What you are to do? Why, only to redeem yourself, *thus* captivated, at the smallest price you can; if you cannot at a very small rate, still for as little as you can; and do not afflict yourself.

PHÆD. Do you persuade me to this?

PAR. If you are wise. And don't be adding to the troubles which love itself produces; those which it does produce, bear patiently. But see, here she is coming herself, the downfall of our fortunes,²—for that which we ought ourselves to enjoy she intercepts.

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS from her house.

THAIS (*to herself, not seeing them.*) Ah wretched me! I fear lest Phædria should take it amiss or otherwise than I intended it, that he was not admitted yesterday.

¹ *What! I to her?*—Ver. 65. Donatus remarks that this is an abrupt manner of speaking familiarly to persons in anger; and that the sentences are thus to be understood, "I, go to her? Her, who has received him! Who has excluded me!"—inasmuch as indignation loves to deal in Ellipsis and Aposiopesis.

² *The downfall of our fortunes*)—Ver. 79. Colman observes, "There is an extreme elegance in this passage in the original; and the figurative expression is beautifully employed." "Calamitas" was originally a word used in husbandry, which signified the destruction of growing corn; because, as Donatus says, "Comminuit *calamum* et *segetem*";—"it strikes down the blades and standing corn."

PHÆD. (*aside to PARMENO.*) I'm trembling and shivering all over, Parmeno, at the sight of her.

PAR. (*apart.*) Be of good heart; *only* approach this fire,¹ you'll soon be warmer than you need.

THAIS (*turning round.*) Who is it that's speaking here? What, are you here, my Phædria? Why are you standing here? Why didn't you come into the house at once?

PAR. (*whispering to PHÆDRIA.*) But not a word about shutting you out!

THAIS. Why are you silent?

PHÆD. Of course, it's because² this door is always open to me, or because I'm the highest in your favour?

THAIS. Pass those matters by.

PHÆD. How pass them by? O Thais, Thais, I wish that I had equal affection with yourself, and that it were in like degree, that either this might distress you in the same way that it distresses me, or that I might be indifferent at this being done by you.

THAIS. Prithee, don't torment yourself, my life, my Phædria. Upon my faith, I did it, not because I love or esteem any person more *than you*; but the case was such *that it was necessary to be done*.

PAR. (*ironically.*) I suppose that, poor thing, you shut him out of doors, for love, according to the usual practice.

THAIS. Is it thus you act, Parmeno? Well, well. (*To PHÆDRIA.*) But listen—the reason for which I desired you to be sent for hither—

PHÆD. Go on.

THAIS. First tell me this; can this fellow possibly hold his tongue? (*pointing to PARMENO.*)

PAR. What, I? Perfectly well. But, hark you, upon

¹ *Approach this fire*)—Ver. 85. “Ignem” is generally supposed to be used figuratively here and to mean “the flame of love.” Eugraphius, however, would understand the expression literally, observing that courtesans usually had near their doors an altar sacred to Venus, on which they daily sacrificed.

² *Of course it's because*)—Ver. 89. It must be observed that these words, commencing with “Sane, quia vero,” in the original, are said by Phædria not in answer to the words of Thais immediately preceding, but to her previous question, “Cur non recta introibas?” “Why didn't you come into the house at once?” and that they are spoken in bitter irony.

these conditions I pledge my word to you ; the truth that I hear, I'm silent upon, and retain it most faithfully ; but if I hear what's false and without foundation, it's out at once ; I'm full of chinks, and leak in every direction. Therefore, if you wish it to be kept secret, speak the truth.

THAIS. My mother was a Samian ; she lived at Rhodes—

PAR. That may be kept a secret.

THAIS. There, at that period, a certain merchant made present to my mother of a little girl, who had been stolen away from Attica here.

PAR. What, a citizen ?

THAIS. I think so ; we do not know for certain : she herself used to mention her mother's and her father's name ; her country and other tokens she didn't know, nor, by reason of her age, was she able. The merchant added this : that he had heard from the kidnappers that she had been carried off from Sunium.¹ When my mother received her, she began carefully to teach her everything, *and* to bring her up, just as though she had been her own daughter. Most persons supposed that she was my sister. Thence I came hither with that stranger, with whom alone at that period I was connected ; he left me all which I now possess—

PAR. Both these things are false ; out it goes.

THAIS. How so ?

PAR. Because you were neither content with one, nor was he the only one to make you presents ; for he likewise (*pointing to PHÆDRIA*) brought a pretty considerable share to you.

THAIS. Such is the fact ; but do allow me to arrive at the point I wish. In the meantime, the Captain, who had begun to take a fancy to me, set out for Caria ;² since when, in the interval, I became acquainted with you. You yourself are aware how very dear I have held you ; and how I confess to you all my nearest counsels.

PHÆD. Nor will Parmeno be silent about that.

¹ *From Sunium*)—Ver. 115. This was a town situate near a lofty Promontory of that name in Attica. It was famous for a fair which was held there. “Sunium's rocky brow” is mentioned by Byron in the song of the Greek Captive in the third Canto of *Don Juan*.

² *Set out for Caria*)—Ver. 126. This was a country of Asia Minor upon the sea-coast, opposite to the island of Rhodes.

PAR. O, is that a matter of doubt?

THAIS. Attend; I entreat you. My mother died there recently; her brother is somewhat too greedy after wealth. When he saw that this damsel was of beauteous form and understood music, hoping for a good price, he forthwith put her up for sale, *and* sold her. By good fortune this friend of mine was present; he bought her as a gift to me, not knowing or suspecting anything of all this. He returned; not when he perceived that I had formed a connexion with you as well, he feigned excuses on purpose that he might not give her; he said that if he could feel confidence that he should be preferred to yourself by me, so as not to apprehend that, when I had received her, I should forsake him, *then* he was ready to give her to me; but that he did fear this. But, so far as I can conjecture, he has set his affections upon the girl.

PHÆD. Anything beyond that?

THAIS. Nothing; for I have made enquiry. Now, my Phædria, there are many reasons why I could wish to get her away from him. In the first place, because she was called my sister; moreover, that I may restore and deliver her to her friends. I am a lone woman; I have no one here, neither acquaintance nor relative; wherefore, Phædria, I am desirous by my good offices to secure friends. Prithee, do aid me in this, in order that it may be the more easily effected. Do allow him for the few next days to have the preference with me. Do you make no answer?

PHÆD. Most vile woman! Can I make you any answer after such behaviour as this?

PAR. Well done, my *master*, I commend you; (*aside*) he's galled at last. (*To PHÆDRIA.*) You show yourself a man.

PHÆD. I was not aware what you were aiming at; "she was carried away from here, *when* a little child; my mother brought her up as though her own; she was called my sister; I wish to get her away, that I may restore her to her friends." The meaning is, that all these expressions, in fine, now amount to this, *that* I am shut out, he is admitted. For what reason? Except that you love him more than me: and now you are afraid of her who has been brought *hither*, lest she should win him, such as he is, from yourself.

THAIS. I, afraid of that?

PHÆD. What else, then, gives you concern? Let me know. Is he the only person who makes presents? Have you found my bounty shut against you? Did I not, when you told me that you wished for a servant-maid from *Æthiopia*,¹ setting all other matters aside, go and seek for one? Then you said that you wanted a Eunuch, because ladies of quality² alone make use of them; I found *you one*. I yesterday paid twenty minæ³ for them both. Though slighted by you, I still kept these things in mind; as a reward for so doing, I am despised by you.

THAIS. Phædria, what does this mean? Although I wish to get her away, and think that by these means it could most probably be effected; still, rather than make an enemy of you, I'll do as you request me.

PHÆD. I *only* wish that you used that expression from your heart and truthfully, "rather than make an enemy of you." If I could believe that this was said sincerely, I could put up with anything.

PAR. (*aside.*) He staggers; how instantaneously is he vanquished by a single expression!

THAIS. I, wretched woman, not speak from my heart? What, pray, did you ever ask of me in jest, but that you carried your point? I am unable to obtain *even* this of you, that you would grant *me* only two days.

PHÆD. If, indeed, *it is but* two days; but don't let these days become twenty.

THAIS. Assuredly not more than two days, or—

PHÆD. "Or?" I won't have it.

THAIS. It shall not be; only do allow me to obtain this of you.

PHÆD. Of course that which you desire must be done.

THAIS. I love you as you deserve; you act obligingly.

PHÆD. (*to PARMENO.*) I shall go into the country; there I shall worry myself for the *next* two days: I'm resolved

¹ Servant-maid from *Æthiopia*)—Ver. 165. No doubt *Æthiopian* or negro slaves were much prized by the great, and those courtesans whose object it was to ape their manners.

² Ladies of quality)—Ver. 168. "Reginæ," literally "queens," here means women of rank and distinction.

³ Paid twenty minæ)—Ver. 169. The "mina" contained one hundred "drachmæ" of about 9½d. each.

to do so ; Thais must be humoured. Do you, Parmeno, take care that they are brought hither.

PAR. Certainly.

PHÆD. For the next two days *then*, Thais, adieu !

THAIS. And the same to you, my Phædria ; do you desire aught else ?

PHÆD. What should I desire ? That, present with the Captain, you may be as if absent ; that night and day you may love me ; may feel my absence ; may dream of me ; may be impatient for me ; may think about me ; may hope for me ; may centre your delight in me ; may be all in all with me ; in fine, if you will, be my *very* life, as I am yours.

(*Exeunt PHÆDRIA and PARMENO.*)

SCENE III.

THAIS *alone.*

THAIS. (*to herself.*) Ah wretched me !¹ perhaps now he puts but little faith in me, and forms his estimate of me from the dispositions of other women.² By my troth, I, who know my own self, am very sure of this, that I have not feigned anything that's false, and that no person is dearer to my heart than this *same* Phædria ; and whatever

¹ *Ah wretched me !*—Ver. 197. Donatus remarks that the Poet judiciously reserves that part of the plot to be told here, which Thais did not relate to Phædria in the presence of Parmeno ; whom the Poet keeps in ignorance as to the rank of the damsel, that he may with the more probability dare to assist Chærea in his attempt on her.

² *From the dispositions of other women*)—Ver 198. Donatus observes that this is one of the peculiar points of excellence shown by Terence, introducing common characters in a new manner, without departing from custom or nature ; since he draws a good Courtesan, and yet engages the attention of the Spectators and amuses them. Colman has the following Note here : “Under the name of Thais, Menander is supposed to have drawn the character of his own mistress, Glycerium, and it seems he introduced a Courtesan of the same name into several of his Comedies. One Comedy was entitled ‘Thais,’ from which St. Paul took the sentence in his Epistle to the Corinthians, ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’” Plutarch has preserved four lines of the Prologue to that Comedy, in which the Poet, in a kind of mock-heroic manner, invokes the Muse to teach him to depict the character of his heroine.

in the present case I have done, for *this* girl's sake have I done it; for I trust that now I have pretty nearly discovered her brother, a young man of very good family; and he has appointed this day to come to me at my house. I'll go hence in-doors, and wait until he comes. (*She goes into her house.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter PHÆDRIA and PARMENO.

PHÆD. Mind that those people are taken *there*, as I ordered.

PAR. I'll do *so*.

PHÆD. And carefully.

PAR. It shall be done.

PHÆD. And with all speed.

PAR. It shall be done.

PHÆD. Have you had sufficient instructions?

PAR. Dear me! to ask the question, as though it were a matter of difficulty. I wish that you were able, Phædria, to find anything as easily as this present will be lost.

PHÆD. Together with it, I *myself* am lost, which concerns me more nearly. Don't bear this with such a feeling of vexation.

PAR. By no means; on the contrary, I'll see it done. But do you order anything else?

PHÆD. Set off my present with words, as far as you can; and so far as you are able, do drive away that rival of *mine* from her.

PAR. Pshaw! I should have kept that in mind, even if you hadn't reminded me.

PHÆD. I shall go into the country and remain there.

PAR. I agree with you. (*Moves as if going.*)

PHÆD. But hark you!

PAR. What is it you want?

PHÆD. Are you of opinion that I can muster resolution and hold out so as not to come back within the time?

PAR. What, you? Upon my faith, I don't think *so*; for

either you'll be returning at once, or by-and-by, at night, want of sleep will be driving you hither.

PHÆD. I'll do some *laborious* work, that I may be continually fatigued, so as to sleep in spite of myself.

PAR. When wearied, you will be keeping awake; by this you will be making it worse.

PHÆD. Oh, you talk to no purpose, Parmeno: this softness of spirit, upon my faith, must be got rid of; I indulge myself too much. Could I not do without her, pray, if there were the necessity, even for a whole three days?

PAR. Whew! an entire three days! Take care what you are about.

PHÆD. My mind is made up.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

PAR. (*to himself.*) Good Gods! What a malady is this! That a man should become so changed through love, that you wouldn't know him to be the same person! Not any one was there¹ less inclined to folly than he, and no one more discreet or more temperate. But who is it that's coming this way? Hey-day! surely this is Gnatho, the Captain's Parasite; he's bringing along with him the damsel as a present to her. Heavens! How beautiful! No wonder if I make but a sorry figure here to-day with this decrepit Eunuch of mine. She surpasses Thais herself. (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE III.

Enter GNATHO at a distance, leading PAMPHILA.

GNA. (*to himself.*) Immortal Gods! how much does one man excel another! What a difference there is between a wise person and a fool! This strongly came into my

¹ *Not any one was there*)—Ver. 226-7. Very nearly the same words as these occur in the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, l. 29, 30: "Than whom, hitherto, no one of the youth of all Attica has been considered more temperate or equally frugal."

mind from the following circumstance. As I was coming along to-day, I met a certain person of this place, of my own rank and station, no mean fellow, one who, like myself, had guttled away his paternal estate; I saw him, shabby, dirty, sickly, beset with rags and years;—“What’s the meaning of this garb?” said I; *he answered*, “Because, wretch that I am, I’ve lost what I possessed: see to what I am reduced,—all my acquaintances and friends forsake me.” On this I felt contempt for him in comparison with myself. “What!” said I, “you pitiful sluggard, have you so managed matters as to have no hope left? Have you lost your wits together with your estate? Don’t you see me, who have risen from the same condition? What a complexion I have, how spruce and well-dressed, what portliness of person? I have everything, *yet* have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still, of nothing am I in want.” “But I,” said *he*, “unhappily, can neither be a butt nor submit to blows.”¹ “What!” said I, “do you suppose it is managed by those means? You are quite mistaken. Once upon a time, in the early ages, there was a calling for that class; this is a new mode of coney-catching; I, in fact, have been the first to strike into this path. There is a class of men who strive to be the first in everything, but are not; to these I make my court; I do not present myself to them to be laughed at; but I am the first to laugh with them, and at the same time to admire their parts: whatever they say, I commend; if they contradict that self-same thing, I commend again. Does any one deny? I deny: does he affirm? I affirm: in fine,

¹ *Nor submit to blows*)—Ver. 244. It has been remarked in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus that the Parasites had, in consequence of their state of dependence, to endure blows and indignities from their fellow-guests. Their attempts to be “ridiculi” or “drolls” were made in order to give some small return to their entertainers. See especially the character of Gelasimus in the Stichus of Plautus, and the words of Ergasilus in the Captivi, l. 88, 90. Diderot, as quoted by Colman, observes: “This is the only Scene in Terence which I remember that can be charged with being superfluous. Thraso has made a present to Thais of a young girl. Gnatho is to convey her. Going along with her, he amuses himself with giving the Spectators a most agreeable eulogium on his profession. But was that the time for it? Let Gnatho pay due attention on the stage to the young woman whom he is charged with, and let him say what he will to himself, I consent to it.”

I have so trained myself as to humour them in everything. This calling is now by far the most productive."

PAR. (*apart.*) A clever fellow, upon my faith! From being fools he makes men mad outright.

GNA. (*to himself, continuing.*) While we were thus talking, in the meantime we arrived at the market-place; overjoyed, all the confectioners ran at once to meet me; fishmongers,¹ butchers, cooks,² sausage-makers, *and* fishermen, whom, both when my fortunes were flourishing and when they were ruined, I had served, and often serve *still*: they complimented me, asked me to dinner, *and* gave me a hearty welcome. When this poor hungry wretch saw that I was in such great esteem, and that I obtained a living so easily, then the fellow began to entreat me that I would allow him to learn this *method* of me; I bade him become my follower³ if he could; as the disciples of the Philosophers take their names from the *Philosophers* themselves, so too, the Parasites ought to be called Gnathonics.

PAR. (*apart to the Audience.*) Do you see the effects of ease and feeding at another's cost?

GNA. (*to himself, continuing.*) But why do I delay to take this girl to Thais, and to ask her to come to dinner? (*Aside, on seeing PARMENO.*) But I see Parmeno, our rival's servant, waiting before the door of Thais with a sorrowful air; all's safe; no doubt these people are finding a cold welcome. I'm resolved to have some sport with this knave.

PAR. (*aside.*) They fancy that, through this present, Thais is quite their own.

GNA. (*accosting PARMENO.*) With his very best wishes

¹ *Fishmongers*)—Ver. 257. “Cetarii;” strictly speaking, “dealers in large fish.”

² *Cooks*)—Ver. 257. The “coqui” were in the habit of standing in the market-place for hire by those who required their services. See the Pseudolus, the Aulularia, and the Mercator of Plautus, and the Notes to Bohn's Translation. See also a remark on the knavish character of the sausage-makers in the Truculentus of Plautus, l. 110.

³ *Become my follower*)—Ver. 262. “Sectari.” In allusion to the manners of the ancient Philosophers, who were wont to be followed by a crowd of their disciples, who were styled “sectatores” and “sectæ.” Gnatho intends to found a new school of Parasites, who shall be called the “Gnathonics,” and who, by their artful adulation, shall contrive to be caressed instead of being maltreated. Artotrogus, the Parasite in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, seems, however, to have forestalled Gnatho as the founder of this new school.

Gnatho greets Parmeno, his very good friend.—What are you doing?

PAR. I'm standing.¹

GNA. So I perceive. Pray, do you see anything here that don't please you?

PAR. Yourself.

GNA. I believe *you*,—but anything else, pray?

PAR. Why so?

GNA. Because you are out of spirits.

PAR. Not in the least.

GNA. Well, don't be *so*; but what think you of this slave? (*pointing to her.*)

PAR. Really, not amiss.

GNA. (*aside.*) I've galled the fellow.

PAR. (*aside, on overhearing him.*) How mistaken you are in your notion!

GNA. How far do you suppose this gift will prove acceptable to Thais?

PAR. It's *this* you mean to say now, that we are discarded there. Hark you, there are vicissitudes in all things.

GNA. For the next six months, Parmeno, I'll set you at ease; you shan't have to be running to and fro, or sitting up till daylight. Don't I make you happy?

PAR. Me? O prodigiously!

GNA. That's my way with my friends.

PAR. I commend *you*.

¹ *I'm standing*)—Ver. 271. “Quid agitur?” “Statūr.” The same joke occurs in the *Pseudolus* of Plautus, l. 457. “Quid agitur? Statūr hic ad hunc modum?” “What is going on?” or “What are you about?” “About standing here in this fashion;” assuming an attitude. Colman observes that there is much the same kind of conceit in the ‘*Merry Wives of Windsor*.’

“FALSTAFF. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

“PISTOL. Two yards or more.”

Cooke has the following note: “‘Quid agitur’ is to be supposed to have a single meaning as spoken by Gnatho, but Parmeno archly renders it ambiguous by his answer. Our two first English translations, that by Bernard and that by Hoole, make nothing of it, nor indeed any other part of their author. Echard follows Madame Dacier, and perceives a joke; but he does not render ‘quid agitur’ as the question ought to be translated. ‘Quid agitur’ sometimes means, ‘What are you doing?’ Sometimes, ‘How do you do?’ ‘How are you?’ or ‘How goes the world with you?’”

GNA. I'm detaining you ; perhaps you were about to go somewhere else.

PAR. Nowhere.

GNA. In that case then, lend me your services a little ; let me be introduced to her.

PAR. Very well ; (*Gnatho knocks at the door, which immediately opens*) now the door is open for you, (*aside*) because you are bringing her.

GNA. (*going into the house of Thaïs, ironically.*) Should you like any one to be called out from here ? (*Goes in with Pamphila, and shuts the door.*)

SCENE IV.

PARMENO, *alone.*

PAR. (*to himself.*) Only let the next two days go by ; you who, at present, in such high favour, are opening the door with one little finger, assuredly I'll cause to be kicking at that door full oft, with your heels, to no purpose.

Re-enter Gnatho from the house.

GNA. Still standing here, Parmeno ? Why now, have you been left on guard here, that no go-between might perchance be secretly running from the Captain to her ? (*Exit.*)

PAR. Smartly said ; really *they ought to be* wonderful things to please the Captain. But I see my master's youngest son coming this way ; I wonder why he has come away from the Piræus,¹ for he is at present on guard there in the public service. It's not for nothing ; he's coming in a hurry, too ; I can't imagine why he's looking around in all directions.

SCENE V.

Enter Chærea on the other side of the stage, in haste.

CHÆ. (*to himself.*) I'm utterly undone ! The girl is no-

¹ *From the Piræus*)—Ver. 290. The Piræus was the chief harbour of Athens, at the mouth of the Cephisus, about three miles from the City. It was joined to the town by two walls, one of which was built by Themistocles, and the other by Pericles. It was the duty of the Athenian youth to watch here in turn by way of precaution against surprise by pirates or the enemy.

where ; nor do I know where I am myself, to have lost sight of her. Where to enquire for her, where to search for her, whom to ask, which way to turn, I'm at a loss. I have only this hope ; wherever she is, she cannot long be concealed. O what beauteous features ! from this moment I banish all other women from my thoughts ; I cannot endure these every-day beauties.

PAR. (*apart.*) Why look, here's the other one. He's saying something, I don't know what, about love. O unfortunate old man, *their father* ! This assuredly is a youth, who, if he does begin, you will say that the other one was mere play and pastime, compared with what the madness of this one will cause.

CHÆ. (*to himself, aloud.*) May all the Gods and Goddesses confound that old fellow who detained me to-day, and me as well who stopped for him, and in fact troubled myself a straw about him. But see, here's Parmeno. (*Addressing him.*) Good morrow to you.

PAR. Why are you out of spirits, and why in *such a hurry* ? Whence come you ?

CHÆ. What, I ? Ifaith, I neither know whence I'm come, nor whither I'm going ; so utterly have I lost myself.

PAR. How, pray ?

CHÆ. I'm in love.

PAR. (*starting.*) Ha !

CHÆ. Now, Parmeno, you may show what sort of a man you are. You know that you often promised me *to this effect* : "Chærea, do you only find some *object* to fall in love with ; I'll make you sensible of my usefulness in such matters," when I used to be storing up my father's provisions for you on the sly in your little room.¹

PAR. To the point, *you simpleton*.

CHÆ. Upon my faith, this is the fact. Now, then, let your promises be made good, if you please, or if indeed the affair is a deserving one for you to exert your energies upon. The girl isn't like our girls, whom their mothers are anxious to have with shoulders kept down, *and* chests well

¹ *In your little room*)—Ver. 310. Though "cellulam" seems to be considered by some to mean "cupboard" or "larder," it is more probable that it here signifies the little room which was appropriated to each slave in the family for his own use.

girthed,¹ that they may be slender. If one is a little inclined to plumpness, they declare that she's training for a boxer,² and stint her food; although their constitutions are good, by their treatment they make them as slight as bulrushes; and so for that reason they are admired, *forsooth*.

PAR. What sort of a girl is this one of yours?

CHÆ. A new style of beauty.

PAR. (ironically.) Astounding!

CHÆ. Her complexion genuine,³ her flesh firm and full of juiciness.⁴

PAR. Her age?

CHÆ. Her age? Sixteen.

PAR. The very flower of youth.⁵

CHÆ. Do you make it your care to obtain her for me either by force, stealth, or entreaty; so that I only gain her, it matters not how to me.

¹ *Shoulders kept down and chests well girthed*)—Ver. 314. Ovid, in the Art of Love, B. iii., l. 274, alludes to the “strophium” or “girth” here referred to: “For high shoulders, small pads are suitable; and let the girth encircle the bosom that is too prominent.” Becker thinks that the “strophium” was different from the “fascia” or “stomacher,” mentioned in the Remedy or Love, l. 338: “Does a swelling bosom cover all her breast, let no stomacher conceal it.” From Martial we learn that the “strophium” was made of leather.

² *Training for a boxer*)—Ver. 315. “Pugilem.” This means “robust as a boxer,” or “athlete.” These persons were naturally considered as the types of robustness, being dieted for the purpose of increasing their flesh and muscle.

³ *Complexion genuine*)—Ver. 318. “Color verus.” The same expression is used by Ovid, in the Art of Love, B. iii., l. 164: “Et melior vero quæritur arte color:” “And by art a colour is sought superior to the genuine one.”

⁴ *Full of juiciness*)—Ver. 318. “Succi plenum.” A similar expression occurs in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 787, where Periplectomenus wishes enquiry to be made for a woman who is “siccum, at succidam,” “sober, but full of juice:” *i. e.* replete with the plumpness and activity of youth.

⁵ *The very flower of youth*)—Ver. 319. Ovid makes mention of the “flos” or “bloom” of youth, Art of Love, B. ii., l. 663: “And don’t you enquire what year she is now passing, nor under what Consulship she was born; a privilege which the rigid Censor possesses. And *vis*, especially, if she has passed the bloom of youth, and her best years are fled, and she now pulls out the whitening hairs.”

PAR. Well, but to whom does the damsel belong?

CHÆ. *That*, i'faith, I don't know.

PAR. Whence did she come?

CHÆ. *That*, just as much.

PAR. Where does she live?

CHÆ. Nor yet do I know that.

PAR. Where did you see her?

CHÆ. In the street.

PAR. How did you come to lose her?

CHÆ. Why, that's what I was just now fretting myself about; and I do not believe that there is one individual to whom all good luck is a greater stranger than to myself. What ill fortune this is! I'm utterly undone!

PAR. What's the matter?

CHÆ. Do you ask me? Do you know Archidemides, my father's kinsman and years'-mate?

PAR. Why not?

CHÆ. He, while I was in full pursuit of her, met me.

PAR. Unseasonably, upon my faith.

CHÆ. Aye, unhappily, rather; for other *ordinary* matters are to be called "unseasonable," Parmeno. It would be safe for me to make oath that I have not seen him for fully these six or seven months, until just now, when I least wanted, and there was the least occasion. Come now! isn't this like a fatality? What do you say?

PAR. Extremely so.

CHÆ. At once he came running up to me, from a considerable distance, stooping, palsied, hanging his lip, *and* wheezing. "Hallo, Chærea! hallo!" said he; "I've something to say to you." I stopped. "Do you know what *it is* I want with you?" said he. "Say on," said I. "To-morrow my cause comes on," said he. "What then?" "Be sure and tell your father to remember and be my advocate¹ in the

¹ *Be my advocate*)—Ver. 340. "Advocatus." It must be remembered that this word did not among the Romans bear the same sense as the word "advocate" does with us. The "advocati" were the friends of a man who accompanied him when his cause was pleaded, and often performed the part of witnesses; those who assisted a person in a dispute or difficulty were also his "advocati," and in this respect distantly resembled the "second" or "friend" of a party in the modern duel. In the Phormio, Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito are introduced as the "advocati"

morning." In talking of this, an hour elapsed.¹ I enquired if he wanted anything *else*. "That's all," said he. I left him. When I looked in this direction for the damsel, she had that very instant turned this way down this street of ours.

PAR. (*aside.*) It's a wonder if he doesn't mean her who has just now been made a present of to *Thais here*.

CHÆ. When I got here, she was nowhere to be seen.

PAR. Some attendants, I suppose, were accompanying the girl?

CHÆ. Yes; a Parasite, and a female servant.

PAR. (*apart.*) It's the very same. (*To CHÆREA.*) It's all over with you; make an end of it; you've said your last.²

CHÆ. You are thinking about something else.

PAR. Indeed I'm thinking of this same matter.

CHÆ. Pray, tell me, do you know her, or did you see her?

PAR. I did see, *and* I do know her; I am aware to what house she has been taken.

CHÆ. What, my *dear* Parmeno, do you know her, and are you aware where she is?

PAR. She has been brought here (*pointing*) to the house of Thais the Courtesan.³ She has been made a present to her.

CHÆ. What opulent person is it, to be presenting a gift so precious as this?

PAR. The Captain Thraso, Phædria's rival.

of Demipho. See also the Pænulus of Plautus, and the Notes to that Play in Bohn's Translation.

¹ *An hour elapsed*)—Ver. 341. "Hora" is here used to signify the long time, that, in his impatience, it appeared to him to be.

² *It's all over with you,—you've said your last*)—Ver. 347. "Ilicet" and "conclamatum est," are words of mournful import, which were used with regard to the funeral rites of the Romans. "Ilicet," "you may begone," was said aloud when the funeral was concluded. "Conclamare," implied the ceremony of calling upon the dead person by name, before light was set to the funeral pile; on no answer being given, he was concluded to be really dead, and the pile was set fire to amid the cries of those present: "conclamatum est" would consequently signify that all hope has gone.

³ *Thais the Courtesan*)—Ver. 352. Cooke remarks here, somewhat hypercritically as it would seem: "Thais is not called 'meretrix,' *hero* opprobiously, but to distinguish her from other ladies of the same name, who were not of the same profession."

CHÆ. An unpleasant business for my brother, it should seem.

PAR. Aye, and if you did but know what present he is putting against this present, you would say so still more.

CHÆ. Troth now, what is it, pray?

PAR. A Eunuch.¹

CHÆ. What! that unsightly creature, pray, that he purchased yesterday, an old woman?

PAR. That very same.

CHÆ. To a certainty, the gentleman will be bundled out of doors, together with his present; but I wasn't aware that this Thais is our neighbour.

PAR. It isn't long *since she came*.

CHÆ. Unhappy wretch that I am! never to have seen her, even. Come now, just tell me, is she as handsome as she is reported to be?²

PAR. Quite.

CHÆ. But nothing in comparison with this damsel of mine?

PAR. Another thing altogether.

CHÆ. Troth now, Parmeno, prithee do contrive for me to gain possession of her.

PAR. I'll do my best, and use all my endeavours; I'll lend you my assistance. (*Going.*) Do you want anything else with me?

CHÆ. Where are you going now?

PAR. Home; to take those slaves to Thais, as your brother ordered me.

CHÆ. Oh, lucky Eunuch that! really, to be sent as a present to that house!

¹ *A Eunuch*—Ver. 356. Eunuchs formed part of the establishment of wealthy persons, who, in imitation of the Eastern nobles, confided the charge of their wives, daughters, or mistresses to them. Though Thais would have no such necessity for his services, her wish to imitate the “*reginæ*,” or “great ladies,” would make him a not unacceptable present. See the Addresses of Ovid to the Eunuch Bagous in the *Amours*, B. ii., El. 2, 3.

² *As she is reported to be*—Ver. 361. Donatus remarks this as an instance of the art of Terence, in preserving the probability of Chærea's being received for the Eunuch. He shows hereby that he is so entirely a stranger to the family that he does not even know the person of Thais. It is also added that she has not been long in the neighbourhood, and he has been on duty at the Piræus. The meaning of his regret is, that, not knowing Thais, he will not have an opportunity of seeing the girl.

PAR. Why so?

CHÆ. Do you ask? He will always see at home a fellow-servant of consummate beauty, *and* be conversing with her; he will be in the same house with her; sometimes he will take his meals with her; sometimes sleep near her.

PAR. What now, if you yourself were to be this fortunate person?

CHÆ. By what means, Parmeno? Tell me.

PAR. Do you assume his dress.

CHÆ. His dress! Well, what then?

PAR. I'll take you there instead of him.

CHÆ. (*musing.*) I hear *you*.

PAR. I'll say that you are he.

CHÆ. I understand *you*.

PAR. You may enjoy those advantages which you just now said he *would enjoy*; you may take your meals together with her, be in company with her, touch her, dally with her, *and* sleep by her side; as not one of these women is acquainted with you, nor yet knows who you are. Besides, you are of an age and figure that you may easily pass for a eunuch.

CHÆ. You speak to the purpose; I never knew better counsel given. Well, let's go in at once; dress me up, take me away, lead me to her, as fast as you can.

PAR. What do you mean? Really, I was only joking.

CHÆ. You talk nonsense.

PAR. I'm undone! Wretch that I am! what have I done?

(*CHÆREA pushes him along.*) Whither are you pushing me? You'll throw me down presently. I entreat you, be quiet.

CHÆ. Let's be off. (*Pushes him.*)

PAR. Do you still persist?

CHÆ. I am resolved upon it.

PAR. Only take care that this isn't too rash a project.

CHÆ. Certainly it isn't; let me alone for that.

PAR. Aye, but I shall have to pay the penalty¹ for this?

CHÆ. Pshaw!

¹ *Have to pay the penalty*)—Ver. 381. “In me cudetur faba,” literally, “the bean will be struck” or “laid about me;” meaning, “I shall have to smart for it.” There is considerable doubt what is the origin of this expression, and this doubt existed as early as the time of Donatus. He says that it was a proverb either taken from the threshing of beans with a flail by the countrymen; or else from the circumstance of

PAR. We shall be guilty of a disgraceful action.

CHÆ. What, is it disgraceful¹ to be taken to the house of a Courtesan, and to return the compliment upon those tormentors who treat us and our youthful age so scornfully, and who are always tormenting us in every way ;—to dupe them just as we are duped by them ? Or is it right and proper that in preference my father should be wheedled *out of his money* by deceitful pretexts ? Those who knew of this would blame me ; while all would think the other a meritorious act.

PAR. What's to be done in such case ? If you are determined to do it, you must do it : but don't you by-and-by be throwing the blame upon me.

CHÆ. I shall not do so.

PAR. Do you order me, *then* ?

CHÆ. I order, charge, and command you ; I will never disavow my authorizing you.

PAR. Follow me ; may the Gods prosper it ! (*They go into the house of LACHES.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter THRASO and GNATHO.

THR. Did Thais really return me many thanks ?

GN. Exceeding *thanks*.

THR. Was she delighted, say you ?

GN. Not so much, indeed, at the present itself, as because it was given by you ; really, in right earnest, she does exult at that.

the cooks who have dressed the beans, but have not moistened them sufficiently, being sure to have them thrown at their heads, as though for the purpose of softening them. Neither of these solutions seems so probable as that suggested by Madame Dacier, that dried beans were inserted in the thongs of the "scuticæ," or "whips," with which the slaves were beaten. According to others the knots in the whips were only called "fabæ," from their resemblance to beans.

¹ *Is it disgraceful*)—Ver. 382. Donatus remarks that here Terence obliquely defends the subject of the Play.

Enter PARMENO unseen, from LACHES' house.

PAR. (apart.) I've come here to be on the look-out, that when there is an opportunity I may take *the presents*. But see, here's the Captain.

THRA. Undoubtedly it is the case with me, that everything I do is a cause for thankfulness.

GNA. Upon my faith, I've observed it.

THRA. The most mighty King,¹ even, always used to give me especial thanks for whatever I did ; but not so to others.

GNA. He who has the wit that you have, often by his words appropriates to himself the glory that has been achieved by the labour of others.

THRA. You've just hit it.²

GNA. The king, then, kept you in his eye.³

THRA. Just so.

GNA. To enjoy your society.

THRA. True ; he entrusted *to me* all his army, all his state secrets.

¹ *The most mighty King*)—Ver. 397. It has been suggested that Darius III. is here alluded to, who was a contemporary of Menander. As however Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, is mentioned in this Play, there is no necessity to go out of the way to make Terence guilty of an anachronism. Madame Dacier suggests that Seleucus, king of part of Asia Minor, is meant ; and as Thraso is called “a stranger” or “foreigner” towards the end of the Play, he probably was intended to be represented as a native of Asia and a subject of Seleucus. One of the Seleuci was also favoured with the services of Pyrgopolinices, the “Braggart Captain” of Plautus, in the *Miles Gloriosus*. See l. 75 in that Play : “For King Seleucus entreated me with most earnest suit that I would raise and enlist recruits for him.”

² *You've just hit it*)—Ver. 401. Colman here remarks, quoting the following passage from Shakespeare's “Love's Labour Lost,” “That that Poet was familiarly acquainted with this Comedy is evident from the passage, ‘Holofernes says, *Novi hominem tanguam te*. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and Thrasonical.’” We may remark that the previous words of Gnatho, though spoken with reference to the King, contain a reproach against the Captain's boastfulness, though his vanity will not let him perceive it.

³ *In his eye*)—Ver. 401. “In oculis” is generally supposed to mean “as dearly in his eyes.” As, however, the Satraps of the East were called “the king's eyes,” those who suppose that Darius is alluded to, might with some ground consider the passage as meaning that the king ranked him in the number of his nobles. See the *Pænulus* of Plautus, l. 693, and the Note in Bohn's Translation.

GNA. Astonishing!

THRA. Then if, on any occasion, a surfeit of society, or a dislike of business, came upon him, when he was desirous to take some recreation ; just as though—you understand?¹

GNA. I know ; just as though on occasion he would rid his mind of those anxieties.

THRA. You have it. Then he used to take me aside as his only boon companion.

GNA. Whew ! You are telling of a King of refined taste.

THRA. Aye, he is a person of that sort ; a man of but very few acquaintanceships.

GNA. (aside.) Indeed, of none,² I fancy, if he's on intimate terms with you.

THRA. All the people envied me, and attacked me privately: I didn't care one straw. They envied me dreadfully ; but one in particular, whom *the King* had appointed over the Indian elephants.³ Once, when he became particularly troublesome, "Prithee, Strato," said I, "are you so fierce because you hold command over the wild beasts?"

GNA. Cleverly said, upon my faith, and shrewdly. Astounding ! You did give the fellow a home thrust. What said he?

THRA. Dumbfounded, instantaneously.

GNA. How could he be otherwise ?

PAR. (apart.) Ye Gods, by our trust in you ! a lost and miserable fellow the one, and the other a scoundrel.

THRA. Well then, about that matter, Gnatho, the way in which I touched up the Rhodian at a banquet—did I never tell you ?

¹ *You understand*)—Ver. 405. He says this at the very moment when he is at a loss what to say next ; the Parasite obligingly steps in to help him out with the difficulty.

² *Indeed, of none*)—Ver. 410. "Immo, nullorum arbitror, si tecum vivit." This expression which is used "aside," has two meanings, neither of which is complimentary to the Captain. It may mean, "he has no society if he associates with you," making the Captain equivalent to nobody ; or it may signify, "if he associates with you he'll be sure to drive all his other acquaintances away."

³ *Over the Indian elephants*)—Ver. 413. Here he shows his lofty position to perfection ; he dares to take down the pride of one who commanded even the royal elephants. The Braggart Captain of Plautus comes into collision with the elephants themselves : l. 26. Artotrogus says to him, "In what a fashion it was you broke the fore leg of even an elephant in India with your fist!"

GNA. Never; but pray, do tell me. (*Aside.*) I've heard it more than a thousand times already.

THRA. There was in my company at a banquet, this young man of Rhodes, whom I'm speaking of. By chance I had a mistress there; he began to toy with her, and to annoy me. "What are you doing, sir impudence?" said I to the fellow; "a hare yourself, and looking out for game?"¹

GNA. (*pretending to laugh very heartily.*) Ha, ha, ha!

THRA. What's the matter?

GNA. How apt, how smart, how clever; nothing *could* be more excellent. Prithee, was this a saying of yours? I fancied it was an old one.

THRA. Did you ever hear it before?

GNA. Many a time; and it is mentioned among the first-rate ones.

THRA. It's my own.

GNA. I'm sorry *though* that it was said to a thoughtless young man, and one of respectability.

PAR. (*apart.*) May the Gods confound you!

GNA. Pray, what *did* he *do*?

THRA. Quite disconcerted. All who were present were dying with laughter; in short, they were all quite afraid of me.

GNA. Not without reason.

THRA. But hark you, had I best clear myself of this to Thais, as to her suspicion that I'm fond of this girl?

GNA. By no means: on the contrary, rather increase her jealousy.

THRA. Why so?

GNA. Do you ask me? Don't you see, if on any occasion she makes mention of Phædria or commends him, to provoke you—

¹ *Looking out for game?*—Ver. 426. "Pulmentum," more strictly speaking, "A nice bit." Patrick has the following Note on this passage: "'Lepus tute es, et pulmentum quæris?' A proverbial expression in use at that time: the proper meaning of it, stripped of its figure, is, 'You are little more than a woman yourself, and do you want a mistress?'" We learn from Donatus and Vopiscus, that Livius Andronicus had used this proverb in his Plays before Terence. Commentators who enter into a minute explanation of it offer many conjectures rather curious than solid, and of a nature not fit to be mentioned here. Donatus seems to think that allusion is made to a story prevalent among the ancient naturalists that the hare was in the habit of changing its sex.

THRA. I understand.

GNA. That such may not be the case, this method is the only remedy. When she speaks of Phædria, do you instantly *mention* Pamphila. If at any time she says, "Let's invite Phædria to make one," *do you say*, "Let's *ask* Pamphila to sing." If she praises his good looks, do you, on the other hand, praise hers. In short, do you return like for like, which will mortify her.

THRA. If, indeed, she loved me,¹ this might be of some use, Gnatho.

GNA. Since she is impatient for and loves that which you give her, she already loves you; as it is, *then*, it is an easy matter for her to feel vexed. She will be always afraid lest the presents which she herself is now getting, you may on some occasion be taking elsewhere.

THRA. Well said; that never came into my mind.

GNA. Nonsense. You never thought about it; else how much more readily would you yourself have hit upon it, Thraso!

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS from her house, attended by PYTHIAS.

THAIS. (as she comes out.) I thought I just now heard the Captain's voice. And look, here he is. Welcome, my dear Thraso.

THRA. O my Thais, my sweet one, how are you? How much do you love me in return for that music girl?

PAR. (apart.) How polite! What a beginning he has made on meeting her!

THAIS. Very much, as you deserve.

GNA. Let's go to dinner then. (To THRASO.) What do you stand *here* for?

PAR. (apart.) Then there's the other one: you would declare that he was born for his belly's sake.

¹ *If, indeed, she loved me*)—Ver. 446. Colman has the following Note upon this passage: "I am at a loss to determine whether it was in order to show the absurdity of the Captain or from inadvertence in the Poet, that Terence here makes Thraso and Gnatho speak in contradiction to the idea of Thais's wonderful veneration for Thraso, with which they opened the Scene."

THRA. When you please ; I shan't delay.

PAR. (apart.) I'll accost them, and pretend as though I had just come out. (*He comes forward.*) Are you going anywhere, Thais ?

THAIS. Ha ! Parmeno ; well done ; *just* going out for the day.

PAR. Where !

THAIS. (aside, pointing at THRASO.) Why ! don't you see him ?

PAR. (aside.) I see him, and I'm sorry for it. (*Aloud.*) Phædria's presents are ready for you when you please.

THRA. (impatiently.) Why are we to stand *here* ? Why don't we be off ?

PAR. (to THRASO.) Troth now, pray, do let us, with your leave, present to her the things we intend, *and* accost and speak to her.

THRA. (ironically.) Very fine presents, I suppose, or *at least* equal to mine.

PAR. The fact will prove itself. (*Goes to the door of LACHES' house and calls.*) Ho there ! bid those people come out of doors at once, as I ordered.

Enter from the house a BLACK GIRL.

PAR. Do you step forward this way. (*To THAIS.*) She comes all the way from *Æthiopia*.

THRA. (contemptuously.) Here are some three minæ in value.

GNA. Hardly so much.

PAR. Where are you, Dorus ? Step this way.

Enter CHÆREA from the house, dressed like the EUNUCH.

PAR. There's a Eunuch for you—of what a genteel appearance ! of what a prime age !

THAIS. God bless me, he's handsome.

PAR. What say you, Gnatho ? Do you see anything to find fault with ? And what say you, Thraso ? (*Aside.*) They hold their tongues ; they praise him sufficiently *thereby*. (*To THAIS.*) Make trial of him in literature, try him in exercises.¹

¹ *In exercises*)—Ver. 477. Reference will be found made to the “palaestrae,” or “places of exercise,” in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

and in music ; I'll warrant him well skilled in what it becomes a gentleman to know.

THRA. That Eunuch, if occasion served,¹ even in my sober senses, I—

PAR. And he who has sent these things makes no request that you will live for him alone, and that for his own sake others may be excluded ; he neither tells of battles nor shows his scars, nor does he restrict you as (*looking at THRASO*) a certain person does ; but when it is not inconvenient, whenever you think fit, whenever you have the time, he is satisfied to be admitted.

THRA. (*to GNATHO, contemptuously.*) It appears that this is the servant of some beggarly, wretched master.

GNA. Why, faith, no person, I'm quite sure of that, could possibly put up with him, who had the means to get another.

PAR. You hold your tongue—a fellow whom I consider beneath all men of the very lowest grade : for when you can bring yourself to flatter that fellow (*pointing at THRASO*), I do believe you could pick your victuals out of the *very* flames.²

THRA. Are we to go now ?

THAIS. I'll take these in-doors first (*pointing to CHÆREA and the AETHIOPIAN*), and at the same time I'll order what I wish ; after that I'll return immediately. (*Goes into the house with PYTHIAS, CHÆREA, and the SLAVE.*)

THRA. (*to GNATHO*). I shall be off. Do you wait for her.

PAR. It is not a proper thing for a general to be walking in the street with a mistress.

THRA. Why should I use many words with you ? You are the very ape of your master. (*Exit PARMENO.*)

GNA. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha !

¹ *If occasion served*)—Ver. 479. The Aposiopesis in this line is very aptly introduced, on account of the presence of the female ; but it admirably illustrates the abominable turpitude of the speaker and perhaps in a somewhat more decent manner than that in which Plautus attributes a similar tendency to his Braggart Captain, l. 1111.

² *Out of the very flames*)—Ver. 491. This was a proverb expressive of the lowest degree of meanness and infamy. When they burned the bodies of the dead, it was the custom of the ancients to throw meat and various articles of food upon the funeral pile, and it was considered the greatest possible affront to tell a person that he was capable of snatching these things out of the flames.

THRA. What are you laughing at?

GNA. At what you were mentioning just now; that saying, too, about the Rhodian, recurred to my mind. But Thais is coming out.

THRA. You go before; take care that every thing is ready at home.

GNA. Very well.

(*Exit.*)

Re-enter THAIS, with PYTHIAS and FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

THAIS. Take care, Pythias, and be sure that if Chremes should happen to come,¹ to beg him to wait; if that is not convenient, then to come again; if he cannot do that, bring him to me.

PYTH. I'll do so.

THAIS. Well, what else was I intending to say? O, do you take particular care of that young woman; be sure that you keep at home.

THRA. Let us begone.

THAIS. (*to her attendants.*) You follow me. (*Exeunt THAIS and THRASO, followed by the Attendants.* PYTHIAS goes into the house.)

SCENE III.

Enter CHREMES.

CHREM. (*to himself.*) Why, really, the more and more I think of it, I shouldn't be surprised if this Thais should be doing me *some* great mischief; so cunningly do I perceive myself beset by her. Even on the occasion when she first requested me to be fetched to her (any one might ask me, "What business had you with her?" Really I don't know.) When I came, she found an excuse for me to remain there; she said that she had been offering a sacrifice,² and that she was desirous to speak upon some important business with me. Even then I had a suspicion

¹ *If Chremes should happen to come*)—Ver. 501. This is the first allusion to the arrangement which ultimately causes the quarrel between Thais and the Captain.

² *Had been offering a sacrifice*)—Ver. 513. It was the custom to sacrifice before entering on affairs of importance. Thus, too, Jupiter, in the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, l. 938, speaks of offering sacrifice on his safe return.

that all these things were being done for her artful purposes. She takes her place beside me ; pays every attention to me ; seeks an opportunity of conversation. When *the conversation* flagged, she turned off to this point—how long since my father and mother died ? I said that it was now a long time ago. Whether I had any country-house at Sunium, and how far from the sea ? I suppose that this has taken her fancy, *and* she expects to get it away from me. Then at last, whether any little sister of mine had been lost from there ; whether any person was with her ; what she had about her when she was lost ; whether any one could recognize her. Why should she make these enquiries ? Unless, perhaps, she pretends—so great is her assurance—that she herself is the same person that was formerly lost when a little girl. But if she is alive, she is sixteen years old, not older ; *whereas* Thais is somewhat older than I am. She has sent to press me earnestly to come. Either let her speak out what she wants, or not be troublesome ; I assuredly shall not come a third time (*knocking at the door of THAIS*). Ho ! there, ho ! there ! Is any one here ? It's I, Chremes.

SCENE IV.

Enter PYTHIAS from the house.

PYTH. O most charming, dear creature !

CHREM. (*apart.*) I said there was a design upon me.

PYTH. Thais entreated you most earnestly to come again to-morrow.

CHREM. I'm going into the country.

PYTH. Do, there's a dear sir.

CHREM. I cannot, I tell you.

PYTH. Then stay here at our house till she comes back.

CHREM. Nothing less likely.

PYTH. Why, my dear Chremes ? (*Taking hold of him.*)

CHREM. (*shaking her off.*) Away to perdition with you !

PYTH. If you are so determined about it, pray do step over to the place where she is.

CHREM. I'll go there.

PYTH. (*calling at the door.*) Here, Dorias (DORIAS enters), show this person directly to the Captain's.

(*Exit CHREMES with DORIAS, PYTHIAS goes into the house.*

SCENE V.

Enter ANTIPHO.

ANT. (*to himself.*) Yesterday some young fellows of us agreed together at the Piræus that we were to go shares to-day in a club-entertainment. We gave Chærea charge of this matter; our rings were given¹ as pledges; the place and time arranged. The time has now gone by; at the place appointed there was nothing ready. The fellow himself is nowhere to be met with; I neither know what to say nor what to suppose. Now the rest have commissioned me with this business, to look for him. I'll go see, therefore, if he's at home. But who's this, I wonder, coming out of Thais's? Is it he, or is it not? 'Tis the very man! What sort of being is this? What kind of garb is this? What mischief is going on now? I cannot sufficiently wonder or conjecture. But, whatever it is, I should like first at a distance to try and find out. (*He stands apart.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter CHÆREA from the house of Thais, in the EUNUCH's dress.

CHÆ. (*looking around, then aloud to himself.*) Is there anybody here? There's no one. Is there any one following me from there? There's not a person. Now am I not at liberty to give vent to these raptures? O supreme Jupiter.

¹ *Our rings were given*)—Ver. 541. It was the custom of parties who agreed to join in a "symbola," or "club" or "pic-nic" entertainment, to give their rings as pledges to the "rex convivii," or "getter up the feast." Stakes were also deposited on making bets at races. See Ovid's *Art of Love*, B. i., l. 168.

now assuredly is the time for me to meet my death,¹ when I can so well endure it; lest my life should sully this ecstasy with some disaster. But is there now no inquisitive person to be intruding upon me, to be following me wherever I go, to be deafening me, worrying me to death, with asking questions; why *thus* transported, or why *so* overjoyed, whither I'm going, whence I'm come, where I got this garb, what is my object, whether I'm in my senses or whether downright mad?

ANT. (*apart.*) I'll accost him, and I'll do him the favour which I see he's wishing for. (*Accosting him.*) Chærea, why are you thus transported? What's the object of this garb? Why is it that you're so overjoyed? What is the meaning of this? Are you quite right in your senses? Why do you stare at me? What have you to say?

CHÆ. O joyous day! O welcome, my friend! There's not one in all the world whom I would rather wish to see at this moment than yourself.

ANT. Pray, do tell me what all this means.

CHÆ. Nay rather, i'faith, I beg of you to listen to me. Do you know the mistress whom my brother is so fond of?

ANT. I know her; I suppose you mean Thais?

CHREM. The very same.

ANT. So far I recollect.

CHÆ. To-day a certain damsel was presented to her. Why now should I extol or commend her beauty to you, Antipho, since you yourself know how nice a judge of beauty I am? I have been smitten by her.

ANT. Do you say so?

CHÆ. If you saw her, I am sure you would say she's exquisite. What need of many words? I fell in love with her. By good luck there was at our house a certain Eunuch, whom my brother had purchased for Thais, and he had not as yet been sent to her. On this occasion, Parmeno, our servant, made a suggestion to me, which I adopted.

¹ *To meet my death*)—Ver. 550. There is a passage in the Othello of Shakspeare extremely similar to this:

—“If I were now to die,
I were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.”

ANT. What was it?

CHÆ. Be quiet, *and* you shall hear the sooner; to change clothes with him, and order myself to be taken there in his stead.

ANT. What, instead of the Eunuch?

CHÆ. The fact.

ANT. To receive what advantage, pray, from this plan?

CHÆ. Do you ask? That I might see, hear, and be in company with her whom I loved, Antipho. Is *that* a slight motive, or a poor reason? I was presented to *the* woman. She, as soon as she received me, joyfully took me home to her house and entrusted the damsel—

ANT. To whom? To you?

CHÆ. To me.

ANT. (*ironically.*) In perfect safety, at all events.

CHÆ. She gave orders that no male was to come near her, and commanded me not to stir away from her; that I was to remain alone with her in the inner apartments.¹ Looking bashfully on the ground, I nodded assent.

ANT. (*ironically.*) Poor fellow!

CHÆ. (*continuing.*) "I am going out," said she, "to dinner." She took her maids with her; a few novices of girls² remained, to be about her. These immediately made preparations for her to bathe. I urged them to make haste. While preparations were being made, the damsel sat in a room looking up at a certain painting,³ in which was represented how Jove⁴ is said once to have sent a golden shower into the bosom of Danaë. I myself began to look at it as well, and

¹ *In the inner apartments*)—Ver. 579. The "Gynecæa," or women's apartments, among the Greeks, always occupied the interior part of the house, which was most distant from the street, and there they were kept in great seclusion.

² *A few novices of girls*)—Ver. 582. These "novicisæ" were young slaves recently bought, and intended to be trained to the calling of a Courtesan.

³ *At a certain painting*)—Ver. 584. See the story of Jupiter and Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, B. iv., l. 610. Pictures of Venus and Adonis, and of Jupiter and Ganymede, are mentioned in the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; l. 144, and paintings on the walls are also mentioned in the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, l. 821, where Tranio tries to impose upon Theeuropides by pretending to point out a picture of a crow between two vultures.

⁴ *How Jove*)—Ver. 584. Donatus remarks here that this was "a very

as he had in former times played the like game, I felt extremely delighted that a God should change himself into money, and slyly come through the tiles of another person's house, to deceive the fair one by means of a shower. But what God was *this*? He who shakes the most lofty temples of heaven with his thunders. Was I, a poor creature of a mortal,¹ not to do the same? Certainly, I was to do it, and without hesitation. While I was thinking over these matters with myself, the damsel meantime was fetched away to bathe; she went, bathed, and came back; after which they laid her on a couch. I stood waiting to see if they gave me any orders. One came up, "Here, Dorus," said she, "take this fan,² and let her have a little air in this fashion, while we are bathing; when we have bathed, if you like, you may bathe too." With a demure air I took it.

ANT. Really, I should very much have liked to see that impudent face of yours just then, and what figure a great donkey like you made, holding a fan!

CHÆ. (*continuing.*) Hardly had she said this, when all, in a moment, betook themselves off: away they went to bathe, and chattered aloud;³ just as the way is when masters are absent. Meanwhile, sleep overtook the damsel; I slyly looked askance⁴

proper piece of furniture for the house of a Courtesan, giving an example of loose and mercenary love, calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the same time hinting to the young lover that he must make his way to the bosom of his mistress, like Jupiter to Danaë, in a shower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots!

¹ *A poor creature of a mortal*)—Ver. 591. "Homuncio." He uses this word the better to contrast his abject nature as a poor mortal with the majesty of Jupiter. St. Augustin refers to this passage. The preceding line is said by Donatus to be a parody on a passage by Ennius.

² *Take this fan*)—Ver. 595. As to the fans of the ancients, see the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 252, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation. See also the *Amours* of Ovid, B. iii., El. 2, l. 38.

³ *Chattered aloud*)—Ver. 600. This line bears a strong resemblance to two lines found in Anstey's new Bath Guide:

"And how the young ladies all set up their clacks,

All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs."

⁴ *I slyly looked askance*)—Ver. 601. This way of looking aside, "limis," is mentioned in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, where Milphippa tells Acroteleutium to look at the Captain sideways, "Aspicio limis," l. 1217; also in the *Bacchides*, l. 1131. Those familiar with the works of Hogarth will readily call to mind the picture of Bedlam

through the fan; this way (*showing how*): at the same time I looked round in all directions, to see whether all was quite safe. I saw that it was. I bolted the door.

ANT. What then?

CHÆ. Eh? What then, *you simpleton*?

ANT. I own I am.

CHÆ. Was I to let slip the opportunity offered me, so excellent, so short-lived,² so longed-for, so unexpected. In that case, i'faith, I really should have been the person I was pretending to be.

ANT. Troth, you certainly are in the right; but, meantime, what has been arranged about the club-entertainment?

CHÆ. All's ready.

ANT. You are a clever hand; but where? At your house?

CHÆ. No, at Discus's, our freedman.

ANT. That's a long way off.

CHÆ. Then let's make so much the greater haste.

ANT. Change your dress.

CHÆ. Where am I to change it? I'm at a loss; for at present I'm an exile from home; I'm afraid of my brother, lest he should be in-doors: and then again of my father, lest he should have returned from the country by this.

ANT. Let's go to my house; there is the nearest place for you to change.

CHÆ. You say right. Let's be off; besides, I want to take counsel with you about this girl, by what means I may be able to secure the future possession of her.

ANT. Very well.

(*Exeunt.*

in the Rake's Progress, where the young woman is looking askance through her fan at the madman in his cell.

¹ *Through the fan*)—Ver. 602. This shows that the fan was probably one made of thin boards, and not of feathers.

² *So short-lived*)—Ver. 605. Colman has the following Note here: "Short indeed, considering the number of incidents, which, according to Chærea's relation, are crowded into it. All the time allowed for this adventure is the short space between the departure of Thais and Thraso and the entrance of Chærea; so that all this variety of business of sleeping, bathing, ravishing, &c., is despatched during the two soliloquies of Antipho and Chærea, and the short Scene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is, that a very close adherence to the unities often drives the Poet into as great absurdities as the perfect violation of them."

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter DORIAS, with a casket in her hand.

DORIAS. (*to herself.*) So may the Gods bless me, but from what I have seen, I'm terribly afraid that this mad fellow will be guilty of some disturbance to-day or of some violence to Thais. For when this young man, the brother of the damsel, arrived, she begged the Captain to order him to be admitted; he immediately began to get into a passion, and yet didn't dare refuse; Thais still insisted that he would invite the man in. This she did for the sake of detaining him; because there was no opportunity *just then* of telling him what she wanted to disclose about *her* sister. He was invited in, and took his seat. Then she entered into discourse with him. But the Captain, fancying it was a rival brought before his *very eyes*, wanted in his turn to mortify her: "Hark you, boy," said he, "go fetch Pamphila, that she may amuse us here." She exclaimed, "At a banquet! Certainly not." The Captain still persisted to a downright quarrel. Meanwhile my mistress secretly took off her golden *jewels*,¹ and gave them to me to take away: this is a sign, I'm sure, that she'll betake herself from there as soon as she possibly can.

(*Goes into the house.*

¹ *Took off her golden jewels*)—Ver. 627. This was probably because it was contrary to the laws of Athens for a Courtesan to appear with gold or jewels in the street. Madame Dacier suggests another reason, in which there is some force, although it is ridiculed by Cooke. Thais may have supposed that the Captain, when irritated, might not have scrupled to take them away from her. Indeed, nothing would be more probable, than that he would be ready to take them by way of security for the return of the slave, whom he had thus, to no purpose, presented to her. In reference to the preceding line, we may remark that it was not customary among the Greeks for females of good character to appear at table with strangers.

SCENE II.

Enter PHÆDRIA.

PHÆD. (*to himself.*) While I was going¹ into the country, I began on the road, as it mostly happens when there is any anxiety on the mind, to reflect with myself upon one thing after another, and upon everything in the worst light. What need of words? While I was musing thus, inadvertently I passed my country-house. I had already got some distance from it, when I perceived this; I returned again, really feeling quite uneasy; when I came to the very turning that leads to *the house*, I came to a stop, *and* began to reason with myself; "What! must I stay here alone for two days without her? Well, and what then? It's nothing at all. What? Nothing at all? Well now, if I haven't the privilege of touching her, am I not even to have that of seeing her? If I may not do the one, at least I may the other. Surely to love at a distance² *even*, is better than nothing at all." I purposely passed the house. But how's this, that Pythias is suddenly hurrying out in such a fright? (*Stands apart.*)

SCENE III.

Enter PYTHIAS and DORIAS in haste from the house of THAIS.

PYTH. (*aloud.*) Where, wretch that I am, shall I find this wicked and impious fellow? Or where look for him?

¹ *While I was going*)—Ver. 629. Donatus remarks that here the Poet artfully finds a reason to bring Phædria back again; as he at first with equal art sent him out of the way, to give probability to those incidents necessary to happen in his absence.

² *At a distance*)—Ver. 640. "Extremâ linea." There have been many suggestions offered for the origin of this figurative expression. Some suggest that it alludes to the last or lowest stage of the supposed ladder of love; others that it refers to the first or elementary line traced by the student, when beginning to learn the art of painting. It is however more generally thought to be a metaphor taken from the chariot-races in the Circus, where, in going round the turning-place, he who was nearest was said "currere in primâ linea;" the next, "in secundâ;" and so on to the last, who took the widest range, and was said to run "in extremâ linea."

That he should dare to commit so audacious a crime as this! I'm ruined outright!

PHÆD. (apart.) I dread what this may be.

PYTH. Besides too, the villain, after he had abused the girl, rent all the poor thing's clothes, and tore her hair as well.

PHÆD. (apart, in surprise.) Ha!

PYTH. If he were just now in my reach, how eagerly would I fly at that villain's eyes with my nails!

PHÆD. (apart.) Really I can't imagine what disturbance has happened to us at home in my absence. I'll accost them. (Going up to them.) What's the matter? Why in such haste? Or whom are you looking for, Pythias?

PYTH. Why, Phædria, whom should I be looking for? Away with you, as you deserve, with such fine presents of yours.

PHÆD. What is the matter?

PYTH. What, do you ask? The Eunuch you gave us, what confusion he has caused. He has ravished the girl whom the Captain made present of to my mistress.

PHÆD. What is it you say?

PYTH. I'm ruined outright!

PHÆD. You are drunk.

PYTH. I wish that they were so, who wish ill to me.

DORIAS. Oh, prithee, my dear Pythias, what a monstrous thing this is!

PHÆD. You are out of your senses. How could a Eunuch possibly do this?

PYTH. I know nothing about him: as to what he has done, the thing speaks for itself. The girl is in tears; and when you ask her what's the matter, she does not dare tell. But he, a precious fellow, is nowhere to be seen. To my sorrow I suspect too, that when he took himself off he carried something away from the house.

PHÆD. I cannot enough wonder, whither this varlet can possibly have betaken himself to any distance from here; unless perhaps he has returned home to our house.

PYTH. Pray, go and see whether he is there.

PHÆD. I'll let you know immediately. (Goes into the house of LACHES.)

DORIAS. Ruined outright! Prithee, my dear, I never did so much as hear of a deed so abominable!

PYTH. Why, faith, I had heard that they were extremely fond of the women, but were incapable; unfortunately *what has happened* never came into my mind; otherwise I should have shut him up somewhere, and not have entrusted the girl to him.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHÆDRIA from the house of LACHES, with DORUS in CHÆREA'S clothes.

PHÆD. (*dragging him out.*) Come out, you villain! What, do you lag behind, you runaway? Out with you, you sorry bargain!

DORUS. (*crying out.*) Mercy, I do entreat you!

PHÆD. Oh, do look at that! How the villain distorts his face. What means your coming back hither? Why this change of dress? What have you to say? If I had delayed a moment, Pythias, I shouldn't have found him at home: he had just prepared, in this fashion, for flight. (*pointing at his dress.*)

PYTH. Have you caught the fellow, pray?

PHÆD. Caught him, why not?

PYTH. O well done!

DORIAS. Upon my faith that really is capital!

PYTH. Where is he?

PHÆD. Do you ask the question? Don't you see him? (*Pointing to the EUNUCH.*)

PYTH. (*staring about.*) See whom, pray?

PHÆD. This fellow, to be sure (*pointing*).

PYTH. What person is this?

PHÆD. The same that was brought to your house to-day.

PYTH. Not one of our people has ever beheld this person with her eyes, Phædria.

PHÆD. Not beheld him?

PYTH. Prithee, did you fancy that this was he who was brought to our house?

PHÆD. Why, I had no other.

PYTH. O dear! this one really isn't to be compared with the other. He was of a handsome and genteel appearance.

PHÆD. He seemed *so*, just then, because he was decked out in parti-coloured clothes:¹ now he appears ugly, for this reason—because he hasn't got them on.

PYTH. Prithee, do hold your tongue; as though indeed the difference was so trifling. A young man was brought to our house to-day, whom, really, Phædria, you would have liked to look upon. This is a withered, antiquated, lethargic, old fellow, with a speckled complexion.²

PHÆD. (*starting.*) Hah! What tale is this? You'll so befool me that I shan't know what I bought. (*To DORUS.*) How now, sirrah, did I not buy you?

DORUS. You did buy *me*.

PYTH. Bid him answer me in my turn.

PHÆD. Question *him*.

PYTH. (*to DORUS.*) Did you come here to-day to our house? (*DORUS shakes his head.*) He says, no. But it was the other one that came, about sixteen years of age; whom Parmeno brought with him.

PHÆD. (*to DORUS.*) Well now, in the first place tell me this, where did you get that dress that you have on? What, are you silent? Monster of a fellow, are you not going to speak? (*Shakes him.*)

DORUS. Chærea came.

PHÆD. What, my brother?

DORUS. Yes.

PHÆD. When?

DORUS. To-day.

PHÆD. How long since?

DORUS. Just now.

PHÆD. With whom?

DORUS. With Parmeno.

¹ *In parti-coloured clothes*)—Ver. 683. It was the custom to dress Eunuchs in parti-coloured clothes of bright hue. Most probably it was from them that the 'motley' descended to the fools and buffoons of the Middle Ages.

² *With a speckled complexion*)—Ver. 689. "Colore stellionino;" probably having spots or freckles on his face like a "stellio" or "lizard."

PHÆD. Did you know him before ?

DORUS. No.

PHÆD. How did you know he was my brother ?

DORUS. Parmeno said he was. He gave me these clothes.

PHÆD. I'm undone !

DORUS. He himself put on mine ; afterwards, they both went out together.

PYTH. Now are you quite satisfied that I am sober, and that we have told you no falsehood ? Is it now sufficiently evident that the girl has been ravished ?

PHÆD. Avaunt, you beast, do you believe what he says ?

PYTH. What is there to believe ? The thing speaks for itself.

PHÆD. (apart to DORUS.) Step aside a little this way. Do you hear ? (DORUS steps aside.) A little further still. That will do. Now tell me this once more ; did Chærea take your clothes off you ?

DORUS. He did.

PHÆD. And did he put them on ?

DORUS. He did.

PHÆD. And was he brought here instead of you ?

DORUS. Yes.

PHÆD. Great Jupiter ! O wicked and audacious fellow !

PYTH. Woe unto me ! Now at last will you believe that we have been insulted in a disgraceful manner ?

PHÆD. It is no wonder that you believe what the fellow says. (Aside.) What I'm to do I know not. (Aside to DORUS.) Hark you, deny *it all* again. (Aloud.) Can I not this day extract the truth from you ? Did you *really* see my brother Chærea ?

DORUS. No.

PHÆD. He can't be brought to confess without being punished, I see : follow me this way. At one moment he affirms, at another denies. (Aside.) Ask pardon of me.

DORUS. Indeed, I do entreat you, Phædria.

PHÆD. (kicking him.) Be off in-doors.

DORUS. Oh ! Oh !

PHÆD. (aside.) How in any other fashion to get decently out of this I don't know ; for really it's all up *with me*. (Aloud, with pretended indignation.) Will you be trifling with me even here, you knave ? (Follows DORUS into the house.)

SCENE V.

PYTHIAS and DORIAS.

PYTH. I'm as certain that this is the contrivance of Parmeno as that I'm alive.

DORIAS. So it is, *no doubt*.

PYTH. I'faith, I'll find out a method to-day to be even with him. But now, what do you think ought to be done, Dorias?

DORIAS. Do you mean with regard to this girl?

PYTH. Yes; whether I ought to mention it or be silent?

DORIAS. Upon my word, if you are prudent, you won't know what you do know, either about the Eunuch or the girl's misfortune. By this method you'll both rid yourself of all perplexity, and have done a service to her.¹ Say this only, that Dorus has run away.

PYTH. I'll do so.

DORIAS. But don't I see Chremes? Thais will be here just now.

PYTH. Why so?

DORIAS. Because when I came away from there, a quarrel had just commenced between them.

PYTH. Take in these golden *trinkets*; I shall learn from him what's the matter. (DORIAS takes the casket into the house.)

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES, *somewhat drunk*.

CHREM. Heyday! upon my faith, I've been bamboozled: the wine that I've drunk has got the upper hand. But, so long as I was reclining, how extremely sober I did seem to myself to be; when I got up, neither feet nor senses were quite equal to their duty.

PYTH. Chremes!

¹ *Have done a service to her*)—Ver. 722. Though some would have “ill,” here to refer to the damsel, and others again to Phædria, it is pretty clear that Madame Dacier is right in suggesting that Thais is the person meant.

CHREM. (*turning round.*) Who's that? What, Pythias; dear me, how much more charming you now seem to me than a short time since!

PYTH. Troth now, you are much more merry, that's certain.

CHREM. Upon my faith, it is a true saying, that "Venus grows cold without Ceres and Bacchus." But has Thais got here long before me?

PYTH. Has she already come away from the Captain's?

CHREM. A long time ago; an age since. There has been a most violent quarrel between them.

PYTH. Did she say nothing about you following her?

CHREM. Nothing at all; only, on going away, she gave me a nod.

PYTH. Well now, wasn't that enough?

CHREM. Why, I didn't know that she meant that, until the Captain gave me an explanation, because I was dull of comprehension; for he bundled me out of the house. But look, here she is; I wonder how it was I got here before her.

SCENE VII.

Enter THAIS.

THAIS. (*to herself.*) I really do believe that he'll be here presently, to force her away from me. Let him come; but if he touches her with a single finger, that instant his eyes shall be torn out. I can put up with his impertinences and his high-sounding words, as long as they remain words: but if they are turned into realities, he shall get a drubbing.

CHREM. Thais, I've been here some time.

THAIS. O my dear Chremes, you are the very person I was wanting. Are you aware that this quarrel took place on your account, and that the whole of this affair, in fact, bore reference to yourself?

CHREM. To me? How so, pray?

THAIS. Because, while I've been doing my best to recover and restore your sister to you, this and a great deal more like it I've had to put up with.

CHREM. Where is she?

THAIS. At home, at my house.

CHREM. (*starting.*) Hah!

THAIS. What's the matter? She has been brought up in a manner worthy of yourself and of her.

CHREM. What is it you say?

THAIS. That which is the fact. Her I present to you, nor do I ask of you any return for her.

CHREM. Thanks are both felt and shall be returned in such way, Thais, as you deserve.

THAIS. But still, take care, Chremes, that you don't lose her, before you receive her from me; for it is she, whom the Captain is now coming to take away from me by force. Do you go, Pythias, and bring out of the house the casket with the tokens.¹

CHREM. (*looking down the side Scene.*) Don't you see him, Thais?

PYTH. (*to THAIS.*) Where is it put?

THAIS. In the clothes' chest. Tiresome *creature*, why do you delay? (*PYTHIAS goes into the house.*)

CHREM. What a large body of troops the Captain is bringing with him against you. Bless me!

THAIS. Prithee, are you frightened, my *dear sir*?

CHREM. Get out with you. What, I frightened? There's not a man alive less so.

THAIS. Then now is the time to prove it.

CHREM. Why, I wonder what sort of a man you take me to be.

THAIS. Nay, and consider this too; the person that you have to deal with is a foreigner;² of less influence than you, less known, and one that has fewer friends here.

CHREM. I'm aware of that; but it's foolish to run the risk of what you are able to avoid. I had rather we should prevent it, than, having received an injury, avenge ourselves

¹ *Casket with the tokens*)—Ver. 752. It was the custom with the ancients when they exposed their children, to leave with them some pledge or token of value, that they might afterwards be recognized by means of them. The catastrophes of the *Curculio*, the *Rudens*, and other Plays of *Plautus*, are brought about by taking advantage of this circumstance. The reasons for using these tokens will be stated in a future Note.

² *Is a foreigner*)—Ver. 758. And therefore the more unlikely to obtain redress from an Athenian tribunal. See the *Andria*, l. 811, and the Note to the passage.

upon him. Do you go in and fasten the door, while I run across hence to the Forum ; I should like us to have the aid of some legal adviser in this disturbance. (*Moves, as if going.*)

THAIS. (*holding him.*) Stay.

CHREM. Let me go, I'll be here presently.

THAIS. There's no occasion, Chremes. Only say that she is your sister, and that you lost her *when* a little girl, *and* have now recognized her ; *then* show the tokens.

Re-enter PYTHIAS from the house, with the trinkets.

PYTH. (*giving them to THAIS.*) Here they are.

THAIS. (*giving them to CHREMES.*) Take them. If he offers any violence, summon the fellow to justice ; do you understand me ?

CHREM. Perfectly.

THAIS. Take care and say this with presence of mind.

CHREM. I'll take care.

THAIS. Gather up your cloak. (*Aside.*) Undone ! the very person whom I've provided as a champion, wants one himself. (*They all go into the house.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, followed by GNATHO, SANGA, and other Attendants.

THRA. Am I to submit, Gnatho, to such a glaring affront as this being put upon me ? I'd die sooner. Simalio, Donax, Syriscus, follow me ! First, I'll storm the house.

GNA. Quite right.

THRA. I'll carry off the girl.

GNA. Very good.

THRA. I'll give her own self a mauling.

GNA. Very proper.

THRA. (*arranging the men.*) Advance hither to the main body, Donax, with your crowbar ; you, Simalio, to the left wing ; you, Syriscus, to the right. Bring up the rest ; where's the centurion Sanga, and his maniple¹ of rogues ?

¹ *And his maniple*)—Ver. 775. We learn from the Fasti of Ovid, B. iii., l. 117-8, that in early times the Roman armies carried bundles or wisps of hay upon poles by way of standards. “A long pole used to bear the elevated wisps, from which circumstance the manipular soldier

SAN. (*coming forward.*) See, here he is.

THRA. What, you booby, do you think of fighting with a dishclout,¹ to be bringing that here?

SAN. What, I? I knew the valour of the general, and the prowess of the soldiers; *and* that this could not possibly go on without bloodshed; how was I to wipe the wounds?

THRA. Where are the others?

SAN. Plague on you, what others? Sannio is the only one left on guard at home.

THRA. (*to GNATHO.*) Do you draw up your men in battle order; I'll be behind the second rank;² from that position I'll give the word to all. (*Takes his place behind the second rank.*)

GNA. (*aside.*) That's showing prudence; as soon as he has drawn them up, he secures a retreat for himself.

THRA. (*pointing to the arrangements.*) This is just the way Pyrrhus used to proceed.³

CHREMES and THAIS appear above at a window.

CHREM. Do you see, Thais, what plan he is upon?

derives his name." It appears from this passage, and from other authors, that to every troop of one hundred men a "manipulus" or wisp of hay (so called from "manum implere," to "fill the hand," as being "a handful"), was assigned as a standard, and hence in time the company itself obtained the name of "manipulus," and the soldier, a member of it, was called "manipularis." The "centurio," or "leader of a hundred," was the commanding officer of the "manipulus."

¹ *With a dishclout*)—Ver. 776. "Peniculo." This word meant a sponge fastened to a stick, or the tail of a fox or an ox, which was used as dusters or dishcloths are at the present day for cleaning tables, dishes, or even shoes. See the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, ver. 77 and 391.

² *Be behind the second rank*)—Ver. 780. "Post principia." The Captain, with that discretion which is the better part of valour, chooses the safest place in his army. The "principes" originally fought in the van, fronting the enemy, and behind them were the "hastati" and the "triarii." In later times the "hastati" faced the enemy, and the "principes" were placed in the middle, between them and the "triarii;" but though no longer occupying the front place, they still retained the name. Thraso, then, places himself behind the middle line.

³ *Pyrrhus used to proceed*)—Ver. 782. He attempts to defend his cowardice by the example of Pyrrhus, the powerful antagonist of the Romans, and one of the greatest generals of antiquity. He might have more correctly cited the example of Xerxes, who, according to Justin, did occupy that position in his army.

Assuredly, that advice of mine about closing the door was good.

THAIS. He who now seems to you to be a hero, is in reality a mere vapourer ; don't be alarmed.

THRA. (*to Gnatho.*) What seems *best to you* ?

GNA. I could very much¹ like a sling to be given you just now, that you might pelt them from here on the sly at a distance ; they would be taking to flight.

THRA. (*to Gnatho.*) But look (*pointing*), I see Thais there herself.

GNA. How soon are we to fall to ?

THRA. Hold (*holding him back*) ; it behoves a prudent person to make trial of everything before arms. How do you know but that she may do what I bid her without compulsion ?

GNA. Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what a thing it is to be wise ! I never come near you but what I go away from you the wiser.

THRA. Thais, in the first place, answer me this. When I presented you that girl, did you not say that you would give yourself up to me alone for some days to come ?

THAIS. Well, what then ?

THRA. Do you ask the question ? You, who have been and brought your lover under my very eyes ? What business had you with him ? With him, too, you clandestinely betook yourself away from me.

THAIS. I chose *to do so*.

THRA. Then give me back Pamphila ; unless you had rather she were taken away by force.

CHREM. Give her back to you, or you lay hands upon her ? Of all the—

GNA. Ha ! What are you about ? Hold your tongue.

THRA. What do you mean ? Am I not to touch my own ?

CHREM. Your own, indeed, *you gallows-bird* !²

¹ *I could very much*)—Ver. 785. Although Vollbehr gives these words to Gnatho, yet, judging from the context, and the words “*ex occulto*,” and remembering that Thais and Chremes are up at the window, there is the greatest probability that these are really the words of Thais addressed aside to Chremes.

² *You gallows-bird*)—Ver. 797. “*Furcifer* ;” literally, “*bearer of the furca*.”

GNA. (*to Chremes.*) Have a care, if you please. You don't know what kind of man you are abusing now.

CHREM. (*to Gnatho.*) Won't you be off from here? Do you know how matters stand with you? If you cause any disturbance here to-day, I'll make you remember the place, and day, and me too, for the rest of your life.

GNA. I pity you, who are making so great a man as this your enemy.

CHREM. I'll break your head this instant if you are not off.

GNA. Do you really say so, puppy? Is it that you are at?

THRA. (*to Chremes.*) What fellow are you? What do you mean? What business have you with her?

CHREM. I'll let you know: in the first place, I assert that she is a freeborn woman.

THRA. (*starting.*) Ha!

CHREM. A citizen of Attica.

THRA. Whew!

CHREM. My own sister.

THRA. Brazen face!

CHREM. Now, therefore, Captain, I give you warning; don't you use any violence towards her. Thais, I'm going to Sophrona, the nurse, that I may bring her here and shew her these tokens.

THRA. What! Are you to prevent me from touching what's my own?

CHREM. I will prevent it, I tell you.

GNA. (*to Thraso.*) Do you hear him? He is convicting himself of theft. Is not that enough for you?

THRA. Do you say the same, Thais?

THAIS. Go, find some one to answer you. (*She and Chremes go away from the window.*)

THRA. (*to Gnatho.*) What are we to do now?

GNA. Why, go back again: she'll soon be with you, of her own accord, to entreat forgiveness.

THRA. Do you think so?

GNA. Certainly, yes. I know the disposition of women: when you will, they won't; when you won't, they set their hearts upon you of their own inclination.

THRA. You judge right.

GNA. Shall I dismiss the army then?

THRA. Whenever you like.

GNA. Sanga, as befits gallant soldiers,¹ take care in your turn to remember your homes and hearths.

SAN. My thoughts have been for some time among the saucepans.

GNA. You are a worthy fellow.

THRA. (*putting himself at their head.*) You follow me this way. (Exeunt omnes.)

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter THAIS from her house, followed by PYTHIAS.

THAIS. What! do you persist, hussy, in talking ambiguously to me? "I do know;" "I don't know;" "he has gone off;" "I have heard;" "I wasn't there." Don't you mean to tell me plainly, whatever it is? The girl in tears, with her garments torn, is mute; the Eunuch is off: for what reason? What has happened? Won't you speak?

PYTH. Wretch that I am, what am I to say to you? They declare that he was not a Eunuch.

THAIS. Who was he then?

PYTH. That Chærea.

THAIS. What Chærea?

PYTH. That stripling, the brother of Phædria.

THAIS. What's that you say, you hag?

PYTH. And I am satisfied of it.

THAIS. Pray, what business had he at my house? What brought him there?

PYTH. I don't know; unless, as I suppose, he was in love with Pamphila.

THAIS. Alas! to my confusion, unhappy woman that I am, I'm undone, if what you tell me is true. Is it about this that the girl is crying?

PYTH. I believe so.

¹ *As befits gallant soldiers*—Ver. 814. Beaumont and Fletcher not improbably had this scene in view in their picture of the mob regiment in *Philaster*. The ragged regiment which Shakspeare places under the command of Falstaff was not very unlike it, nor that which owned the valiant *Rambastes Furioso* as its Captain.

THAIS. How say you, you arch-jade? Did I not warn you about this very thing, when I was going away from here?

PYTH. What could I do? Just as you ordered, she was entrusted to his care only.

THAIS. Hussy, I've been entrusting the sheep to the wolf. I'm quite ashamed to have been imposed upon in this way. What sort of man was he?

PYTH. Hush! hush! mistress, pray; we are all right. Here we have the very man.

THAIS. Where is he?

PYTH. Why there, to the left. Don't you see?

THAIS. I see.

PYTH. Order him to be seized as quickly as possible.

THAIS. What can we do to him, simpleton?

PYTH. What do to him, do you ask? Pray, do look at him; if his face doesn't seem an impudent one.

THAIS. Not at all.

PYTH. Besides, what effrontery he has.

SCENE II.

Enter Chærea, in the EUNUCH's dress, on the other side of the stage.

CHÆ. (to himself) At Antipho's,¹ both of them, father and mother, just as if on purpose, were at home, so that I couldn't any way get in, but that they must have seen me. In the meantime, while I was standing before the door, a certain acquaintance of mine was coming full upon me. When I espied him, I took to my heels as fast as I could down a narrow unfrequented alley; thence again to another, and thence to another; thus have I been most dreadfully harassed with running about, that no one might recognize me. But isn't this Thais that I see? It is she. I'm at a stand. What shall I do? But what need I care? What can she do to me?

¹ At Antipho's)—Ver. 839. Madame Dacier here observes that Chærea assigns very natural reasons for not having changed his dress; in which the art of Terence is evident, since the sequel of the Play makes it absolutely necessary that Chærea should appear again before Thais in the habit which he wore while in the house.

THAIS. (*to PYTHIAS.*) Let's accost him. (*To CHÆREA.*) Good Mister Dorus, welcome; tell me, have you been running away?

CHÆ. Madam, I did so.

THAIS. Are you quite pleased with it?

CHÆ. No.

THAIS. Do you fancy that you'll get off with impunity?

CHÆ. Forgive this one fault; if I'm ever guilty of another, *then* kill me.

THAIS. Were you in fear of my severity?

CHÆ. No. . .

THAIS. No? What then?

CHÆ. (*pointing at PYTHIAS.*) I was afraid of her, lest she might be accusing me to you.

THAIS. What had you done?

CHÆ. A mere trifle.

PYTH. Come now, a trifle, you impudent fellow. Does this appear a trifle to you, to ravish a virgin, a citizen?

CHÆ. I took her for my fellow servant.

PYTH. Fellow servant? I can hardly restrain myself from flying at his hair. A miscreant! Even of his own free will he comes to make fun of us.

THAIS. (*to PYTHIAS.*) Won't you begone from here, you mad woman?

PYTH. Why so? Really, I do believe I should be something in this hang-dog's debt, if I were to do so; especially as he owns that he is your servant.

THAIS. We'll pass that by. Chærea, you have behaved unworthily of yourself; for if I am deserving in the highest degree of this affront, still it is unbecoming of you to be guilty of it. And, upon my faith, I do not know what method now to adopt about this girl: you have so confounded all my plans, that I cannot possibly return her to her friends in such a manner as is befitting and as I had intended; in order that, by this means, I might, Chærea, do a real service to myself.

CHÆ. But now, from henceforth, I hope, Thais, that there will be lasting good will between us. Many a time, from some affair of this kind and from a bad beginning, great friendships have sprung up. What if some Divinity has willed this?

THAIS. I faith, for my own part I both take it in that view and wish *to do so.*

CHÆ. Yes, prithee, do so. Be sure of this one thing, that I did not do it for the sake of affronting you, but in consequence of passion.

THAIS. I understand, and, i'faith, for that reason do I now the more readily forgive you. I am not, Chærea, of a disposition so ungentle, or so inexperienced, as not to know what is the power of love.

CHÆ. So may the Deities kindly bless me, Thais; I am now smitten with you as well.

PYTH. Then, i'faith, mistress, I foresee you must have a care of him.

CHÆ. I would not dare——

PYTH. I won't trust you at all in anything.

THAIS. (to PYTHIAS.) Do have done.

CHÆ. Now I entreat you that you will be my assistant in this affair. I entrust and commit myself to your care; I take you, Thais, as my protectress; I implore you; I shall die if I don't have her for my wife.

THAIS. But, if your father *should say* anything——

CHÆ. Oh, he'll consent, I'm quite sure of that, if she is only a citizen.

THAIS. If you will wait a little, the brother himself of the young woman will be here presently; he has gone to fetch the nurse, who brought her up when a little child; you yourself shall be present, Chærea, at his recognition of her.

CHÆ. I certainly will stay.

THAIS. In the meantime, until he comes, would you prefer that we should wait for him in the house, rather than here before the door?

CHÆ. Why yes, I should like it much.

PYTH. (to THAIS.) Prithee, what are you going to do?

THAIS. Why, what's the matter?

PYTH. Do you ask? Do you think of admitting him after this into your house?

THAIS. Why not?

PYTH. Trust my word for it, he'll be creating some new disturbance.

THAIS. O dear, prithee, do hold your tongue.

PYTH. You seem to me to be far from sensible o' his assurance.

CHÆ. I'll not do anything, Pythias.

PYTH. Upon my faith, I don't believe you, Chærea, except in case you are not trusted.

CHÆ. Nay but, Pythias, do you be my keeper.

PYTH. Upon my faith, I would neither venture to give anything to you to keep, nor to keep you *myself*: away with you!

THAIS. Most opportunely the brother himself is coming

CHÆ. I'faith, I'm undone. Prithee, let's be gone in-doors, Thais. I don't want him to see me in the street with this dress on.

THAIS. For what reason, pray? Because you are ashamed?

CHÆ. Just so.

PYTH. Just so? But the young woman——

THAIS. Go first; I'll follow. You stay here, Pythias, that you may show Chremes in. (THAIS and CHÆREA go into the house.)

SCENE III.

Enter CHREMES and SOPHRONA.

PYTH. (to herself.) Well! what now can suggest itself to my mind? What, I wonder, in order that I may repay the favour to that villain who palmed this *fellow* off upon us?

CHREM. Really, do bestir yourself more quickly, nurse.

SOPH. I am bestirring.

CHREM. So I see; but you don't stir forwards.

PYTH. (to CHREMES.) Have you yet shown the tokens to the nurse?

CHREM. All of them.

PYTH. Prithee, what does she say? Does she recognize them?

CHREM. Yes, with a full recollection of them.

PYTH. Upon my faith, you do bring good news; for I *really* wish well to this young woman. Go in-doors: my mistress has been for some time expecting you at home. (CHREMES and SOPHRONA go into THAIS's house.) But look, yonder I espy *that* worthy fellow, Parmeno, coming: just see, for heaven's sake, how leisurely he moves along. I hope I have it in my power to torment him after my own fashion. I'll go

in-doors, that I may know for certain about the discovery ; afterwards I'll come out, and give this villain a terrible fright. (Goes into the house.)

SCENE IV.

Enter PARMENO.

PAR. (*to himself.*) I've just come back to see what Chærea has been doing here. If he has managed the affair with dexterity, ye Gods, by our trust in you, how great and genuine applause will Parmeno obtain ! For not to mention that a passion, full of difficulty and expense, with which he was smitten for a virgin belonging to an extortionate courtesan, I've found means of satisfying for him, without molestation, without outlay, *and* without cost ; then, this other point—that is really a thing that I consider my crowning merit, to have found out the way by which a young man may be enabled to learn the dispositions and manners of courtesans, so that by knowing them betimes, he may detest them ever after. (PYTHIAS enters from the house unperceived.) For while they are out of doors, nothing seems more cleanly, nothing more neat or more elegant ; and when they dine with a gallant, they pick daintily about :¹ to see the filth, the dirtiness, the neediness of these women ; how sluttish they are when at home, and how greedy after victuals ; in what a fashion they devour the black bread with yesterday's broth :—to know all this, is salvation to a young man.

SCENE V.

Enter PYTHIAS from the house.

PYTH. (*apart, unseen by PARMENO.*) Upon my faith, you villain, I'll take vengeance upon you for these sayings and doings ; so that you shan't make sport of us with

¹ *Pick daintily about*)—Ver. 935. He seems here to reprehend the same practice against which Ovid warns his fair readers, in his *Art of Love*, B. iii. l. 75. He says, “Do not first take food at home,” when about to go to an entertainment. Westerhovius seems to think that “ligurio” means, not to “pick daintily,” but “to be fond of good eating ;” and refers to the *Bacchides* of Plautus as pourtraying courtesans of the “ligurient” kind, and finds another specimen in *Bacchis* in the *Heautontimorumenos*.

impunity. (*Aloud, coming forward.*) O, by our trust in the Gods, what a disgraceful action! O hapless young man! O wicked Parmeno, to have brought him here!

PAR. What's the matter?

PYTH. I do pity him; and so that I mightn't see it, wretched creature that I am, I hurried away out of doors. What a dreadful example they talk of making him!

PAR. O Jupiter! What is this tumult? Am I then undone? I'll accost her. What's all this, Pythias? What are you saying? An example made of whom?

PYTH. Do you ask the question, you most audacious fellow? You've proved the ruin of the young man whom you brought hither for the Eunuch, while you were trying to put a trick upon us.

PAR. How so, or what has happened? Tell me.

PYTH. I'll tell you: that young woman who was to-day made a present to Thais, are you aware that she is a citizen of this place, and that her brother is a person of very high rank?

PAR. I didn't know *that*.

PYTH. But so she has been discovered *to be*; he, unfortunate *youth*, has ravished her. When the brother came to know of this being done, in a most towering rage, *he*—

PAR. Did what, pray?

PYTH. First, bound him in a shocking manner.

PAR. Bound him?

PYTH. And even though Thais entreated him that he wouldn't do so—

PAR. What is it you tell me?

PYTH. Now he is threatening that he *will* also *do* that which is usually done to ravishers; a thing that I never saw done, nor wish to.

PAR. With what assurance does he dare *perpetrate* a crime so heinous?

PYTH. How "so heinous?"

PAR. Is it not most heinous? Who ever saw any one taken up as a ravisher in a courtesan's house?

PYTH. I don't know.

PAR. But that you mayn't be ignorant of this, Pythias, I tell you, *and* give you notice that he is my master's son.

PYTH. How! Prithee, is it he?

PAR. Don't let Thais suffer any violence to be done to him. But why don't I go in myself?

PYTH. Take care, Parmeno, what you are about, lest you both do him no good and come to harm yourself; for it is their notion, that whatever has happened, has originated in you.

PAR. What then, wretch that I am, shall I do, or how resolve? But look, I see the old gentleman returning from the country; shall I tell him or shall I not? By my troth, I will tell him; although I am certain that a heavy punishment is in readiness for me; but it's a matter of necessity, in order that he may rescue him.

PYTH. You are wise. I'm going in-doors; do you relate to him everything exactly as it happened. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter LACHES.

LACH. (*to himself.*) I have this advantage¹ from my country-house being so near at hand; no weariness, either of country or of town, ever takes possession of me; when satiety begins to come on, I change my locality. But is not that our Parmeno? Surely it is he. Whom are you waiting for, Parmeno, before the door here?

PAR. (*pretends not to see him.*) Who is it? (*Turning round.*) Oh, I'm glad that you have returned safe.

LACH. Whom are you waiting for?

PAR. (*aside.*) I'm undone: my tongue cleaves to my mouth through fright.

LACH. Why, what is it you are trembling about? Is all quite right? Tell me.

PAR. Master, in the first place, I would have you persuaded of what is the fact; whatever has happened in this affair has happened through no fault of mine.

LACH. What is it?

¹ *This advantage*)—Ver. 970. Donatus here observes that the Poet introduces Laches, as he has Parmeno just before, in a state of perfect tranquillity, that their sudden change of feeling may be the more diverting to the Audience.

PAR. Really you have reason to ask. I ought first to have told you the circumstances. Phædria purchased a certain Eunuch, to make a present of to this woman here.

LACH. To what woman?

PAR. To Thais.

LACH. Bought? Good heavens, I'm undone! For how much?

PAR. Twenty minæ.

LACH. Done for, quite.

PAR. Then, Chærea is in love with a certain music-girl here. (*Pointing to THAIS's house.*)

LACH. How! What? In love? Does he know already what a courtesan means? Is he come to town? One misfortune close upon another.

PAR. Master, don't look *so* at me; he didn't do these things by my encouragement.

LACH. Leave off talking about yourself. If I live, you hangdog, I'll— But first give me an account of it, whatever it is.

PAR. He was taken to the house of Thais in place of the Eunuch.

LACH. In place of the Eunuch?

PAR. Such is the fact. They have since apprehended him in the house as a ravisher, and bound him.

LACH. Death!

PAR. Mark the assurance of courtesans.

LACH. Is there any other calamity or misfortune besides, that you have not told me of?

PAR. That's all.

LACH. Do I delay rushing in here? (*Runs into the house of THAIS.*)

PAR. (*to himself.*) There's no doubt but that I shall have a heavy punishment for this affair, only that I was obliged to act thus. I'm glad of this, that some mischief will befall these women here through my agency, for the old man has, for a long time, been on the look-out for some occasion¹ to do them a bad turn; at last he has found it.

¹ *For some occasion*)—Ver. 999. We learn from Donatus that Menander was more explicit concerning the resentment of Laches against Thais, on account of her having corrupted Phædria.

SCENE VII.

Enter PYTHIAS from the house of THAIS, laughing.

PYTH. (*to herself, on entering.*) Never, upon my faith, for a long time past, has anything happened to me that I could have better liked to happen, than the old gentleman just now, full of his mistake, coming into our house. I had the joke all to myself, as I knew¹ what it was he feared.

PAR. (*apart.*) Why, what's all this?

PYTH. Now I'm come out to meet with Parmeno. But, prithee, where is he? (*Looking around.*)

PAR. (*apart.*) She's looking for me.

PYTH. And there he is, I see; I'll go up to him.

PAR. What's the matter, simpleton? What do you mean? What are you laughing about? Still going on?

PYTH. (*laughing.*) I'm dying; I'm wretchedly tired with laughing at you.

PAR. Why so?

PYTH. Do you ask? Upon my faith, I never did see, nor shall see, a more silly fellow. Oh dear, I cannot well express what amusement you've afforded in-doors. And still I formerly took you to be a clever and shrewd person. Why, was there any need for you instantly to believe what I told you? Or were you not content with the crime, which by your advice the young man had been guilty of, without betraying the poor fellow to his father as well? Why,

¹ *As I knew*)—Ver. 1003. She enjoyed it the more, knowing that the old man had nothing to fear, as he had just heard the fiction which she had imparted to Parmeno. Donatus observes that the terror of Laches accounts for his sudden consent to the union of Chærea with Pamphila; for though he could not settle the matter any other way with credit, he was glad to find that his son had made an unequal match rather than endangered his life. Colman, however, observes with considerable justice: “I think Chærea apologizes still better for this arrangement in the Scene with Thais at the opening of this Act, where he says that he is confident of obtaining his father's consent, provided Pamphila proves to be a citizen; and, indeed, the match between them is rather a reparation of an injury done to her than a degradation of himself.”

what do you suppose his feelings must have been at the moment when his father saw him clothed in that dress? Well, do you now understand that you are done for? (*Laughing.*)

PAR. Hah! what is it you say, you hussy? Have you been telling me lies? What, laughing still? Does it appear so delightful to you, you jade, to be making fools of us?

PYTH. (*laughing.*) Very much so.

PAR. Yes, indeed, if you can do it with impunity.

PYTH. Exactly so.

PAR. By heavens, I'll repay you!

PYTH. I believe you; but, perhaps, that which you are threatening, Parmeno, will need a *future* day; you'll be trussed up directly, for rendering a silly young man remarkable for disgraceful conduct, and *then* betraying him to his father; they'll both be making an example of you. (*Laughing.*)

PAR. I'm done for!

PYTH. This reward has been found you in return for that present of yours;¹ I'm off. (*Goes into the house.*)

PAR. (*to himself.*) Wretch that I am; just like a rat, this day I've come to destruction through betrayal of myself.²

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO and GNATHO.

GNA. (*to THRASO.*) Well now? With what hope, or what design, are we come hither? What do you intend to do, Thraso?

THRA. What, I? To surrender myself to Thais, and do what she bids me.

GNA. What is it you say?

THRA. Why any the less so, than Hercules served Omphale.³

¹ *In return for that present of yours*)—Ver. 1022. By the present she means Chærea in the disguise of the Eunuch.

² *Through betrayal of myself*)—Ver. 1023. Which betrays itself by its own squeaking.

³ *Hercules served Omphale*)—Ver. 1026. He alludes to the story of Omphale, Queen of Lydia, and Hercules. Being violently in love with her, the hero laid aside his club and boar's skin, and in the habit of a woman plied the spindle and distaff with her maids. See a curious story of Omphale, Hercules, and Faunus, in the *Fasti* of Ovid, B. ii.

GNA. The precedent pleases me. (*Aside.*) I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper;¹ but her door makes a noise.

THRA. Confusion! Why, what mischief's this? I never saw this person before; why, I wonder, is he rushing out in such a hurry? (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA from the house of THAIS, on the other side of the stage.

CHÆ. (*to himself, aloud.*) O fellow townsmen, is there any one alive more fortunate than me this day? Not any one, upon my faith: for clearly in me have the Gods manifested all their power, on whom, thus suddenly, so many blessings are bestowed.

PAR. (*apart.*) Why is he *thus* overjoyed?

CHÆ. (*seeing PARMENO, and running up to him.*) O my dear Parmeno, the contriver, the beginner, the perfecter of all my delights, do you know what are my transports? Are you aware that my Pamphila has been discovered to be a citizen?

PAR. I have heard *so*.

CHÆ. Do you know that she is betrothed to me?

PAR. So may the Gods bless me, happily done.

GNA. (*apart to THRASO.*) Do you hear what he says?

CHÆ. And then, besides, I am delighted that my brother's mistress is secured to him; the family is united. Thais has committed herself to the patronage of my father;² she has put herself under our care and protection.

1. 305. As to the reappearance of Thraso here, Colman has the following remarks: "Thraso, says Donatus, is brought back again in order to be admitted to some share in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the Play; but surely it is an essential part of the poetical justice of Comedy to expose coxcombs to ridicule and to punish them, though without any shocking severity, for their follies."

¹ *With a slipper*)—Ver. 1027. He doubtless alludes to the treatment of Hercules by Omphale; and, according to Lucian, there was a story that Omphale used to beat him with her slipper or sandal. On that article of dress, see the Notes to the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 252.

² *To the patronage of my father*)—Ver. 1038. It was the custom at

PAR. Thais, then, is wholly your brother's.

CHÆ. Of course.

PAR. Then this is another reason for us to rejoice, that the Captain will be beaten out of doors.

CHÆ. Wherever my brother is, do you take care that he hears this as soon as possible.

PAR. I'll go look for him at home. (*Goes into the house of LACHES.*)

THRA. (*apart to GNATHO.*) Do you at all doubt, Gnatho, but that I am now ruined everlastinglly?

GNA. (*to THRASO.*) Without doubt, I do think so.

CHÆ. (*to himself.*) What am I to make mention of first, or commend in especial? Him who gave me the advice to do so, or myself, who ventured to undertake it? Or ought I to extol fortune, who has been my guide, and has so opportunely crowded into a single day events so numerous, so important; or my father's kindness and indulgence? Oh Jupiter, I entreat you, do preserve these blessings unto us!

SCENE X.

Enter PHÆDRIA from the house of LACHES.

PHÆD. (*to himself.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what incredible things has Parmeno just related to me! But where is my brother?

CHÆ. (*stepping forward.*) Here he is.

PHÆD. I'm overjoyed.

CHÆ. I quite believe you. There is no one, brother, more worthy to be loved than this Thais of yours: so much is she a benefactress to all our family.

PHÆD. Whew! are you commanding her *too* to me?

THRA. (*apart.*) I'm undone; the less the hope I have,

Athens for strangers, such as Thais was, to put themselves under the protection (in clientelam) of some wealthy citizen, who, as their patron, was bound to protect them against injury. An exactly parallel case to the present is found in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 799, where the wealthy Periplectomenus says, "Habeo, eccillam, meam clientam, meretricem adolescentulam." "Why, look, I have one, a dependant of mine, a courtesan, a very young woman."

the more I am in love. Prithee, Gnatho, my hope is in you.

GNA. (apart.) What do you wish me to do?

THRA. (apart.) Bring this about, by entreaties *or* with money, that I may at least share Thais's favours in some degree.

GNA. (apart.) It's a hard task.

THRA. (apart.) If you set your mind on anything, I know you well. If you manage this, ask me for any present you like as your reward; you shall have what you ask. *OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME.*

GNA. (apart.) Is it so?

THRA. (apart.) It shall be so.

GNA. (apart.) If I manage this, I ask that your House, whether you are present or absent, may be open to me; that, without invitation, there may always be a place for me.

THRA. (apart.) I pledge my honour that it shall be so.

GNA. (apart.) I'll set about it *then*.

PHÆD. Who is it I hear so close at hand? (Turning round.) O Thraso—

THRA. (coming forward.) Save you *both*—

PHÆD. Perhaps you are not aware what has taken place here.

THRA. I am quite aware.

PHÆD. Why, then, do I see you in this neighbourhood?

THRA. Depending on your *kindness*.

PHÆD. Do you know what sort of dependence you have? Captain, I give you notice, if ever I catch you in this street again, even if you should say to me, "I was looking for another person, I was on my road this way," you are undone.

GNA. Come, come, that's not handsome.

PHÆD. I've said it.

GNA. I didn't know you gave yourself such airs.

PHÆD. So it shall be.

GNA. First hear a few words from me; and when I have said the thing, if you approve of it, do it.

PHÆD. Let's hear.

GNA. Do you step a little that way, Thraso. (THRASO stands aside.) In the first place, I wish you both implicitly to believe me in this, that whatever I do in this matter, I do it entirely for my own sake; but if the same thing is of advantage to yourselves, it would be folly for you not to do it.

PHÆD. What is it?

GNA. I'm of opinion that the Captain, your rival, should be received *among you*.

PHÆD. (starting.) Hah!

CHÆ. Be received?

GNA. (to PHÆDRIA.) Only consider. I' faith, Phædria, at the free rate you are living with her, and indeed very freely you are living, you have but little to give; and it's necessary for Thais to receive a good deal. That all this may be supplied for your amour and not at your own expense, there is not an individual better suited or more fitted for your purpose *than the Captain*. In the first place, he both has got enough to give, and no one does give more profusely. He is a fool, a dolt, a blockhead; night and day he snores away; and you need not fear that the lady will fall in love with him; you may easily have him discarded whenever you please.

CHÆ. (to PHÆDRIA.) What shall we do?

GNA. And this besides, which I deem to be of even greater importance,—not a single person entertains in better style or more bountifully.

CHÆ. It's a wonder if this sort of man cannot be made use of in some way or other.

PHÆD. I think so too.

GNA. You act properly. One thing I have still to beg of you,—that you'll receive me into your fraternity; I've been rolling that stone¹ for a considerable time past.

PHÆD. We admit you.

CHÆ. And with all my heart.

GNA. Then I, in return for this, Phædria, and you, Chærea, make him over to you² to be eaten and drunk to the dregs.

CHÆ. Agreed.

PHÆD. He quite deserves it.³

¹ *Been rolling that stone*)—Ver. 1084. Donatus thinks that he alludes to the story of Sisyphus, who, in the Infernal Regions, was condemned eternally to roll a stone up a hill, which, on arriving at the summit immediately fell to the bottom.

² *Make him over to you*)—Ver. 1086. “*Vobis propino*.” The word “*propino*” was properly applied to the act of tasting a cup of wine, and then handing it to another; he means that he has had his taste of the Captain, and is now ready to hand him over to them.

³ *He quite deserves it*)—Ver. 1087. Cooke has the following ap-

GNA. (*calling to THRASO.*) Thraso, whenever you please, step this way.

THRA. Prithee, how goes it?

GNA. How? *Why*, these people didn't know you; after I had discovered to them your qualities, and had praised you as your actions and your virtues deserved, I prevailed upon them.

THRA. You have managed well; I give you my best thanks. Besides, I never was anywhere but what all were extremely fond of me.

GNA. (*to PHÆDRIA and CHÆREA.*) Didn't I tell you that he was a master of the Attic elegance?

PHÆD. He is no other than you mentioned. (*Pointing to his FATHER's house.*) Walk this way. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

propriate remark: "I cannot think that this Play, excellent as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently with the manners of gentlemen; there is a meanness in Phædria and Chærea consenting to take Thraso into their society, with a view of fleecing him, which the Poet should have avoided."

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHREMES,¹ an old gentleman, living in the country.

MENEDEMUS,² an old gentleman, his neighbour.

CLINIA,³ son of Menedemus.

CLITIPHO,⁴ son of Chremes.

DROMO,⁵ servant of Clinia.

SYRUS,⁶ servant of Clitipho.

SOSTRATA,⁷ wife of Chremes.

ANTIPHILA,⁸ a young woman beloved by Clinia.

BACCHIS,⁹ a Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho.

The Nurse of Antiphila.

PHRYGIA,¹⁰ maid-servant to Bacchis.

Scene.—In the country, near Athens; before the houses of CHREMES
and MENEDEMUS.

¹ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

² From *μενός*, “strength,” and *δῆμος*, “the people.”

³ From *κλίνω*, “to incline,” or from *κλινή*, “the marriage-bed.”

⁴ From *κλειτός*, “illustrious,” and *φῶς*, “light.”

⁵ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

⁶ From Syria, his native country.

⁷ From *σωζώ*, “to preserve,” or “save.”

⁸ From *ἀντι*, “in return,” and *φιλῶ*, “to love.”

⁹ From Bacchus, the God of Wine.

¹⁰ From Phrygia, her native country.

THE SUBJECT.

CHREMES commands his wife, when pregnant, if she is delivered of a girl immediately to kill the child. Having given birth to a girl, Sostrata delivers her to an old woman named Philtera to be exposed. Instead of doing this, Philtera calls her Antiphila, and brings her up as her own. Clinia, the son of Menedemus, falls in love with her, and treats her as though his wife. Menedemus, on learning this, is very angry, and by his harsh language drives away his son from home. Taking this to heart, and in order to punish himself for his ill-timed severity, Menedemus, though now an aged man, fatigues himself by labouring at agricultural pursuits from morning till night. At the period when the Play commences, Clinia has just returned to Attica, but not daring to go to his father's house, is entertained by Clitipho, the son of Chremes, who is the neighbour of Menedemus. Clitipho then sends for Antiphila, whose supposed mother has recently died, to come and meet her lover. On the same day, Chremes learns from Menedemus how anxious he is for his son's return; and on hearing from his son of the arrival of Clinia, he defers informing Menedemus of it until the next day. Syrus, the servant who has been sent to fetch Antiphila, also brings with him Bacchis, an extravagant Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho. To conceal the truth from Chremes, they represent to him that Bacchis is the mistress of Clinia, and that Antiphila is one of her maids. Next morning Chremes informs Menedemus of his son's arrival, and of the extravagant conduct of his mistress, but begs that he will conceal from Clinia his knowledge of this fact. Bacchis requiring ten minæ, Syrus devises a plan for obtaining the money from Chremes, while the latter is encouraging him to think of a project against Menedemus. Syrus tells him a story, that the mother of Antiphila had borrowed a thousand drachmæ of Bacchis, and being dead, the girl is left in her hands as a pledge for the money. While these things are going on, Sostrata discovers in Antiphila her own daughter. In order to obtain the money which Bacchis persists in demanding, Syrus suggests to Chremes that it should be represented to Menedemus that Bacchis is the mistress of Clitipho, and that he should be requested to conceal her in his house for a few days; it is also arranged that Clinia shall pretend to his father to be in love with Antiphila, and to beg her as his wife. He is then to ask for money, as though for the wedding, which is to be handed over to Bacchis. Chremes does not at first approve of the plan suggested by Syrus; but he pays down the money for which he has been informed his daughter is a pledge in the hands of Bacchis. This, with his knowledge, is given to Clitipho, who, as Syrus says, is to convey it to Bacchis, who is now in the house of Menedemus, to make the latter more readily believe that she is his mistress. Shortly after this, the plot is discovered by Chremes, who threatens to punish Clitipho and Syrus. The Play concludes with Chremes giving his consent to the marriage of Clinia with Antiphila, and pardoning Clitipho, who promises to abandon the Courtesan, and marry. Unlike the other Plays of Terence and Plantus, the plot of this Play extends over two days.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY

It is from the Greek of Menander. Performed at the Megalensian Games; Lucius Cornelius Lentulus and Lucius Valerius Flaccus being Curule *Ædiles*. Ambivius Turpion performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music. The first time it was performed to the music of treble and bass flutes; the second time, of two treble flutes. It was acted three times; Marcus Juventius and Titus Sempronius being Consuls.¹

¹ *Being Consuls*)—M. Juventius Thalna and Ti. Sempronius Gracchus were Consuls in the year from the Building of the City 589, and B.C. 164.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS;

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

A SEVERE father compels his son Clinia, in love with Antiphila, to go abroad to the wars; and repenting of what has been done, torments himself in mind. Afterwards, when he has returned, unknown to his father, he is entertained at the house of Clitipho. The latter is in love with Bacchis, a Courtesan. When Clinja sends for his much-loved Antiphila, Bacchis comes, as though his mistress, and Antiphila, wearing the garb of her servant; this is done in order that Clitipho may conceal it from his father. He, through the stratagems of Syrus, gets ten minæ from the old man for the Courtesan. Antiphila is discovered to be the sister of Clitipho. Clinia receives her, and Clitipho, another woman, for his wife.

THE PROLOGUE.

LEST it should be a matter of surprise to any one of you, why the Poet has assigned to an old man¹ a part that belongs to the young, that I will first explain to you;² and then, the reason

¹ *Assigned to an old man*)—Ver. 1. He refers to the fact that the Prologue was in general spoken by young men, whereas it is here spoken by L. Ambivius Turpio, the leader of the Company, a man stricken in years. The Prologue was generally not recited by a person who performed a character in the opening Scene.

² *That I will first explain to you*)—Ver. 3. His meaning seems to be, that he will first tell them the reason why he, who is to take a part in the opening Scene, speaks the Prologue, which is usually spoken by a young man who does not take part in that Scene; and that he will then proceed to speak in character (eloquor), as Chremes, in the first Scene. His reason for being chosen to speak the Prologue, is that he may be a pleader (orator) for the Poet, a task which would be likely to be better performed by him than by a younger man.

for my coming I will disclose. An entire Play from an entire Greek one,¹ the Heautontimorumenos, I am to-day about to represent, which from a twofold plot² has been made but one. I have shown that it is new, and what it is: next I would mention who it was that wrote it, and whose in Greek it is, if I did not think that the greater part of you are aware. Now, for what reason I have learnt this part, in a few words I will explain. *The Poet* intended me to be a Pleader,³ not the Speaker of a Prologue; your decision he asks, and has appointed me the advocate; if this advocate can avail as much by his oral powers as he has excelled in inventing happily, who composed this speech which I am about to recite. For as to malevolent rumours spreading abroad that he has mixed together many Greek Plays while writing a few Latin ones, he does not deny that this is the case, and that he does not repent of *so doing*; and he affirms that he will do so again. He has the example of good *Poets*; after which example he thinks it is allowable for him to do what

¹ *From an entire Greek one*)—Ver. 4. In contradistinction to such Plays as the *Andria*, as to which it was a subject of complaint that it had been formed out of a mixture (*contaminatus*) of the *Andrian* and *Perinthian* of Menander.

² *Which from a twofold plot*)—Ver 6. Vollbehr suggests that the meaning of this line is, that though it is but one Play, it has a twofold plot—the intrigues of two young men with two mistresses, and the follies of two old men. As this Play is supposed to represent the events of two successive days, the night intervening, it has been suggested that the reading is “*duplex—ex argumento—simplici*;” the Play is “twofold, with but one plot,” as extending to two successive days. The Play derives its name from the Greek words, *ταυτὸν*, “himself,” and *τιμωροῦμενός*, “tormenting.”

³ *To be a Pleader*)—Ver. 11. He is to be the pleader and advocate of the Poet, to influence the Audience in his favour, and against his adversaries; and not to explain the plot of the Play. Colman has the following observation: “It is impossible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the Self-Tormentor preserved among the Fragments of Menander. We are so deeply interested by what we see of that character in Terence, that one cannot but be curious to enquire in what manner the Greek Poet sustained it through five Acts. The Roman author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek Play, has so altered the fable, that Menedemus is soon thrown into the background, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal object; or, to vary the allusion a little, the Menedemus of Terence seems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full length, as large as the life, by Menander.”

they have done. Then, as to a malevolent old Poet¹ saying that he has suddenly applied himself to dramatic pursuits, relying on the genius of his friends,² and not his own natural abilities; *on that* your judgment, your opinion, will prevail. Wherefore I do entreat you all, that the suggestions of our antagonists may not avail more than *those* of our favourers. Do you be favourable; grant the means of prospering to those who afford you the means of being spectators of new Plays; *those, I mean*, without faults: that he may not suppose this said in his behalf who lately made the public give way to a slave as he ran along in the street;³ why should he take a madman's part? About his faults he will say more when he brings out some other new ones, unless he puts an end to his cavilling. Attend with favourable feelings; grant me the opportunity that I may be allowed to act a quiet Play⁴ in

¹ *A malevolent old Poet*)—Ver. 22. He alludes to his old enemy, Luscus Lavinius, referred to in the preceding Prologue.

² *The genius of his friends*)—Ver. 24. He alludes to a report which had been spread, that his friends Lælius and Scipio had published their own compositions under his name. Servilius is also mentioned by Euphratius as another of his patrons respecting whom similar stories were circulated.

³ *As he ran along in the street*)—Ver. 31. He probably does not intend to censure this practice entirely in Comedy, but to remind the Audience that in some recent Play of Luscus Lavinius, this had been the sole stirring incident introduced. Plautus introduces Mercury running in the guise of Sosia, in the fourth Scene of the *Amphitryon*, l. 987, and exclaiming, “For surely, why, faith, should I, a God, be any less allowed to threaten the public, if it doesn't get out of my way, than a slave in the Comedies?” This practice cannot, however, be intended to be here censured by Plautus, as he is guilty of it in three other instances. In the *Mercator*, Acanthio runs to his master Charinus, to tell him that his mistress Pasicompsa has been seen in the ship by his father Demipho; in the *Stichus*, Pinacium, a slave, runs to inform his mistress Philumena that her husband has arrived in port, on his return from Asia; and in the *Mostellaria*, Tranio, in haste, brings information of the unexpected arrival of Theuropides. The “*currens servus*” is also mentioned in the Prologue to the *Andria*, l. 36. See the soliloquy of Stasimus, in the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 1007.

⁴ *A quiet Play*)—Ver. 36. “*Statarium*.” See the spurious Prologue to the *Bacchides* of Plautus, l. 10, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation. The Comedy of the Romans was either “*stataria*,” “*motoria*,” or “*mixta*.” “*Stataria*” was a Comedy which was calm and peaceable, such as the *Cistellaria* of Plautus; “*motoria*” was one full of action and disturbance, like his *Amphitryon*; while the “*Comœdia mixta*” was a mixture of both, such as the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

silence; that the servant everlastingly running about, the angry old man, the glutinous parasite, the impudent sharper, *and* the greedy procurer, may not have always to be performed by me with the utmost expense of voice, *and* the greatest exertion. For my sake come to the conclusion that this request is fair, that so some portion of my labour may be abridged. For now-a-days, those who write new *Plays* do not spare an aged man. If there is any *piece* requiring exertion, they come running to me; but if it is a light one, it is taken to another Company. In the present one the style is pure. Do you make proof, what, in each character,¹ my ability can effect. If I have never greedily set a *high* price upon my skill, and have come to the conclusion that this is my greatest gain, as far as possible to be subservient to your convenience, establish in me a precedent, that the young may be anxious rather to please you than themselves.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter CHREMES, and MENEDEMUS with a spade in his hand, who falls to digging.

CHREM. Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighbourhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbours (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labour beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of Gods and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age, or more. No man in these parts has a better or a more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I

¹ *What in each character*)—Ver. 47. “In utramque partem inge-
nium quid possit meum.” This line is entirely omitted in Vollbehr’s
edition; but it appears to be merely a typographical error.

return home, I see you either digging, or ploughing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here.¹ If you were to employ the time you spend in labouring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

MEN. Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others—those which don't concern you?

CHREM. I am a man,² and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me. Suppose that I wish

¹ *How little work is done here*)—Ver. 72. Vollbehr thinks that his meaning is, that he is quite vexed to see so little progress made, in spite of his neighbour's continual vexation and turmoil, and that, as he says in the next line, he is of opinion that if he were to cease working himself, and were to overlook his servants, he would get far more done. It is more generally thought to be an objection which Chremes suggests that Mendemus may possibly make.

² *I am a man*)—Ver. 77. “*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*” St. Augustine says, that at the delivery of this sentiment, the Theatre resounded with applause; and deservedly, indeed, for it is replete with the very essence of benevolence and disregard of self. Cicero quotes the passage in his work *De Officiis*, B. i., c. 9. The remarks of Sir Richard Steele upon this passage, in the *Spectator*, No. 502, are worthy to be transcribed at length. “The Play was the Self-Tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well-disposed must that people be, who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth! In the first Scene of the Comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, ‘I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.’ It is said this sentence was received with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than their sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with ever so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity—nay, people elegant and skilful in observation upon it. It is possible that he may have laid his hand on his heart, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage, a player in Covent Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times, before he would have been regarded.”

either to advise *you* in this matter, or to be informed *myself*: if *what you do* is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, then that I may dissuade you.

MEN. It's requisite for me *to do* so; do you as it is necessary for you to do.

CHREM. Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

MEN. *It is* for me.

CHREM. If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this *of your's*? How have you deserved so *ill* of yourself?

MEN. Alas! alas! (*He begins to weep.*)

CHREM. Do not weep, but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

MEN. Do you wish to know this matter?

CHREM. Yes; and for the reason I mentioned to you.

MEN. I will tell you.

CHREM. But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake don't fatigue yourself.

MEN. By no means.

CHREM. What can be your object? (*Tries to take the rake from him.*)

MEN. Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labour.

CHREM. I will not allow it, I tell you. (*Taking the rake from him.*)

MEN. Ah! that's not fair.

CHREM. (*poising the rake.*) Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

MEN. Such are my deserts.

CHREM. Now speak. (*Laying down the rake.*)

MEN. I have an only son,—a young man,—alas! why did I say—"I have?"—rather *I should say*, "I had" *one*, Chremes:—whether I have him now, or not, is uncertain.

CHREM. Why so?

MEN. You shall know:—There is a poor old woman here, a stranger from Corinth:—her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife; all this *took place* unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him, not with

gentleness, nor in the way suited to the love-sick mind of a youth, but with violence, and after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him,—“Look you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself, your father, being alive; to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia, and you don’t know me, if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my *son*, just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act towards you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life, I did not devote my time to dalliance, but, in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for *Asia*, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory.” At length the matter came to this,—the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to *Asia*, Chremes, to serve under the king.

CHREM. What is it you say?

MEN. He departed without my knowledge—and has been gone these three months.

CHREM. Both are to be blamed—although *I* still *think* this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

MEN. When I learnt *this* from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down; my servants run to me; they take off my shoes:¹ then some make all haste to spread the couches,² and to prepare a repast; each according to his ability did zealously *what he could*, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus:—“What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are

¹ *Take off my shoes*)—Ver. 124. As to the “*socci*,” or low shoes of the ancients, see the Notes to the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 720, in Bohn’s Translation. It was the especial duty of certain slaves to take off the shoes of their masters.

² *To spread the couches*)—Ver. 125. The “*lecti*” or “couches” upon which the ancients reclined at meals, have been enlarged upon in the Notes to Plautus, where full reference is also made to the “*coena*,” or “*dinner*,” and other meals of the Romans.

so many female servants to provide me with dress?¹ Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally, or even more so, to enjoy these things—inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them—him, poor *youth*, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of penury, banished from his country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself, toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him.” At once I set about it; I left nothing in the house, neither moveables² nor clothing; everything I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for their keep by working in the country, all of them I set up to auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house.³ I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury, while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share *it* with me.

CHREM. I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition

¹ *Provide me with dress*)—Ver. 130. It was the custom for the mistress and female servants in each family to make the clothes of the master. Thus in the Fasti of Ovid, B. ii., l. 746, Lucretia is found amid her female servants, making a cloak, or “lacerna,” for her husband. Suetonius says that Augustus refused to wear any garments not woven by his female relations. Cooke seems to think that “vestiant” alludes to the very act of putting the clothes upon a person. He says, “The better sort of people had eating dresses, which are here alluded to. These dresses were light garments, to put on as soon as they had bathed. They commonly bathed before eating, and the chief meal was in the evening.” This, however, does not seem to be the meaning of the passage, although Colman has adopted it. We may here remark that the censure here described is not unlike that mentioned in the Prologue to the Mercator of Plautus, as administered by Demænetus to his son Charinus.

² *Neither moveables*)—Ver. 141. “Vas” is here used as a general name for articles of furniture. This line appears to be copied almost literally from one of Menander, which still exists.

³ *To sell my house*)—Ver. 145. On the mode of advertising houses to let or be sold among the Romans, see the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 168, and the Note to the passage in Bohn’s Translation.

towards your children,¹ and him to be an obedient *son*, if one were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you—a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he *ever* dare put that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these *troubles* would never have befallen you.

MEN. Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

CHREM. But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best, and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

MEN. Oh that the Gods would grant it!

CHREM. They will do so. Now, if it is convenient *to you*—the festival of Bacchus² is being kept here to-day—I wish you to give me your company.

¹ *Towards your children*)—Ver. 151. The plural “liberos” is here used to signify the one son which Menedemus has. So in the *Hecyra*, l. 217, the same word is used to signify but one daughter. This was a common mode of expression in the times of the earlier Latin authors.

² *Festival of Bacchus, “Dionysia”*)—Ver. 162. It is generally supposed that there were four Festivals called the Dionysia, during the year, at Athens. The first was the Rural, or Lesser Dionysia, *κατ' αγρούς*, a vintage festival, which was celebrated in the “Demi” or boroughs of Attica, in honor of Bacchus, in the month Poseidon. This was the most ancient of the Festivals, and was held with the greatest merriment and freedom; the slaves then enjoyed the same amount of liberty as they did at the Saturnalia at Rome. The second Festival, which was called the *Lenaea*, from *ληνὸς*, a wine-press, was celebrated in the month Gamelion, with Scenic contests in Tragedy and Comedy. The third Dionysian Festival was the *Anthesteria*, or “Spring feast,” being celebrated during three days in the month *Anthesterion*. The first day was called *πιθοίγια*, or “the Opening of the casks,” as on that day the casks were opened to taste the wine of the preceding year. The second day was called *χοές*, from *χοῦς*, “a cup,” and was probably devoted to drinking. The third day was called *χυτροί*, from *χυτρός*, “a pot,” as on it persons offered pots with flower-seeds or cooked vegetables to Dionysus or Bacchus. The fourth Attic festival of Dionysius was celebrated in the month *Elaphebolion*, and was called the *Dionysia ἐν ἀστρει, Αστικά, or Μεγαλά*, the “City” or “great” festival. It was celebrated with great magnificence, processions and dramatic representations forming part of the ceremonial. From Greece, by way of Sicily, the Bacchanalia, or festivals of Bacchus, were introduced into Rome, where they became the scenes of and pretext for every kind of vice and

MEN. I cannot.

CHREM. Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you do so.

MEN. It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

CHREM. Is such your determination?

MEN. It is.

CHREM. Then kindly fare you well.

MEN. And you *the same*. (Goes into his house.)

SCENE II.

CHREMES, alone.

CHREM. (to himself.) He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbour of mine, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. (Goes to PHANIA's door, makes the enquiry, and returns.) There was no occasion for me to remind him: they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go in-doors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out! I'll step aside here. (He stands aside.)

SCENE III.

Enter CLITIPHO, from the house of CHREMES.

CLIT. (at the door, to CLINIA within.) There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long by any means: and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

debauchery, until at length they were put down in the year B.C. 187, with a strong hand, by the Consuls Spurius Posthumius Albinus and Q. Marcius Philippus; from which period the words "bacchor" and "bacchator" became synonymous with the practice of every kind of vice and turpitude that could outrage common decency. See a very full account of the Dionysia and the Bacchanalia in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

CHREM. (apart.) Who is my son talking to? (Makes his appearance.)

CLIT. (to himself.) Here comes my father, whom I wished to see: I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

CHREM. What is the matter?

CLIT. Do you know this neighbour of ours, Menedemus?

CHREM. Very well.

CLIT. Do you know that he has a son?

CHREM. I have heard that he has; in Asia.

CLIT. He is not in Asia, father; he is at our house.

CHREM. What is it you say?

CLIT. Upon his arrival, after he had just landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upwards I have always been on intimate terms with him.

CHREM. You announce to me a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us: that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting it, with this delight!—and even yet there's time enough——

CLIT. Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, for doing so.

CHREM. For what reason?

CLIT. Why, because he is as yet undetermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears every thing; his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed towards him. He loves her to distraction: on her account, this trouble and going abroad took place.

CHREM. I know it.

CLIT. He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I ordered our Syrus to go with him.

CHREM. What does Clinia say?

CLIT. What does he say? That he is wretched.

CHREM. Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy every thing that among men, in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, all these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, they are evils.

CLIT. Aye, but he always was a morose old man ; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure, he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

CHREM. What, he ? (*Aside.*) But I'll restrain myself ; for that the other one should be in fear of *his father* is of service to him.¹

CLIT. What is it you are saying to yourself ?

CHREM. I'll tell you. However the case stood, *Clinia* ought still to have remained *at home*. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked : he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father ? Was it reasonable that he should live after his son's humour, or *his son* after his ? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character, those *I mean* who are in some degree reasonable men.² They do not wish their sons to be always wenching ; they do not wish them to be always carousing ; they give a limited allowance ; and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, Clitipho, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

CLIT. I believe so.

CHREM. I'll now go hence in-doors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be anywhere out of the way. (*Goes into his house, and exit CLITIPHO.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. (*to himself.*) What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all of us young men, in thinking it reasonable for

¹ *Is of service to him*)—Ver. 199. He means that it is to the advantage of Clitipho that *Clinia* should be seen to stand in awe of his father.

² *Reasonable men*)—Ver. 205. "Homo," "a man," is here put for men in general who are fathers.

us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is *naturally* inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires,—such as they now are,—not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in me an indulgent father. For the means both of knowing and of pardoning¹ his faults shall be found *by me*; not like mine, who by means of another person, discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death,—when he drinks a little more *than usual*, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, "Take warning from others of what may be to your advantage." How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now, the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. "Give me *this*, and bring me *that*," *she cries*; I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he, as well, has cares enough of his own, still has a *mistress* of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant *creature*, full of lofty airs. Then *all* that I have to give her is—fair words²—for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know *anything of the matter*.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Enter CLINIA from the house of CHREMES.

CLIN. (*to himself.*) If my love-affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind; opportunity, the place, her age, a worthless

¹ *Of knowing and of pardoning*)—Ver. 218. There is a jingle intended here in the resemblance of the words "cognoscendi," "knowing," and "ignoscendi," "pardoning."

² *Is—fair words*)—Ver. 228. "Recte est." It is supposed that he pauses before uttering these words, which mean "very well," or "very good," implying the giving an assent without making a promise; he tells the reason, in saying that he has scruples or prejudices against confessing that he has got nothing to give her.

mother, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. Clinia !

CLIN. Alas ! wretched me !

CLIT. Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

CLIN. I will do *so* ; but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

CLIT. Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact ?

CLIN. Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

CLIT. She'll be here presently.

CLIN. When will that presently be ?

CLIT. You don't consider that it is a great way from here.¹ Besides, you know the ways of women, while they are bestirring themselves, *and* while they are making preparations a *whole* year passes by.

CLIN. O Clitipho, I'm afraid —

CLIT. Take courage. Look, here comes Dromo, together with Syrus : they are close at hand. (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS and DROMO, conversing at a distance.

SYR. Do you say so ?

DRO. 'Tis as *I told you*, — but in the meantime, while we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

CLIT. (*apart.*) Don't you hear, Clinia ? Your mistress is close at hand.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Why yes, I do hear now at last, and I see and revive, Clitipho.

DRO. No wonder ; they are so encumbered ; they are bringing a troop of female attendants² with them.

¹ *Great way from here*) — Ver. 239. That is, from the place where they are, in the country, to Athens.

² *Troop of female attendants*) — Ver. 245. The train and expenses of a courtesan of high station are admirably depicted in the speech of Lysiteles, in the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 252.

CLIN. (*apart.*) I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

CLIT. (*apart.*) Do you ask me?

SYR. We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

CLIN. (*apart.*) Ah me!

SYR. Jewels of gold, *and* clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us *to leave them*. Just go back, Dromo, and meet them. Make haste—why do you delay? (*Exit DROMO.*)

CLIN. (*apart.*) Woe unto wretched me!—from what high hopes am I fallen!

CLIT. (*apart.*) What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

CLIN. (*apart.*) Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants, jewels of gold, *and* clothes, *her too*, whom I left here with *only* one little servant girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

CLIT. (*apart.*) Oh! now at last I understand you.

SYR. (*to himself.*) Good Gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more wretched than our old gentleman? (*Catching sight of CLINIA and CLITIPHO.*) But look, I espy the persons I was wanting.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Oh Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity *gone*? While I, distractedly wandering, have abandoned my country for your sake, you, in the meantime, Antiphila, have been enriching yourself, and have forsaken me in these troubles, *you* for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am now ashamed and grieved, that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her:—which, however, I shall now do; *whereas* when it might have been advantageous to me *to do so*, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

SYR. (*to himself.*) He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here. (*Aloud.*) Clinia, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and her disposition

towards you is the same as it *always* was ; so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

CLIN. How so, prithee ? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

SYR. This, in the first place, *then* (that you may not be ignorant of anything that concerns her) ; the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not *so*.—She is dead : this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

CLIT. Pray, who is the other one ?

SYR. Stay ; what I have begun I wish first to relate, Clitipho ; I shall come to that afterwards.

CLIT. Make haste, *then*.

SYR. First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door ; a certain old woman came out ; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in ; I followed ; the old woman bolted the door, *and* returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence ; when we *thus* came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave *us* *an* opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life ; *a thing* which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web ; plainly clad in a mourning dress,¹ on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was *lately* dead ; without golden ornaments, dressed, besides, just like those who *only* dress for themselves, *and* patched up with no worthless woman's trumpery.² Her hair was loose, long,

¹ *In a mourning dress*)—Ver. 286. Among the Greeks, in general, mourning for the dead seems to have lasted till the thirtieth day after the funeral, and during that period black dresses were worn. The Romans also wore mourning for the dead, which seems, in the time of the Republic, to have been black or dark blue for either sex. Under the Empire the men continued to wear black, but the women wore white. No jewels or ornaments were worn upon these occasions.

² *With no worthless woman's trumpery*)—Ver. 289. By “nulla malâ re muliebri” he clearly means that they did not find her painted up with the cosmetics which some women were in the habit of using. Such preparations for the face as white-lead, wax, antimony, or vermillion, well deserve the name of “mala res.” A host of these cosmetics will be found described in Ovid's Fragment “On the Care of the Com-

and thrown back negligently about her temples. (*To CLINIA.*)
Do hold your peace.¹

CLIN. My dear Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

SYR. The old woman was spinning the woof:² there was one little servant girl besides;—she was weaving³ together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, and dirty with filthiness.

CLIT. If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this *girl* whom he speaks of, as dirty and drabbish? This, too, is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

CLIN. (*to SYRUS.*) Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavouring to purchase favour by telling an untruth. What did she say, when you mentioned me?

SYR. When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that

plexion," and much information upon this subject is given in various passages in the Art of Love. In the Remedy of Love, l. 351, Ovid speaks of these practices in the following terms: "At the moment, too, when she shall be smearing her face with the cosmetics laid up on it, you may come into the presence of your mistress, and don't let shame prevent you. You will find there boxes, and a thousand colours of objects; and you will see 'cesypum,' the ointment of the fleece, trickling down and flowing upon her heated bosom. These drugs, Phineus, smell like thy tables; not once alone has sickness been caused by this to my stomach." Lucretius also, in his Fourth Book, l. 1168, speaks of a female who "covers herself with noxious odours, and whom her female attendants fly from to a distance, and chuckle by stealth." See also the Mostellaria of Plautus, Act I., Scene 3, l. 135, where Philematium is introduced making her toilet on the stage.

¹ *Do hold your peace*)—Ver. 291. "Pax," literally "peace!" in the sense of "Hush!" "Be quiet!" See the Notes to the Trinummus of Plautus, ll. 889-891, in Bohn's Translation.

² *The woof*)—Ver. 293. See an interesting passage on the ancient weaving, in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. vi., l. 54, *et seq.* See also the Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses, in the Heroides of Ovid, l. 10, and the Note in Bohn's English Translation.

³ *She was weaving*)—Ver. 294. This line and part of the next are supposed to have been translated almost literally from some lines, the composition of Menander, which are still extant.

you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

CLIN. So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy! I was so alarmed *before*.

CLIT. But I was sure that there was no reason, Clinia. Come now, Syrus, tell *me*, in my turn, who this other lady is.

SYR. Your Bacchis, *whom* we are bringing.¹

CLIT. Ha! What! Bacchis? How now, you rascal! whither are you bringing her?

SYR. Whither *am* I bringing her? To our house, to be sure.

CLIT. What! to my father's?

SYR. To the very same.

CLIT. Oh, the audacious impudence of the fellow!

SYR. Hark'ye, no great and memorable action is done without some risk.

CLIT. Look *now*; are you seeking to gain credit for yourself, at the hazard of my character, you rascal, in a point, where, if you only make the slightest slip, I am ruined? What would you be doing with her?

SYR. But still—

CLIT. Why "still?"

SYR. If you'll give me leave, I'll tell you.

CLIN. Do give him leave.

CLIT. I give him leave *then*.

SYR. This affair is now just as though when—

CLIT. Plague on it, what roundabout story is he beginning to tell me?

CLIN. Syrus, he says what's right—do omit *digressions*; come to the point.

SYR. Really I cannot hold my tongue. Clitipho, you are every way unjust, and cannot possibly be endured.

CLIN. Upon my faith, he ought to have a hearing. (*To CLITIPHO.*) Do be silent.

SYR. You wish to indulge in your amours; you wish to possess *your mistress*; you wish that to be procured where-

¹ *Your Bacchis, whom we are bringing*)—Ver. 310. Colman has the following remark: "Here we enter upon the other part of the table, which the Poet has most artfully complicated with the main subject by making Syrus bring Clitipho's mistress along with Anti-phi. This part of the story, we know, was not in Menander."

withal to make her presents ; in getting *this*, you do not wish the risk to be your own. You are not wise to no purpose,—if indeed it is being wise to wish for that which cannot happen. Either the one must be had with the other, or the one must be let alone with the other. Now, of these two alternatives, consider which one you would prefer ; although this project which I have formed, I know to be both a wise and a safe one. For there is an opportunity for your mistress to be with you at your father's house, without fear of a *discovery* ; besides, by these self-same means, I shall find the money which you have promised her—to effect which, you have already made my ears deaf with entreating me. What would you have more ?

CLIT. If, indeed, this could be brought about—

SYR. If, indeed ? You shall know *it* by experience.

CLIT. Well, well, disclose this project of yours. What is it ?

SYR. We will pretend that your mistress is his (*pointing to CLINIA*).

CLIT. Very fine ! Tell me, what is he to do with his own ? Is she, too, to be called his, as if one was not a sufficient discredit ?

SYR. No—she shall be taken to your mother.

CLIT. Why there ?

SYR. It would be tedious, Clitiphon, if I were to tell you why I do so ; I have a good reason.

CLIT. Stuff ! I see no grounds sufficiently solid why it should be for my advantage to incur this risk.¹ (*Turning as if going.*)

SYR. Stay ; if there is this risk, I have another *project*, which you must both confess to be free from danger.

CLIT. Find out something of that description, I beseech you.

SYR. By all means ; I'll go meet her, *and* tell her to return home.

CLIT. Ha ! what was it you said ?

SYR. I'll rid you at once of all fears, so that you may sleep at your ease upon either ear.²

Incur this risk)—Ver. 337. As to his own mistress.

² *Upon either ear*)—Ver. 342. “In aurem utramvis,” a proverbial expression, implying an easy and secure repose. It is also used by

CLIT. What am I to do now?

CLIN. What are you *to do?* The goods that—

CLIT. Only tell me the truth, Syrus.

SYR. Dispatch quickly; you'll be wishing just now too late and in vain. (*Going.*)

CLIN. The Gods provide, enjoy while *yet* you may; for you know not—

CLIT. (*calling.*) Syrus, I say!

SYR. (*moving on.*) Go on; I shall still do that *which I said.*¹

CLIN. Whether you may have another opportunity hereafter or ever again.

CLIT. I'faith, that's true. (*Calling.*) Syrus, Syrus, I say, harkye, harkye, Syrus!

SYR. (*aside.*) He warms *a little.* (*To CLITIPHO.*) What is it you want?

CLIT. Come back, come back.

SYR. (*coming back to him.*) Here I am; tell me what you would have. You'll be presently saying that this, too, doesn't please you.

CLIT. Nay, Syrus, I commit myself, and my love, and *my* reputation *entirely* to you: you are the seducer; take care you don't deserve any blame.

SYR. It is ridiculous for you to give me that caution, Clitipho, as if my interest was less at stake in this affair than yours. Here, if any ill luck should perchance befall us, words will be in readiness for you, *but* for this individual blows (*pointing to himself*). For that reason, this matter is by no means to be neglected on my part: but do prevail upon him (*pointing to CLINIA*) to pretend that she is his own *mistress.*

CLIN. You may rest assured I'll do so. The matter has now come to that pass, that it is a case of necessity.

CLIT. 'Tis with good reason that I lovè you, Clinia.

Plautus, and is found in a fragment of the *Πλοκιδν*, or Necklace, a Comedy of Menander.

¹ *Still do that which I said*)—Ver. 346. “*Perge porro, tamen istuc ago.*” Stallbaum observes that the meaning is: “Although I'm going off, I'm still attending to what you're saying.” According to Schmieder and others, it means: “Call on just as you please, I shall persist in sending Bacchis away.”

CLIN. But she mustn't be tripping at all.

SYR. She is thoroughly tutored in her part.

CLIT. But this I wonder at, how you could so easily prevail upon her, who is wont to treat such *great people*¹ with scorn.

SYR. I came to her at the *proper* moment, which in all things is of the first importance: for there I found a certain wretched captain soliciting her favours: she artfully managed the man, so as to inflame his eager passions by denial; and this, too, that it might be especially pleasing to yourself. But hark you, take care, will you, not to be imprudently impetuous. You know your father, how quacksighted he is in these matters; and I know you, how unable you are to command yourself. Keep clear of words of double meaning,² your sidelong looks, sighing, hemming, coughing, tittering.

CLIT. You shall have to commend *me*.

SYR. Take care of that, please.

CLIT. You yourself shall be surprised at me.

SYR. But how quickly the ladies have come up with us!

CLIT. Where are they? (SYRUS stands before him.) Why do you hold me back?

SYR. For the present she is nothing to you.

CLIT. I know it, before my father; but now in the meantime—

SYR. Not a bit the more.

CLIT. Do let me.

SYR. I will not let you, I tell you.

CLIT. But only for a moment, pray.

¹ Such *great people*) — Ver. 363. “Quos,” literally, “What persons!”

² Words of double meaning) — Ver. 372. “Inversa verba, eversa cervix tuas.” “Inversa verba” clearly means, words with a double meaning, or substituted for others by previous arrangement, like correspondence by cypher. Lucretius uses the words in this sense, B. i., l. 643. A full account of the secret signs and correspondence in use among the ancients, will be found in the 16th and 17th Epistles of the Heroides of Ovid, in his Amours, B. i., El. 4, and in various passages of the Art of Love. See also the Asinaria of Plautus, l. 780. It is not known for certain what “eversa cervix” here means; it may mean the turning of the neck in some particular manner by way of a hint or to give a sidelong look, or it may allude to the act of snatching a kiss on the sly, which might lead to a discovery.

SYR. I forbid it.

CLIT. Only to salute her.

SYR. If you are wise, get you gone.

CLIT. I'm off. *But what's he to do?* (Pointing at CLINIA.)

SYR. He will stay here.

CLIT. O happy man!

SYR. Take yourself off.

(Exit CLITIPHO.

SCENE IV.

Enter BACCHIS and ANTIPHILA at a distance.

BACCHIS. Upon my word, my dear Antiphila, I commend you, and think you fortunate in having made it your study that your manners should be conformable to those good looks of yours: and so may the Gods bless me, I do not at all wonder if every man is in love with you. For your discourse has been a proof to me what kind of disposition you possess. And when now I reflect in my mind upon your way of life, and that of all of you, in fact, who keep the public at a distance from yourselves, it is not surprising both that you are of that disposition, and that we are not; for it is your interest to be virtuous; those, with whom we are acquainted, will not allow us to be so. For our lovers, allured merely by our beauty, court us for that; when that has faded, they transfer their affections elsewhere; and unless we have made provision in the meantime for the future, we live in destitution. Now with you, when you have once resolved to pass your life with one man whose manners are especially kindred to your own, those persons¹ become attached to you. By this kindly feeling, you are truly devoted to each other; and no calamity can ever possibly interrupt your love.

ANTI. I know nothing about other women: I'm sure that I have, indeed, always used every endeavour to derive my own happiness from his happiness.

CLIN. (apart, overhearing ANTIPHILA.) Ah! 'tis for that reason, my Antiphila, that you alone have now caused me to return to my native country; for while I was absent from

¹ *A man whose manners—those persons*)—Ver. 393. “Cujus—hi,”
a change of number by the use of the figure Enallage.

you, all *other* hardships which I encountered were light to me, save the being deprived of you.

SYR. (*apart.*) I believe it.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Syrus, I can scarce endure it!¹ Wretch that I am, that I should not be allowed to possess one of such a disposition at my own discretion!

SYR. Nay, so far as I understand your father, he will for a long time yet be giving you a hard task.

BACCH. Why, who is that young man that's looking at us?

ANTI. (*seeing CLINIA.*) Ah! do support me, I entreat you!

BACCH. Prithee, what is the matter with you?

ANTI. I shall die, alas! I shall die!

BACCH. Why are you *thus* surprised, Antiphila?

ANTI. Is it Clinia that I see, or not?

BACCH. Whom do you see?

CLIN. (*running to embrace ANTIPIHLA.*) Blessings on you, my life!

ANTI. Oh my long-wished for Clinia, blessings on you!

CLIN. How fare you, *my love?*

ANTI. I'm overjoyed that you have returned safe.

CLIN. And do I embrace you, Antiphila, *so* passionately longed for by my soul?

SYR. Go in-doors; for the old gentleman has been waiting for us some time. (*They go into the house of CHREMES.*)

¹ *I can scarce endure it*)—Ver. 400. Colman has the following remark on this passage: “Madame Dacier, contrary to the authority of all editions and MSS., adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this speech to Clitipho, whom she supposes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might overhear the conversation, and from whence he peeps out to make this speech to Syrus. This she calls an agreeable *jeu de théâtre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be obliged to her father for so ingenious a remark; but it is to be feared that critical sagacity will not be so lavish of acknowledgments as filial piety. There does not appear the least foundation for this remark in the Scene, nor has the Poet given us the least room to doubt of Clitipho being actually departed. To me, instead of an agreeable *jeu de théâtre*, it appears a most absurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it most injudiciously tends to interrupt the course of Clinia's more interesting passion, so admirably delineated in this little Scene.”

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter CHREMES from his house.

CHREM. (*to himself.*) It is now daybreak.¹ *Why* do I delay to knock at my neighbour's door, that he may learn from me the first that his son has returned? Although I am aware that the youth would not prefer this. But when I see him tormenting himself *so miserably* about his absence, can I conceal a joy so un hoped for, *especially* when there can be no danger to him from the discovery? I will not do *so*; but as far as I can I will assist the old man. As I see my son aiding his friend and year's-mate, and acting as his confidant in his concerns, it is *but* right that we old men as well should assist each other.

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to himself.*) Assuredly I was either born with a disposition peculiarly suited for misery, or else that *saying* which I hear commonly repeated, that "time assuages human sorrow," is false. For really my sorrow about my son increases daily; and the longer he is away from me, the more anxiously do I wish for him, and the more I miss him.

CHREM. (*apart.*) But I see him coming out of his house; I'll go speak to him. (*ALOUD.*) Menedemus, good morrow; I bring you news, which you would especially desire to be imparted.

MEN. Pray, have you heard anything about my son, Chremes?

CHREM. He's alive, and well.

MEN. Why, where is he, pray?

¹ *It is now daybreak*)—Ver. 410. Though this is the only Play which includes more than one day in the action, it is not the only one in which the day is represented as breaking. The Amphitryon and the Curculio of Plautus commence before daybreak, and the action is carried on into the middle of the day. Madame Dacier absolutely considers it *as a fact beyond all doubt*, that the Roman Audience went home after the first two Acts of the Play, and returned for the representation of the third the next morning at daybreak. Scaliger was of the same opinion; but it is not generally entertained by Commentators.

CHREM. Here, at my house, at home.

MEN. My son?

CHREM. Such is the fact.

MEN. Come *home*?

CHREM. Certainly.

MEN. My son, Clinia, come *home*?

CHREM. I say *so*.

MEN. Let us go. Lead me to him, I beg of you.

CHREM. He does not wish you yet to know of his return, and he shuns your presence; he's afraid that, on account of that fault, your former severity may even be increased.

MEN. Did you not tell him how I was affected?¹

CHREM. No—

MEN. For what reason, Chremes?

CHREM. Because there you would judge extremely ill both for yourself and for him, if you were to show yourself of a spirit so weak and irresolute.

MEN. I cannot *help it*: enough already, enough, have I proved a rigorous father.

CHREM. Ah Menedemus! you are too precipitate in either extreme, either with profuseness or with parsimony too great. Into the same error will you fall from the one side as from the other. In the first place, formerly, rather than allow your son to visit a young woman, who was then content with a very little, and to whom anything was acceptable, you frightened him away from here. After that, she began, quite against her inclination, to seek a subsistence upon the town. Now, when she cannot be supported without a great expense, you are ready to give anything. For, that you may know how perfectly she is trained to extravagance, in the first place, she has already brought with her more than ten female attendants, *all* laden with clothes and jewels of gold; if a satrap² had been her admirer, he never could support her expenses, much less can you.

MEN. Is she at your house?

CHREM. Is she, do you ask? I have felt it; for I have

¹ *How I was affected*)—Ver. 436. “*Ut essem*,” literally, “How I was.”

² *If a satrap*)—Ver. 452. “*Satrapa*” was a Persian word signifying “a ruler of a province.” The name was considered as synonymous with “possessor of wealth almost inexhaustible.”

given her and her retinue one dinner ; had I to give them another such, it would be all over *with me* ; for, to pass by other matters, what a quantity of wine she did consume for me in tasting only,¹ saying thus, "This *wine* is *too acid*,² respected sir,³ do please look for something more mellow." I opened all the casks, all the vessels ; she kept all on the stir : and this *but* a single night. What do you suppose will become of you when they are constantly preying upon you ? So may the Gods prosper me, Menedemus, I do pity your lot.

MEN. Let him do what he will ; let him take, waste, *and squander* ; I'm determined to endure it, so long as I only have him with me.

¹ *In tasting only*)—Ver. 457. "Pytiso" was the name given to the nasty practice of tasting wine, and then spitting it out; offensive in a man, but infinitely more so in a woman. It seems in those times to have been done by persons who wished to give themselves airs in the houses of private persons; at the present day it is probably confined to wine-vaults and sale-rooms where wine is put up to auction, and even there it is practised much more than is either necessary or agreeable. Doubtless Bacchis did it to show her exquisite taste in the matter of wines.

² *Is too acid*)—Ver. 458. "Asperum ;" meaning that the wine was not old enough for her palate. The great fault of the Greek wines was their tartness, for which reason sea-water was mixed with them all except the Chian, which was the highest class of wine.

³ *Respected sir*)—Ver. 459. "Pater," literally "father;" a title by which the young generally addressed aged persons who were strangers to them.

⁴ *All the casks, all the vessels*)—Ver. 460. "Dolia omnia, omnes seriae." The finer kinds of wine were drawn off from the "dolia," or large vessels, into the "amphoræ," which, like the "dolia," were made of earth, and sometimes of glass. The mouths of the vessels were stopped tight by a plug of wood or cork, which was made impervious to the atmosphere by being rubbed over with a composition of pitch, clay, wax, or gypsum. On the outside, the title of the wine was painted, and among the Romans the date of the vintage was denoted by the names of the Consuls then in office. When the vessels were of glass, small tickets or labels, called "pittacia," were suspended from them, stating to a similar effect. The "seriae" were much the same as the "dolia," perhaps somewhat smaller; they were both long, bell-mouthed vessels of earthenware, formed of the best clay, and lined with pitch while hot from the furnace. "Seriae" were also used to contain oil and other liquids; and in the *Captivi* of Plautus the word is applied to pans used for the purpose of salting meat. "Relino" signifies the act of taking the seal of pitch or wax off the stopper of the wine-vessel.

CHREM. If it is your determination thus to act, I hold it to be of very great moment that he should not be aware that with a full knowledge you grant him this.

MEN. What shall I do?

CHREM. Anything, rather than what you are thinking of; supply him *with money* through some other person; suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the artifices of his servant: although I have smelt out this too, that they are about that, *and* are secretly planning it among them. Syrus is *always* whispering with that *servant* of yours;¹ they impart their plans to the young men; and it were better for you to lose a talent this way, than a *mina* the other. The money is not the question now, but this—in what way we can supply it to the young man with the least danger. For if he once knows the state of your feelings, that you would sooner part with your life, and sooner with all your money, than allow your son to leave you; whew! what an *inlet*² will you be seeking for his debauchery! aye, and so much so, that henceforth to live cannot be desirable to you. For we all become worse through indulgence. Whatever comes into his head, he'll be wishing for; nor will he reflect whether that which he desires is right or wrong. You will not be able to endure your estate and him going to ruin. You will refuse to supply him: he will immediately have recourse to the means by which he finds that he has the greatest hold upon you, *and* threaten that he will immediately leave you.

MEN. You seem to speak the truth, and just what is the fact.

CHREM. I'faith, I have not been sensible of sleep this night with my eyes,³ for thinking of this—how to restore your son to you.

¹ *With that servant of yours*)—Ver. 473. Dromo.

² *What an inlet*)—Ver. 482. “*Fenestram*,” literally, “*a window*.”

³ *This night with my eyes*)—Ver. 491. Colman has the following Note here: “Hedelin obstinately contends from this passage, that neither Chremes nor any of his family went to bed the whole night; the contrary of which is evident, as Menage observes, from the two next Scenes. For why should Syrus take notice of his being up so early, if he had never retired to rest? Or would Chremes have reproached Clitipho for his behaviour the night before, had the feast never been interrupted? Eugraphius’ interpretation of these words is natural and obvious, who explains them to signify that the anxiety of Chremes to restore Clinia to Menedemus broke his rest.”

MEN. (*taking his hand.*) Give me your right hand. I request that you will still act in a like manner, Chremes.

CHREM. I am ready to serve you.

MEN. Do you know what it is I now want you to do?

CHREM. Tell me.

MEN. As you have perceived that they are laying a plan to deceive me, that they may hasten to complete it. I long to give him whatever he wants: I am now longing to behold him.

CHREM. I'll lend my endeavours. This little business is in my way. Our neighbours Simus and Crito are disputing here about boundaries; they have chosen me for arbitrator. I'll go and tell them that I cannot possibly give them my attention to-day as I had stated I would. I'll be here immediately.

(*Exit.*)

MEN. Pray do. (*To himself.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! That the nature of all men should be so constituted, that they can see and judge of other men's affairs better than their own! Is it because in our own concerns we are biassed either with joy or grief in too great a degree? How much wiser now is he for me, than I have been for myself!

Re-enter CHREMES.

CHREM. I have disengaged myself, that I might lend you my services at my leisure. Syrus must be found and instructed by me *in this business*. Some one, I know not who, is coming out of my house: do you step hence home, that they may not perceive¹ that we are conferring together. (*MENEDEMUS goes into his house.*)

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS from the house of CHREMES.

SYR. (*aloud to himself.*) Run to and fro in every direction; still, money, you must be found: a trap must be laid for the old man.

¹ *That they may not perceive*)—Ver. 511. Madame Dacier observes that Chremes seizes this as a very plausible and necessary pretence to engage Menedemus to return home, and not to his labours in the field, as he had at first intended.

CHREM. (*apart, overhearing him.*) Was I deceived in saying that they were planning this? That servant of Clinia's is somewhat dull; therefore *that* province has been assigned to this one of ours.

SYR. (*in a low voice.*) Who's that speaking? (*Catches sight of CHREMES.*) I'm undone! Did he hear it, I wonder?

CHREM. Syrus.

SYR. Well—

CHREM. What are you doing here?

SYR. All right. Really, I am quite surprised at you, Chremes, up so early, after drinking so much yesterday.

CHREM. Not too much.

SYR. Not *too much*, say you? Really, you've seen the old age of an eagle,¹ as the saying is.

CHREM. Pooh, pooh!

SYR. A pleasant and agreeable woman this Courtesan.

CHREM. Why, so she seemed to me, in fact.

SYR. And really of handsome appearance.

CHREM. Well enough.

SYR. Not like *those* of former days,² but as *times are* now, very passable: nor do I in the least wonder that Clinia doats upon her. But he has a father—a certain covetous, miserable, and niggardly person—this neighbour *of ours* (*pointing to the house*). Do you know him? Yet, as if he was not abounding in wealth, his son ran away through want. Are you aware that it is the fact, as I am saying?

CHREM. How should I not be aware? A fellow that deserves the mill.

SYR. Who?

¹ *Old age of an eagle*)—Ver. 521. This was a proverbial expression, signifying a hale and vigorous old age. It has been suggested, too, that it alludes to the practice of some old men, who drink more than they eat. It was vulgarly said that eagles never die of old age, and that when, by reason of their beaks growing inward, they are unable to feed upon their prey, they live by sucking the blood.

² *Not like those of former days*)—Ver. 524. Syrus, by showing himself an admirer of the good old times, a “*laudator temporis acti*,” is wishful to flatter the vanity of Chremes, as it is a feeling common to old age, perhaps by no means an unamiable one, to think former times better than the present. Aged people feel grateful to those happy hours when their hopes were bright, and everything was viewed from the sunny side of life.

CHREM. That servant of the young gentleman, I mean.

SYR. (*aside.*) Syrus! I was sadly afraid for you.

CHREM. To suffer it to come to this!

SYR. What was he to do?

CHREM. Do you ask the question? He ought to have found some expedient, contrived *some* stratagem, by means of which there might have been something for the young man to give to his mistress, and *thus* have saved this crabbed old fellow in spite of himself.

SYR. You are *surely* joking.

CHREM. This ought to have been done by him, Syrus.

SYR. How now—pray, do you command *servants*, who deceive their masters?

CHREM. Upon occasion—I certainly do command *them*.

SYR. Quite right.

CHREM. Inasmuch as it often is the remedy for great disturbances. Then would this man's only son have staid at home.

SYR. (*aside.*) Whether he says this in jest or in earnest, I don't know; only, in fact, that he gives me additional zest for longing still more *to trick* him.

CHREM. And what is he now waiting for, Syrus? Is it until *his father* drives him away from here a second time, when he can no longer support her expenses?¹ Has he no plot on foot against the old gentleman?

SYR. He is a stupid fellow.

CHREM. Then you ought to assist him—for the sake of the young man.

SYR. For my part, I can do *so* easily, if you command me; for I know well in what fashion it is usually done.

CHREM. So much the better, i' faith.

SYR. 'Tis not my way to tell an untruth.

CHREM. Do it then.

SYR. But hark you! Just take care and remember this, in case anything of this sort should perchance happen at a future time, such are human affairs!—your son might do *the same*.

CHREM. The necessity will not arise, I trust.

SYR. I faith, and I trust so too: nor do I say so now,

¹ *Can no longer support her expenses*)—Ver. 544. He refers to Menedemus and Bacchis.

because I have suspected him in any way; but in case, none the more¹—You see what his age is; (*aside*) and truly, Chremes,² if an occasion does happen, I may be able to handle you right handsomely.

CHREM. As to that, we'll consider what is requisite when the occasion does happen. At present do you set about this matter. (*Goes into his house.*)

SYR. (*to himself.*) Never on any occasion did I hear my master talk more to the purpose; nor *at any time* could I believe that I was authorized to play the rogue with greater impunity. I wonder who it is coming out of our house? (*Stands aside.*)

SCENE III.

Enter CHREMES and CLITIPHO from the house of the former.

CHREM. Pray, what does this mean? What behaviour is this, Clitipho? Is this acting as becomes you?

CLIT. What have I done?

CHREM. Did I not see you just now putting your hand into this Courtesan's bosom?

SYR. (*apart.*) It's all up with us—I'm utterly undone!

CLIT. What, I?

CHREM. With these selfsame eyes *I saw it*—don't deny it. Besides, you wrong him unworthily in not keeping your hands off: for indeed it is a gross affront to entertain a person, your friend, at your house, and to take liberties with his mistress. Yesterday, for instance, at wine, how rude you were—

SYR. (*apart.*) 'Tis the truth.³

¹ *But in case, none the more*)—Ver. 555. “Sed si quid, ne quid.” An instance of Aposiopesis, signifying “But if anything does happen, don't you blame me.”

² *And truly, Chremes*)—Ver. 557. Some suppose that this is said in apparent candour by Syrus, in order the more readily to throw Chremes off his guard. Other Commentators, again, fancy these words to be said by Syrus in a low voice, aside, which seems not improbable; it being a just retribution on Chremes for his recommendation, however well intended: in that case, Chremes probably overhears it, if we may judge from his answer.

³ *'Tis the truth*)—Ver. 568. “Factum.” “Done for” is another translation which this word will here admit of.

CHREM. How annoying *you were!* So much so, that for my part, as the Gods may prosper me, I dreaded what in the end might be *the consequence*. I understand lovers. They resent highly things that you would not imagine.

CLIT. But he has *full* confidence in me, father, that I would not do anything of that kind.

CHREM. Be it so; still, at least, you ought to go somewhere for a little time away from their presence. Passion prompts to many a thing; your presence acts as a restraint upon doing them. I form a judgment from myself. There's not one of my friends this day to whom I would venture, Clitipho, to disclose all my secrets. With one, *his* station forbids it; with another, I am ashamed of the action itself, lest I may appear a fool or devoid of shame; do you rest assured that he does the same.¹ But it is our part to be sensible of *this*; and, when and where it is requisite, to show due complaisance.

SYR. (*coming forward and whispering to CLITIPHO.*) What is it he is saying?

CLIT. (*aside, to SYRUS.*) I'm utterly undone!

SYR. Clitipho, these same injunctions I gave you. You have acted the part of a prudent and discreet person.²

CLIT. Hold your tongue, I beg.

SYR. Very good.

CHREM. (*approaching them.*) Syrus, I am ashamed *of him*.

SYR. I believe it; and not without reason. Why, he vexes myself even.

CLIT. (*to SYRUS.*) Do you persist, then?

SYR. I faith, I'm saying the truth, as it appears *to me*.

CLIT. May I not go near them?

CHREM. How now—pray, is there but one way³ of going near *them*?

SYR. (*aside.*) Confusion! He'll be betraying himself before I've got the money. (*Aloud.*) Chremes, will you give attention to me, who am but a silly person?

CHREM. What am I to do?

SYR. Bid *him* go somewhere *out of the way*.

¹ *That he does the same*)—Ver. 577. Clinia.

² *Of a prudent and discreet person*)—Ver. 580. This is said ironically.

³ *Is there but one way*)—Ver. 583. And that an immodest one.

CLIT. Where am I to go?

SYR. Where you please; leave the place to them; be off and take a walk.

CLIT. Take a walk! where?

SYR. Pshaw! Just as if there was no place *to walk in*. Why, then, go this way, that way, where you will.

CHREM. He says right, I'm of his opinion.

CLIT. May the Gods extirpate you, Syrus, for thrusting me away from here.

SYR. (*aside to CLITIPHO.*) Then do you for the future keep those hands *of your's* within bounds. (*Exit CLITIPHO.*) Really *now* (*to CHREMES*), what do you think? What do you imagine will become of him next, unless, so far as the Gods afford you the means, you watch him, correct *and* admonish him?

CHREM. I'll take care of that.

SYR. But now, master, he must be looked after by you.

CHREM. It shall be done.

SYR. If you are wise,—for now he minds me less and less *every day*.

CHREM. What *say* you? What have you done, Syrus, about that matter which I was mentioning to you a short time since? Have you any *plan* that suits *you*, or not yet even?

SYR. You mean the design *upon Menedemus*? I have; I have just hit upon one.

CHREM. You are a clever fellow; what is it? Tell me.

SYR. I'll tell *you*; but, as one matter arises out of another—

CHREM. Why, what is it, Syrus?

SYR. This Courtesan is a very bad woman.

CHREM. So she seems.

SYR. Aye, if you did but know. O shocking! just see what she is *hatching*. There was a certain old woman here from Corinth,—this *Bacchis* lent her a thousand silver drachmæ.

CHREM. What then?

SYR. She is *now* dead: she has left a daughter, a young girl. She has been left with this *Bacchis* as a pledge for that sum.

CHREM. I understand *you*.

SYR. She has brought her hither along with her, her *I mean* who is now with your wife.¹

CHREM. What then?

SYR. She is soliciting Clinia at once to advance her this money; she says, however, that this *girl* is to be a security, that, at a future time, she will repay the thousand pieces of money.

CHREM. And would she really be a security?²

SYR. Dear me, is it to be doubted? I think so.

CHREM. What then do you intend doing?

SYR. What, I? I shall go to Menedemus; I'll tell him she is a captive from Caria, rich, and of noble family; if he redeems her, there will be a considerable profit in this transaction.

CHREM. You are in an error.

SYR. Why so?

CHREM. I'll now answer you for Menedemus—I will not purchase her.

SYR. What is it you say? Do speak more agreeably to our wishes.

CHREM. But there is no occasion.

SYR. No occasion?

CHREM. Certainly not, i' faith.

SYR. How so, I wonder?

CHREM. You shall soon know.³

¹ *With your wife*)—Ver. 604. Madame Dacier remarks, that as Antiphila is shortly to be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes, she is not therefore in company with the other women at the feast, who are Courtesans, but with the wife of Chremes, and consequently free from reproach or scandal.

² *Would she really be a security*)—Ver. 606. The question of Chremes seems directed to the fact whether the girl is of value sufficient to be good security for the thousand drachmæ.

³ *You shall soon know*)—Ver. 612. Madame Dacier suggests that Chremes is prevented by his wife's coming from making a proposal to advance the money himself, on the supposition that it will be a lucrative speculation. This notion is contradicted by Colman, who adds the following note from Euphrasius: “Syrus pretends to have concerted this plot against Menedemus, in order to trick him out of some money to be given to Clinia's supposed mistress. Chremes, however, does not approve of this: yet it serves to carry on the plot; for when Antiphila proves afterwards to be the daughter of Chremes, he necessarily becomes the debtor of Bacchis, and is obliged to lay down the sum for which he imagines his daughter is pledged.”

SYR. Stop, stop; what is the reason that there is such a great noise at our door? (*They retire out of sight.*)

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter SOSTRATA and a NURSE in haste from the house of CHREMES, and CHREMES and SYRUS on the other side of the stage unperceived.

Sos. (*holding up a ring and examining it.*) Unless my fancy deceives me, surely this is the ring which I suspect it to be, the same with which my daughter was exposed.

CHREM. (*apart.*) Syrus, what is the meaning of these expressions?

Sos. Nurse, how is it? Does it not seem to you the same?

NUR. As for me, I said it was the same the very instant that you showed it me.

Sos. But have you now examined it thoroughly, my dear nurse?

NUR. Thoroughly.

Sos. Then go in doors at once, and if she has now done bathing, bring me word. I'll wait here in the meantime for my husband.

SYR. (*apart.*) She wants you, see what it is she wants; she is in a serious mood, I don't know why; it is not without a cause—I fear what it may be.

CHREM. What it may be? I faith, she'll now surely be announcing some important trifle, with a great parade.

Sos. (*turning round.*) Ha! my husband! !

CHREM. Ha! my wife! !

Sos. I was looking for you.

CHREM. Tell me what you want.

Sos. In the first place, this I beg of you, not to believe that I have ventured to do anything contrary to your commands.

CHREM. Would you have me believe you in this, although so incredible? Well, I will believe you.

SYR. (*aside.*) This excuse portends I know not what offence.

SOS. Do you remember me being pregnant, and yourself declaring to me, most peremptorily, that if I should bring forth a girl, you would not have it brought up.

CHREM. I know what you have done, you have brought it up.

SYR. (*aside.*) Such is the fact, *I'm sure*: my young master has gained a loss¹ in consequence.

SOS. Not at all; but there was here an elderly woman of Corinth, of no indifferent character; to her I gave it to be exposed.

CHREM. O Jupiter! that there should be such extreme folly in *a person's* mind.

SOS. Alas! what have I done?

CHREM. And do you ask the question?

SOS. If I have acted wrong, my *dear* Chremes, I have done *so* in ignorance.

CHREM. This, indeed, I know for certain, even if you were to deny it, that in everything you both speak and act ignorantly and foolishly: how many blunders you disclose in this *single* affair! For, in the first place, then, if you had been disposed to obey my orders, *the child* ought to have been dispatched; *you ought* not in words to have feigned her death, *and* in reality to have left hopes of her surviving. But that I pass over; compassion, maternal affection, I allow it. But how finely you did provide for the future! What was your meaning? Do reflect. It's clear, beyond a doubt, that your daughter was betrayed by you to this old woman, either that through you she might make a living by her, or that she might be sold in open market *as a slave*. I suppose you reasoned thus: "anything is enough, if only her life is saved;" what are you to do with those who understand neither law, nor right and justice? *Be it* for better or for worse, be it for them or against them, they see nothing except just what they please.

SOS. My *dear* Chremes, I have done wrong, I own; I am convinced. Now this I beg of you; inasmuch as you are

¹ *Has gained a loss*)—Ver. 628. He alludes to Clitipho, who, by the discovery of his sister, would not come in for such a large share of his father's property, and would consequently, as Syrus observes, gain a loss.

more advanced in years than I, be so much the more ready to forgive; so that your justice may be some protection for my weakness.

CHREM. I'll readily forgive you doing this, of course; but, Sostrata, my easy temper prompts you to do amiss. But, whatever this *circumstance* is, by reason of which this was begun upon, proceed to tell it.

Sos. As we *women* are all foolishly and wretchedly superstitious, when I delivered the *child* to her to be exposed, I drew a ring from off my finger, and ordered her to expose it, together with the child; *that* if she should die, she might not be without¹ some portion of our possessions.

CHREM. That *was* right; *thereby* you proved the saving of yourself and her.²

Sos. (*holding out the ring.*) This is that ring.

CHREM. Whence did you get it?

Sos. From the young woman whom Bacchis brought here with her.

SYR. (*aside.*) Ha!

CHREM. What does she say?

Sos. She gave it me to keep for her, whilst she went to bathe. At first I paid no attention to it; but after I looked at it, I at once recognized it, *and* came running to you.

CHREM. What do you suspect now, or have you discovered, relative to her?

Sos. I don't know; unless you enquire of herself whence she got it, if *that* can possibly be discovered.

¹ *That she might not be without*)—Ver. 652. Madame Dacier observes upon this passage, that the ancients thought themselves guilty of a heinous offence if they suffered their children to die without having bestowed on them some of their property; it was consequently the custom of the women, before exposing children, to attach to them some jewel or trinket among their clothes, hoping thereby to avoid incurring the guilt above-mentioned, and to ease their consciences.

² *Saving of yourself and her*)—Ver. 653. Madame Dacier says that the meaning of this passage is this: Chremes tells his wife that by having given this ring, she has done two good acts instead of one—she has both cleared her conscience and saved the child; for had there been no ring or token exposed with the infant, the finder would not have been at the trouble of taking care of it, but might have left it to perish, never suspecting it would be enquired after, or himself liberally rewarded for having preserved it.

SYR. (*aside.*) I'm undone! I see more hopes¹ from this incident than I desire. If it is so, she *certainly* must be ours.

CHREM. Is this *woman* living to whom you delivered *the child*?

Sos. I don't know.

CHREM. What account did she bring you at the time?

Sos. That she had done as I had ordered her.

CHREM. Tell me what is the woman's name, that she may be enquired after.

Sos. Philttere.

SYR. (*aside.*) 'Tis the very same. It's a wonder if she isn't found, and I lost.

CHREM. Sostrata, follow me this way in doors.

Sos. How much beyond my hopes has *this matter* turned out! How dreadfully afraid I was, Chremes, that you would now be of feelings as unrelenting as formerly you were on exposing *the child*.

CHREM. Many a time a man cannot be² such as he would be, if circumstances do not admit of it. Time has now so brought it about, that I should be glad of a daughter; formerly *I wished for* nothing less.

(CHREMES and SOSTRATA go into the house.

SCENE II.

SYRUS alone.

SYR. Unless my fancy deceives me,³ retribution⁴ will not

¹ *I see more hopes*)—Ver. 659. Syrus is now alarmed that Antiphila should so soon be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes, lest he may lose the opportunity of obtaining the money, and be punished as well, in case the imposition is detected, and Bacchis discovered to be the mistress of Clitipho and not of Clinia.

² *A man cannot be*)—Ver. 666. This he says by way of palliating the cruelty he was guilty of in his orders to have the child put to death.

³ *Unless my fancy deceives me*)—Ver. 668. “*Nisi me animus fallit.*” He comically repeats the very same words with which Sostrata commenced in the last Scene.

⁴ *Retribution*)—Ver. 668. “*Infortunium*” was the name by which the slaves commonly denoted a beating. Colman has the following remark here: “*Madame Dacier, and most of the later critics who have implicitly followed her, tell us that in the interval between the third*

be very far off from me ; so much by this incident are my forces now utterly driven into straits ; unless I contrive by some means that the old man mayn't come to know that this *damsel* is his son's mistress. For as to entertaining any hopes about the money, or supposing I could cajole him, it's useless ; I shall be *sufficiently* triumphant, if I'm allowed to escape with my sides covered.¹ I'm vexed that such a *tempting* morsel has been so suddenly snatched away from my jaws. What am I to do ? Or what shall I devise ? I must begin upon my plan over again. Nothing is so difficult, but that it may be found out by seeking. What now if I set about it after this fashion. (*He considers.*) That's of no use. What, if after this fashion ? I effect just about the same. But this I think will do. It cannot. Yes ! excellent. Bravo ! I've found out the best of all—I faith, I do believe that after all I shall lay hold of this same runaway money.²

SCENE III.

Enter CLINIA at the other side of the stage.

CLIN. (*to himself.*) Nothing can possibly henceforth befall

and fourth Acts, Syrus has been present at the interview between Chrémes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile it to the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he discovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, says she, is easily answered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's story, and finding things likely to take an unfavourable turn, retires to consider what is best to be done. But surely this is a most unnatural impatience at so critical a conjuncture ; and, after all, would it not be better to take up the matter just where Terence has left it, and to suppose that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late conversation between Chremes and Sostrata, at which we know he was present ? This at once accounts for his apprehensions, which he betrayed even during that Scene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real state of the case, till apprised of the whole by Clinia."

¹ *With my sides covered*)—Ver. 673. He most probably alludes to the custom of tying up the slaves by their hands, after stripping them naked, when of course their "lateral" or "sides" would be exposed, and come in for a share of the lashes.

² *Runaway money*)—Ver. 678. "Fugitivum argentum." Madame Dacier suggests that this is a bad translation of the words of Menander, which were "ἀποστρέψειν τὸν δραπέταν χρυσὸν," where "χρυσὸς" signified both "gold," and the name of a slave.

me of such consequence as to cause *me* uneasiness; so extreme is this joy that has surprised me. Now then I shall give myself up entirely to my father, to be more frugal than *even* he could wish.

SYR. (*apart.*) I wasn't mistaken; she has been discovered, so far as I understand from these words of his. (*Advancing.*) I am rejoiced that this matter has turned out for you so much to your wish.

CLIN. O my *dear* Syrus, have you heard of it, pray?

SYR. How shouldn't I, when I was present all the while?

CLIN. Did you *ever* hear of anything falling out so fortunately for any one?

SYR. Never.

CLIN. And, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not now rejoice so much on my own account as hers, whom I know to be deserving of any honor.

SYR. I believe it: but now, *Clinia*, come, attend to me in my turn. For your friend's business as well,—it must be seen to—that it is placed in a state of security, lest the old gentleman should now *come to know* anything about his mistress.

CLIN. O Jupiter!

SYR. Do be quiet.

CLIN. My *Antiphila* will be mine.

SYR. Do you *still* interrupt me thus?

CLIN. What can I do? My *dear* Syrus, I'm transported with joy! Do bear with me.

SYR. I faith, I really do bear with you.

CLIN. We are blest with the life of the Gods.

SYR. I'm taking pains to no purpose, I doubt.

CLIN. Speak; I hear you.

SYR. But still you'll not mind it.

CLIN. I will.

SYR. This must be seen to, I say, that your friend's business as well is placed in a state of security. For if you now go away from us, and leave Bacchis here, our *old man* will immediately come to know that she is Clitipho's mistress; if you take her away *with you*, it will be concealed just as much as it has been hitherto concealed.

CLIN. But still, Syrus, nothing can make more against my

marriage than this; for with what face am I to address my father *about it?* You understand what I mean?

SYR. Why not?

CLIN. What can I say? What excuse can I make?

SYR. Nay, I don't want you to dissemble; tell him the whole case just as it really is.

CLIN. What is it you say?

SYR. I bid you *do this*; *tell him* that you are in love with her, and want her for a wife: that this *Bacchis* is Clitipho's *mistress*.

CLIN. You require a thing that is fair and reasonable, and easy to be done. And I suppose, then, you would have me request my father to keep it a secret from your old man.

SYR. On the contrary; to tell him directly the matter just as it is.

CLIN. What? Are you quite in your senses or sober? Why, you were for ruining him outright. For how could he be in a state of security? Tell me *that*.

SYR. For my part, I yield the palm to this device. Here I do pride myself exultingly, in having in myself such exquisite resources, and power of address so great, as to deceive them both by telling the truth: so that when your old man tells ours that she is his son's mistress, he'll still not believe him.

CLIN. But yet, by these means you again cut off all hopes of my marriage; for as long as *Chremes* believes that she is my mistress, he'll not give me his daughter. Perhaps you care little what becomes of me, so long as you provide for him.

SYR. What the plague, do you suppose I want this pretence to be kept up for an age? 'Tis but for a single day, *only* till I have secured the money: you be quiet; *I ask* no more.

CLIN. Is that sufficient? If his father should come to know of it, pray, what then?

SYR. What if I have recourse to those who say, "What now if the sky were to fall?"¹

¹ *If the sky were to fall*)—Ver. 719. He means those who create unnecessary difficulties in their imagination. Colman quotes the following remark from Patrick: "There is a remarkable passage in Arrian's Account of Alexander, lib. iv., where he tells us that some ambassadors

CLIN. I'm afraid to go about it.

SYR. You, afraid! As if it was not in your power to clear yourself at any time you like, *and* discover the *whole* matter.

CLIN. Well, well; let Bacchis be brought over *to our house*.

SYR. Capital! she is coming out of doors.

SCENE IV.

Enter BACCHIS and PHRYGIA, from the house of CHREMES.

BACCH. (*pretending not to see CLINIA and SYRUS.*) To a very fine purpose,¹ upon my faith, have the promises of Syrus brought me hither, who agreed to lend me ten *minaæ*. If now he deceives me, oft as he may entreat me to come, he shall come in vain. Or else, when I've promised to come, and fixed the time, when he has carried word back for certain, *and* Clitipho is on the stretch of expectation, I'll disappoint him and not come. Syrus will make atonement to me with his back.

CLIN. (*apart, to SYRUS.*) She promises you very fairly.

from the Celtæ, being asked by Alexander what in the world they dreaded most, answered, 'That they feared lest the sky should fall [upon them]'. Alexander, who expected to hear himself named, was surprised at an answer which signified that they thought themselves beyond the reach of all human power, plainly implying that nothing could hurt them, unless he would suppose impossibilities, or a total destruction of nature." Aristotle, in his Physics, B. iv., informs us that it was the early notion of ignorant nations that the sky was supported on the shoulders of Atlas, and that when he let go of it, it would fall.

¹ *To a very fine purpose*)—Ver. 723. "Satis pol proterve," &c. C. Lælius was said to have assisted Terence in the composition of his Plays, and in confirmation of this, the following story is told by Cornelius Nepos: "C. Lælius, happening to pass the Matronalia [a Festival on the first of March, when the husband, for once in the year, was bound to obey the wife] at his villa near Puteoli, was told that dinner was waiting, but still neglected the summons. At last, when he made his appearance, he excused himself by saying that he had been in a particular vein of composition, and quoted certain lines which occur in the Heautontimorumenos, namely, those beginning 'Satis pol proterve me Syxi promissa hac induxerunt.'"

SYR. (*to CLINIA.*) But do you think she is in jest? She'll do it, if I don't take care.

BACCH. (*aside.*) They're asleep¹—I'faith, I'll rouse them. (*Aloud.*) My dear Phrygia, did you hear about the country-seat of Charinus, which that man was showing us just now?

PHRY. I heard of it.

BACCH. (*aloud.*) That it was the next to the farm here on the right hand side.²

PHRY. I remember.

BACCH. (*aloud.*) Run thither post haste; the Captain is keeping the feast of Bacchus³ at his house.

SYR. (*apart.*) What is she going to be at?

BACCH. (*aloud.*) Tell him I am here very much against my inclination, and am detained; but that by some means or other I'll give them the slip and come *to him*. (PHRYGIA moves.)

SYR. (*coming forward.*) Upon my faith, I'm ruined! Bacchis, stay, stay; prithee, where are you sending her? Order her to stop.

BACCH. (*to PHRYGIA.*) Be off.

SYR. Why, the m^oney's ready.

BACCH. Why, then I'll stay. (PHRYGIA returns.)

SYR. And it will be given you presently.

BACCH. Just when you please; do I press you?

SYR. But do you know what *you are to do*, pray?

BACCH. What?

SYR. You must now go over to the house of Menedemus and your equipage must be taken over thither.

BACCH. What scheme are you upon, *you rascal*?

SYR. What, I? Coining money to give to you.

BACCH. Do you think me a proper person *for you* to play upon?

¹ *They're asleep*)—Ver. 730. “Dormiunt.” This is clearly figuratively, though Hedelin interprets it literally.

² *Farm here on the right hand side*)—Ver. 732. Cooke suggests that the Poet makes Bacchis call the house of Charinus “villa,” and that of Chremes “fundus” (which signifies “a farm-house,” or “farm”), for the purpose of exalting the one and depreciating the other in the hearing of Syrus.

³ *The feast of Bacchus*)—Ver. 733. This passage goes far to prove that the Dionysia here mentioned as being celebrated, were those *κάτ* *ἀγρούς*, or the “rural Dionysia.”

SYR. It's not without a purpose.

BACCH. (*pointing to the house.*) Why, have I any business then with you here?

SYR. O no; I'm only going to give you what's your own.

BACCH. *Then* let's be going.¹

SYR. Follow this way. (*Goes to the door of MENEDEMUS, and calls.*) Ho there! Dromo.

Enter DROMO, from the house.

DRO. Who is it wants me?

SYR. Syrus.

DRO. What's the matter?

SYR. Take over all the attendants of Bacchis to your house here immediately.

DRO. Why so?

SYR. Ask no questions. Let them take what they brought here with them. The old gentleman will hope his expenses are lightened by their departure; for sure he little knows how much loss this trifling gain will bring him. You, Dromo, if you are wise, know nothing of what you do know.

DRO. You shall own that I'm dumb. (*CLINIA, BACCHIS, and PHRYGIA go into the house of MENEDEMUS, and DROMO follows with BACCHIS's retinue and baggage.*)

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES from his house.

CHREM. (*to himself.*) So may the Deities prosper me, I am now concerned for the fate of Menedemus, that so great a misfortune should have befallen him. To be maintaining that woman with such a retinue! Although I am well aware he'll not be sensible of it for some days to come, his son was so greatly missed by him; but when he sees such a vast expense incurred by him every day at home, and no limit to

¹ *Let's be going*)—Ver. 742. Colman here remarks to the following effect: "There is some difficulty in this and the next speech in the original, and the Commentators have been puzzled to make sense of them. It seems to me that the Poet's intention is no more than this: Bacchis expresses some reluctance to act under the direction of Syrus, but is at length prevailed on, finding that he can by those means contrive to pay her the money which he has promised her."

it, he'll wish that this son would leave him a second time. See—here comes Syrus most opportunely.

SYR. (*to himself, as he comes forward.*) *Why* delay to accost him?

CHREM. Syrus.

SYR. Well.

CHREM. How go matters?

SYR. I've been wishing for some time for you to be thrown in my way.

CHREM. You seem, then, to have effected something, I know not what, with the old gentleman.

SYR. As to what we were talking of a short time since? No sooner said than done.

CHREM. In real earnest?

SYR. In real.

CHREM. Upon my faith, I cannot forbear patting your head *for it*. Come here, Syrus; I'll do you some good turn for this matter, and with pleasure. (*Patting his head.*)

SYR. But if you knew how cleverly it came into my head—

CHREM. Pshaw! Do you boast because it has turned out according to your wishes?

SYR. On my word, not I, indeed; I am telling the truth.

CHREM. Tell *me* how it is.

SYR. Clinia has told Menedemus, that this Bacchis is your Clitipho's mistress, and that *he* has taken her thither with him in order that you might not come to know of it.

CHREM. Very good.

SYR. Tell me, please, *what you think of it.*

CHREM. *Extremely good*, I declare.

SYR. Why yes, pretty fair. But listen, what a piece of policy still remains. He is then to say that he has seen your daughter—that her beauty charmed him as soon as he beheld her; *and* that he desires her for a wife.

CHREM. What, her that has just been discovered?

SYR. The same; and, in fact, he'll request that she may be asked for.

CHREM. For what purpose, Syrus? For I don't altogether comprehend it.

SYR. O dear, you are *so* dull.

CHREM. Perhaps so.

SYR. Money will be given him for the wedding—with which golden trinkets and clothes—do you understand me?

CHREM. To buy *them*—?

SYR. Just so.

CHREM. But I neither give nor betroth my daughter *to him*.

SYR. But why?

CHREM. Why, do you ask me? To a fellow—

SYR. Just as you please. I don't mean that in reality you should give her to *him*, but that you should pretend it.

CHREM. Pretending is not in my way; do you mix up these *plots* of yours, so as not to mix me up *in them*. Do you think that I'll betroth my daughter to a person to whom I will not marry her?

SYR. I imagined *so*.

CHREM. By no means.

SYR. It might have been cleverly managed; and I undertook this affair for the very reason, that a short time since you so urgently requested it.

CHREM. I believe you.

SYR. But for my part, Chremes, I take it well and good, *either way*.

CHREM. But still, I especially wish you to do your best for it to be brought about; but in some other way.

SYR. It shall be done: some other *method* must be thought of; but as to what I was telling you of,—about the money which she owes to Bacchis,—that must now be repaid her. And you will not, of course, now be having recourse to this method; “What have I to do with it? Was it lent to me? Did I give any orders? Had she the power to pawn my daughter without my consent?” They quote that saying, Chremes, with good reason, “Rigorous law¹ is often rigorous injustice.”

CHREM. I will not do *so*.

SYR. On the contrary, though others were at liberty, you are not at liberty; all think that you are in good and very easy circumstances.

¹ *Rigorous law*)—Ver. 796. Cicero mentions the same proverb in his work *De Officiis*, B. i., ch. 10, substituting the word “*inuria*” for “*malitia*.” “*Extreme law, extreme injustice,*” is now become a stale proverb in discourse.” The same sentiment is found in the Fragments of Menander.

CHREM. Nay rather, I'll at once carry it to her myself.

SYR. Why no ; request your son in preference.

CHREM. For what reason ?

SYR. Why, because the suspicion of being in love with her has been transferred to him *with Menedemus*.

CHREM. What then ?

SYR. Because it will seem to be more like probability when he gives it her ; and at the same time I shall effect more easily what I wish. Here he comes too ; go, *and bring out the money*.

CHREM. I'll bring it. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. (*to himself.*) There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance. As this walk of mine, for instance, though not fatiguing, it has reduced me to weariness. And now I dread nothing more than that I should be packed off somewhere hence once again, that I may not have access to Bacchis. May then all the Gods and Goddesses, as many as exist, confound you, Syrus, with these stratagems and plots of yours. You are always devising something of this kind, by means of which to torture me.

SYR. Will you not away with you—to where you deserve ? How nearly had your forwardness proved my ruin !

CLIT. Upon my faith, I wish it had been *so* ; just what you deserve.

SYR. Deserve ? How *so* ? Really, I'm glad that I've heard this from you before you had the money which I was just going to give you.

CLIT. What then would you have me say to you ? You've made a fool of me ; brought my mistress hither, whom I'm not allowed to touch—

SYR. *Well*, I'm not angry then. But do you know where Bacchis is just now ?

CLIT. At our house.

SYR. No.

CLIT. Where then ?

SYR. At Clinia's.

CLIT. I'm ruined!

SYR. Be of good heart; you shall presently carry to her the money that you promised her.

CLIT. You do prate away.—Where from?

SYR. From your own father.

CLIT. Perhaps you are joking with me.

SYR. The thing itself will prove it.

CLIT. Indeed, then, I am a lucky man. Syrus, I do love you from my heart.

SYR. But *your* father's coming out. Take care not to express surprize at anything, for what reason it is done; give way at the proper moment; do what he orders, *and* say but little.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES from the house, with a bag of money.

CHREM. Where's Clitipho now?

SYR. (*aside to CLITIPHO.*) Say—here I am.

CLIT. Here am I.

CHREM. (*to SYRUS.*) Have you told him how it is?

SYR. I've told him pretty well everything.

CHREM. Take this money, and carry it. (*Holding out the bag.*)

SYR. (*aside to CLITIPHO.*) Go—why do you stand still, *you* stone; why don't you take it?

CLIT. Very well, give it me. (*Receives the bag.*)

SYR. (*to CLITIPHO.*) Follow me this way directly. (*To CHREMES.*) You in the meanwhile will wait here for us till we return; for there's no occasion for us to stay there long. (*CLITIPHO and SYRUS go into the house of MENEDEMUS.*)

CHREM. (*to himself.*) My daughter, in fact, has now had ten minæ from me, which I consider as paid for her board; another *ten* will follow these for clothes; and then she will require two talents for her portion. How many things, *both just and unjust*, are sanctioned by custom!¹ Now I'm

¹ *Are sanctioned by custom*)—Ver. 839. He inveighs, perhaps justly, against the tyranny of custom; but in selecting this occasion for doing so, he does not manifest any great affection for his newly-found daughter.

obliged, neglecting my business, to look out for some one, on whom to bestow my property, that has been acquired by my labour.

SCENE VIII.

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to CLINIA within.*) My son, I now think myself the happiest of all men, since I find that you have returned to a rational mode of life.

CHREM. (*aside.*) How much he is mistaken!

MEN. Chremes, you are the very person I wanted ; preserve, so far as in you lies, my son, myself, and my family.

CHREM. Tell me what you would have me do.

MEN. You have this day found a daughter.

CHREM. What then ?

MEN. Clinia wishes her to be given him for a wife.

CHREM. Prithee, what kind of a person are you ?

MEN. Why ?

CHREM. Have you already forgotten what passed between us, concerning a scheme, that by that method some money might be got out of you ?

MEN. I remember.

CHREM. That self-same thing they are now about.

MEN. What do you tell *me*, Chremes ? Why surely, this Courtesan, who is at my house, is Clitiph's mistress.

CHREM. So they say, and you believe it all ; and they say that he is desirous of a wife, in order that, when I have betrothed her, you may give him *money*, with which to provide gold trinkets and clothing, and other things that are requisite.

MEN. That is it, no doubt ; that money will be given to his mistress.

CHREM. Of course it is to be given.

MEN. Alas ! in vain then, unhappy man, have I been overjoyed ; still however, I had rather anything than be deprived of him. What answer now shall I report from you, Chremes, so that he may not perceive that I have found it out, and take it to heart ?

CHREM. To heart, *indeed !* you are too indulgent to him, Menedemus.

MEN. Let me go on ; I have *now* begun : assist me in this throughout, Chremes.

CHREM. Say then, that you have seen me, *and* have treated about the marriage.

MEN. I'll say *so*—what then ?

CHREM. That I will do every thing ; that as a son-in-law he meets my approbation ; in fine, too, if you like, tell him also that she has been promised him.

MEN. Well, that's what I wanted—

CHREM. That he may the sooner ask of you, and you may as soon as possible give him what you wish.

MEN. It is my wish.

CHREM. Assuredly, before very long, according as I view this matter, you'll have enough of him. But, however that may be, if you are wise, you'll give to him cautiously, and a little at a time.

MEN. I'll do *so*.

CHREM. Go in-doors *and* see how much he requires. I shall be at home, if you should want me for anything.

MEN. I certainly do want you ; for I shall let you know whatever I do. (*They go into their respective houses.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to himself.*) I am *quite* aware that I am not so overwise, or so very quick-sighted ; but this assistant, prompter, and director¹ of mine, Chremes, out-does me in that. Any one of those epithets which are applied to a fool is suited to myself, such as dolt, post, ass,² lump of lead ; to him not one can *apply* ; his stupidity surpasses them all.

¹ *Assistant, prompter, and director*)—Ver. 875. The three terms here used are borrowed from the stage. “*Adjutor*” was the person who assisted the performers either by voice or gesture ; “*monitor*” was the prompter ; and “*præmonstrator*” was the person who in the rehearsal rained the actor in his part.

² *Dolt, post, ass*)—Ver. 877. There is a similar passage in the

Enter CHREMES, speaking to SOSTRATA within.

CHREM. Hold now, do, wife, leave off dinning the Gods with thanksgivings that your daughter has been discovered ; unless you judge of them by your own disposition, and think that they understand nothing, unless the same thing has been told them a hundred times. But, in the meantime, why does my son linger there so long with Syrus ?

MEN. What persons do you say are lingering ?

CHREM. Ha ! Menedemus, you have come opportunely. Tell me, have you told Clinia what I said ?

MEN. Everything.

CHREM. What did he say ?

MEN. He began to rejoice, just like people do who wish to be married.

CHREM. (*laughing.*) Ha ! ha ! ha !

MEN. Why are you laughing ?

CHREM. The sly tricks of my servant, Syrus, *just* came into my mind.

MEN. Did they ?

CHREM. The rogue can even mould the countenances of people.¹

MEN. That my son is pretending that he is overjoyed, is it that you mean ?

CHREM. Just so. (*Laughing.*)

MEN. The very same thing came into my mind.

CHREM. A crafty knave !

MEN. Still more would you think such to be the fact, if you knew more.

CHREM. Do you say so ?

MEN. Do you give attention then ?

CHREM. Just stop—first I want to know this, what *money* you have squandered ; for when you told your son that she was promised, of course Dromo would at once throw in a

Bacchides of Plautus, l. 1087. "Whoever there are in any place whatsoever, whoever have been, and whoever shall be in time to come, fools, blockheads, idiots, dolts, sots, oafs, lubbers, I singly by far exceed them all in folly and absurd ways."

¹ *Mould the countenances of people*)—Ver. 887. He means that Syrus not only lays his plots well, but teaches the performers to put on countenances suitable to the several parts they are to act.

word that golden jewels, clothes, *and* attendants would be needed for the bride, in order that you might give the money.

MEN. No.

CHREM. How, no?

MEN. No, I tell you.

CHREM. Nor yet your son himself?

MEN. Not in the slightest, Chremes. He was only the more pressing on *this* one point, that the match might be concluded to-day.

CHREM. You say what's surprising. What did my *servant* Syrus do? Didn't even he *say* anything?

MEN. Nothing at all.

CHREM. For what reason, I don't know.

MEN. For my part, I wonder at *that*, when you know other things so well. But this same Syrus has moulded your son,¹ too, to such perfection, that there could not be even the slightest suspicion that she is *Clinia's* mistress!

CHREM. What do you say?

MEN. Not to mention, then, their kissing and embracing; that I count nothing.

CHREM. What more could be done to carry on the cheat?

MEN. Pshaw!

CHREM. What do you mean?

MEN. Only listen. In the inner part of my house there is a certain room at the back; into this a bed was brought, and was made up with bed-clothes.

CHREM. What took place after this?

MEN. No sooner said than done, thither went Clitipho.

CHREM. Alone?

MEN. Alone.

CHREM. I'm alarmed.

MEN. Bacchis followed directly.

CHREM. Alone?

MEN. Alone.

CHREM. I'm undone!

MEN. When they had gone into *the room*, they shut the door.

CHREM. Well—did Clinia see *all* this going on?

¹ *Has moulded your son*)—Ver. 898. “Mire finxit.” He sarcastically uses the same word, “*ingo*,” which Chremes himself employed in l. 887.

MEN. How shouldn't he? He was with me.

CHREM. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus—I'm undone.

MEN. Why so?

CHREM. I have hardly substance to suffice for ten days.¹

MEN. What! are you alarmed at it, because he is paying attention to his friend?

CHREM. His "she-friend" rather.²

MEN. If he *really* is paying it.

CHREM. Is it a matter of doubt to you? Do you suppose that there is any person of so accommodating and tame a spirit as to suffer his own mistress, himself looking on, to—

MEN. (*chuckling and speaking ironically.*) Why not? That I may be imposed upon the more easily.

CHREM. Do you laugh at me? You have good reason. How angry I now am with myself! How many things gave *proof*, whereby, had I not been a stone, I might have been fully sensible of *this*? What was it I saw? Alas! wretch that I am! But assuredly they shall not escape my vengeance if I live; for this instant—

MEN. Can you not contain yourself? Have you no respect for yourself? Am I not a sufficient example to you?

CHREM. For *very* anger, Menedemus, I am not myself.

MEN. For you to talk in that manner! Is it not a shame for you to be giving advice to others, to show wisdom abroad *and yet* be able to do nothing for yourself?

CHREM. What shall I do?

MEN. That which you said I failed to do: make him sensible that you are his father; make him venture to entrust everything to you, to seek and to ask of you; so that he may look for no other resources and forsake you.³

¹ *Substance to suffice for ten days*)—Ver. 909. "Familia" here means "property," as producing sustenance. Colman, however, has translated the passage: "Mine is scarce a ten-days' family."

² *His she-friend rather*)—Ver. 911. Menedemus speaks of "amico," a male friend, which Chremes plays upon by saying "amicæ," which literally meant a she-friend, and was the usual name by which decent people called a mistress.

³ *And forsake you*)—Ver. 924. Madame Dacier observes here, that one of the great beauties of this Scene consists in Chremes retorting on Menedemus the very advice given by himself at the beginning of the Play.

CHREM. Nay, I had much rather he would go anywhere in the world, than by his debaucheries here reduce his father to beggary! For if I go on supplying his extravagance, Menedemus, in that case my circumstances will undoubtedly be soon reduced to the level of your rake.

MEN. What evils you will bring upon yourself in this affair, if you don't act with caution! You'll show yourself severe, and still pardon him at last; that too with an ill grace.

CHREM. Ah! you don't know how vexed I am.

MEN. Just as you please. What about that which I desire—that she may be married to my *son*? Unless there is any other step that you would prefer.

CHREM. On the contrary, both the son-in-law and the connexion are to my taste.

MEN. What portion shall I say that you have named for your daughter? Why are you silent?

CHREM. Portion?

MEN. I say so.

CHREM. Alas!

MEN. Chremes, don't be at all afraid to *speak*, if it is but a small one. The portion is no consideration at all with us.

CHREM. I did think that two talents were sufficient, according to my means. But if you wish me to be saved, and my estate and my son, you must say to this effect, that I have settled all my property on her as her portion.

MEN. What scheme are you upon?

CHREM. Pretend that you wonder at this, and at the same time ask him the reason why I do so.

MEN. Why really, I can't conceive the reason for your doing so.

CHREM. Why *do I do so?* To check his feelings, which are now hurried away by luxury and wantonness, and to bring him down so as not to know which way to turn himself.

MEN. What is your design?

CHREM. Let me alone, and give me leave to have my own way in this matter.

MEN. I do give you leave: is this your desire?

CHREM. It is so.

MEN. Then be it so.

CHREM. And now let your son prepare to fetch the bride. The other one shall be schooled in *such* language as befits children. But Syrus——

MEN. What of him?

CHREM. What? If I live, I will have him so handsomely dressed, so well combed out, that he shall always remember me as long as he lives; to imagine that I'm to be a laughing-stock and a plaything for him! So may the Gods bless me! he would not have dared to do to a widow-woman the things which he has done to me.¹ (*They go into their respective houses.*)

SCENE II.

Enter MENEDEMUS, with CLITIPHO and SYRUS.

CLIT. Prithee, is it really the fact, Menedemus, that my father can, in so short a space *of time*, have cast off all the *natural* affection of a parent for me? For what crime? What so great enormity have I, to my misfortune, committed? *Young men generally do the same.*

MEN. I am aware that this must be much more harsh and severe to you, on whom it falls; but *yet* I take it no less amiss *than you*. How it is so I know not, nor can I account for it, except that from my heart I wish you well.

CLIT. Did not you say that my father was waiting here?

Enter CHREMES from his house.

MEN. See, here he is. (*MENEDEMUS goes into his house.*)

¹ *Which he has done to me*)—Ver. 954. Colman has the following Note: “The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, seeming to be in the midst of a conversation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already supposed to be apprized of what has passed between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that some verses are lost here. Madame Dacier strains hard to defend the Poet, and fills up the void of time by her old expedient of making the Audience wait to see Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a sufficient time is elapsed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a summary account of the cause of his father’s anger. The truth is, that a too strict observance of the unity of place will necessarily produce such absurdities; and there are several other instances of the like nature in Terence.”

CHREM. Why are you blaming me, Clitipho? Whatever I have done in this matter, I had a view to you and your imprudence. When I saw that you were of a careless disposition, and held the pleasures of the moment of the first importance, and did not look forward to the future, I took measures that you might neither want nor be able to waste this *which I have*. When, through your own *conduct*, it was not allowed me to give it you, to whom I ought before all, I had recourse to those who were your nearest relations; to them I have made over and entrusted every thing.¹ There you'll always find a refuge for your folly; food, clothing, and a roof under which to betake yourself.

CLIT. Ah me!

CHREM. It is better than that, you being my heir, Bacchis should possess this *estate of mine*.

SYR. (*apart.*) I'm ruined irrevocably!—Of what mischief have I, wretch that I am, unthinkingly been the cause?

CLIT. Would I were dead!

CHREM. Prithee, first learn what it is to live. When you know that, if life displeases you, then try the other.

SYR. Master, may I be allowed—?

CHREM. Say on.

SYR. But *may I* safely?

CHREM. Say on.

SYR. What injustice or what madness is this, that that in which I have offended, should be to his detriment?

CHREM. It's all over.² Don't you mix yourself up *in it*; no one accuses you, Syrus, nor need you look out for an altar,³ or for an intercessor for yourself.

SYR. What is your design?

CHREM. I am not at all angry either with you (*to SYRUS*), or with you (*to CLITIPHO*); nor is it fair that you

¹ *Entrusted every thing*)—Ver. 966. This is an early instance of a trusteeship and a guardianship.

² *It's all over*)—Ver. 974. “*Ilicet*,” literally, “you may go away.” This was the formal word with which funeral ceremonies and trials at law were concluded.

³ *Look out for an altar*)—Ver. 975. He alludes to the practice of slaves taking refuge at altars when they had committed any fault, and then suing for pardon through a “*precator*” or “*mediator*.” See the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, l. 1074, where *Tranio* takes refuge at the altar from the vengeance of his master, *Theuropides*.

should be so with me for what I am doing. (*He goes into his house.*)

SYR. He's gone. I wish I had asked him——

CLIT. What, Syrus?

SYR. Where I am to get my subsistence; he has so bitterly cast us adrift. You are to have it for the present; at your sister's, I find.

CLIT. Has it then come to this pass, Syrus—that I am to be in danger even of starving?

SYR. So we only live, there's hope——

CLIT. What *hope*?

SYR. That we shall be hungry enough.

CLIT. Do you jest in a matter so serious, and not give me any assistance with your advice?

SYR. On the contrary, I'm both now thinking of that, and have been about it all the time your father was speaking just now; and so far as I can perceive——

CLIT. What?

SYR. It will not be wanting long. (*He meditates.*)

CLIT. What is it, then?

SYR. It is this—I think that you are not their *son*.

CLIT. How's that, Syrus? Are you quite in your senses?

SYR. I'll tell you what's *come* into my mind; be you the judge. While they had you alone, while they had no other source of joy more nearly to affect them, they indulged you, they lavished upon you. Now a daughter has been found, a pretence has been found in fact on which to turn you adrift.

CLIT. It's very probable.

SYR. Do you suppose that he is so angry on account of this fault?

CLIT. I do not think *so*.

SYR. Now consider another thing. All mothers are wont to be advocates for their sons when in fault, and to aid them against a father's severity; 'tis not so *here*.

CLIT. You say true; what then shall I now do, Syrus?

SYR. Question them on this suspicion; mention the matter without reserve; either, if it is not true, you'll soon bring them both to compassion, or else you'll soon find out whose *son* you are.

CLIT. You give good advice ; I'll do so. (*He goes into the house of CHREMES.*)

SYR. (*to himself.*) Most fortunately did this come into my mind. For the less hope the young man entertains, the greater the difficulty with which he'll bring his father to his own terms. I'm not sure even, that he may not take a wife, and then no thanks for Syrus. But what is this? The old man's coming out of doors ; I'll be off. What has so far happened, I am surprised at, that he didn't order me to be carried off from here : now I'll away to Menedemus here, I'll secure him as my intercessor ; I can put no trust in our old man. (*Goes into the house of MENEDEMUS.*)

SCENE III.

Enter CHREMES and SOSTRATA from the house.

Sos. Really, sir, if you don't take care, you'll be causing some mischief to your son ; and indeed I do wonder at it, my husband, how anything so foolish could ever come into your head.

CHREM. Oh, you persist in being the woman? Did I ever wish for any one thing in *all* my life, Sostrata, but that you were my contradicter on that occasion? And yet if I were now to ask you what it is that I have done amiss, or why you act thus, you would not know in what point you are now so obstinately opposing me in your folly.

Sos. I, not know?

CHREM. Yes, rather, *I should have said* you do know ; inasmuch as either expression amounts to the same thing.¹

Sos. Alas! you are unreasonable to expect me to be silent in a matter of such importance.

CHREM. I don't expect it ; talk on then, I shall still do it not a bit the less.

Sos. Will you do it?

CHREM. Certainly.

Sos. Don't you see how much evil you will be causing by that course?—He suspects himself *to be* a foundling.

¹ *Amounts to the same thing*)—Ver. 1010. “Quam quidem reddit ad integrum eadem oratio ;” meaning, “it amounts to one and the same thing,” or, “it is all the same thing,” whether you do or whether you don't know.

CHREM. Do you say *so*?

Sos. Assuredly it will be so.

CHREM. Admit it.

Sos. Hold *now*—prithee, let that be for our enemies. Am I to admit that he is not my son who *really* is?

CHREM. What! are you afraid that you cannot prove that he is yours, whenever you please?

Sos. Because my daughter has been found?¹

CHREM. No; but for a reason why it should be much sooner believed—because he is just like you in disposition, you will easily prove that he is your child; for he is exactly like you; why, he has not a single vice left him but you have just the same. Then besides, no woman could have been the mother of such a son but yourself. But he's coming out of doors, and how demure! When you understand the matter, you may form your own conclusions.

SCENE IV.

Enter CLITIPHO from the house of CHREMES.

CLIT. If there ever was any time, mother, when I caused you pleasure, being called your son by your own desire, I beseech you to remember it, and now to take compassion on me in my distress. A thing I beg and request—do discover to me my parents.

¹ *Because my daughter has been found*)—Ver. 1018. This sentence has given much trouble to the Commentators. Colman has the following just remarks upon it: “Madame Dacier, as well as all the rest of the Commentators, has stuck at these words. Most of them imagine she means to say, that the discovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that she is not barren. Madame Dacier supposes that she intimates such a proof to be easy, because Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which sense she thinks immediately confirmed by the answer of Chremes. I cannot agree with any of them, and think that the whole difficulty of the passage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Sostrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, because she could not possibly tell what it would be; but her own speech is intended as an answer to his preceding one, which she takes as a sneer on her late wonderful discovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to insinuate that she could at any time with equal ease make out the proofs of the birth of her son. The elliptical mode of expression so usual with Terence, together with the refinements of Commentators, seem to have created all the obscurity.”

Sos. I conjure you, my son, not to entertain that *notion* in your mind, that you are another person's child.

CLIT. I am.

Sos. Wretch that I am! (*Turning to Chremes.*) Was it this that you wanted, pray? (*To Clitipho.*) So may you be the survivor of me and of him, you are my son and his; and, henceforth, if you love me, take care that I never hear that speech from you *again*.

CHREM. But I *say*, if you fear me, take care how I find these propensities existing in you.

CLIT. What *propensities*?

CHREM. If you wish to know, I'll tell you; being a trifler, an idler, a cheat, a glutton, a debauchee, a spendthrift—Believe me, and believe that you are our *son*.

CLIT. This is not the language of a parent.

CHREM. If you had been born from my head, Clitipho, just as they say Minerva was from Jove's, none the more on that account would I suffer myself to be disgraced by your profligacy.¹

Sos. May the Gods forbid it.

CHREM. I don't know as to the Gods;² so far as I shall be enabled, I *will* carefully *prevent it*. You are seeking that which you possess—parents; that which you are in want of you don't seek—in what way to pay obedience to a father, and to preserve what he acquired by *his* industry. That you by trickery should bring before my eyes—I am ashamed to mention the unseemly word in her presence (*pointing to Sostrata*), but you were not in any degree ashamed to act thus.

CLIT. (*aside.*) Alas! how thoroughly displeased I now am with myself! How much ashamed! nor do I know how to make a beginning to pacify him.

¹ *By your profligacy*)—Ver. 1036. It is probably this ebullition of Comic anger which is referred to by Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*:

“*Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,*

Iratusque Chremes tunido delitigat ore:”

“*Yet sometimes Comedy as well raises her voice, and enraged Chremes censures in swelling phrase.*”

² *I don't know as to the Gods*)—Ver. 1037. “*Deos nescio.*” The Critic Lambinus, in his letter to Charles the Ninth of France, accuses Terence of impiety in this passage. Madame Dacier has, however, well observed, that the meaning is not “*I care not for the Gods,*” but “*I know not what the Gods will do.*”

SCENE V.

Enter MENEDEMUS from his house.

MEN. (*to himself.*) Why really, Chremes is treating his son too harshly and too unkindly. I'm come out, therefore, to make peace *between them*. Most opportunely I see them *both*.

CHREM. Well, Menedemus, why don't you order my daughter to be sent for, and close with the offer¹ of the portion that I mentioned?

Sos. My husband, I entreat you not to do it.

CLIT. Father, I entreat you to forgive me.

MEN. Forgive him, Chremes; do let them prevail upon you.

CHREM. Am I knowingly to make my property a present to Bacchis? I'll not do *it*.

MEN. Why, we would not suffer *it*.

CLIT. If you desire me to live, father, do forgive me.

Sos. Do, my dear Chremes.

MEN. Come, Chremes, pray, don't be so obdurate.

CHREM. What *am I to do* here? I see I am not allowed to carry this through, as I had intended.

MEN. You are acting as becomes you.

CHREM. On this condition, then, I'll do it; if he does that which I think it right he *should do*.

CLIT. Father, I'll do anything; command me.

CHREM. You must take a wife.

CLIT. Father—

CHREM. I'll hear nothing.

MEN. I'll take it upon myself; he shall do so.

CHREM. I don't hear anything from *him* as yet.

CLIT. (*aside.*) I'm undone!

Sos. Do you hesitate, Clitipho?

CHREM. Nay, just as he likes.

MEN. He'll do it all.

Sos. This course, while you are making a beginning, is

¹ *And close with the offer*)—Ver. 1048. “Firmas.” This ratification or affirmation would be made by Menedemus using the formal word “Accipio,” “I accept.”

disagreeable, and while you are unacquainted with it. When you have become acquainted with it, *it will become easy.*

CLIT. I'll do it, father.

SOS. My son, upon my honour I'll give you that charming girl, whom you may soon become attached to, the daughter of our neighbour Phanocrata.

CLIT. What! that red-haired girl, with cat's eyes, freckled face,¹ and hooked nose? I cannot, father.

CHREM. Hey-day! how nice he is! You would fancy he had set his mind upon it.

SOS. I'll name another.

CLIT. Why no—since I must marry, I myself have one that I should pretty nearly make choice of.

SOS. Now, son, I commend you.

CLIT. The daughter of Archonides *here.*

SOS. I'm quite agreeable.

CLIT. Father, this now remains.

CHREM. What *is it?*

CLIT. I want you to pardon Syrus for what he has done for my sake.

CHREM. Be it so. (*To the Audience.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

¹ *Freckled face*)—Ver. 1060. Many take “sparso ore” here to mean “wide-mouthed.” Lemonnier thinks that must be the meaning, as he has analyzed the other features of her countenance. There is, however, no reason why he should not speak of her complexion; and it seems, not improbably, to have the same meaning as the phrase “os lenticinosum,” “a freckled face.”

ADELPHI; THE BROTHERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEMEA,¹ } Brothers, aged Athenians.
MICIO,² }
HEGIO,³ an aged Athenian, kinsman of Sostrata.
ÆSCHINUS,⁴ son of Demea, adopted by Micio.
CTESIPHO,⁵ another son of Demea.
SANNIO,⁶ a Procurer.
GETA,⁷ servant of Sostrata.
PARMENO,⁸ }
SYRUS,⁹ } servants of Micio.
DROMO,¹⁰ }
PAMPHILA,¹¹ a young woman beloved by Æschinus.
SOSTRATA,¹² a widow, mother of Pamphila.
CANTHARA,¹³ a Nurse.
A Music-Girl.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of Micio and SOSTRATA.

¹ From *δῆμος*, “the people.”

² From *Μικιών*, a Greek proper name.

³ From *ἡγεῖσθαι*, “to lead,” or “take charge of.”

⁴ From *αισχός*, “disgrace.”

⁵ From *κτησίς*, “a patrimony,” and *φῶς*, “light.”

⁶ From *σαννός*, “foolish.”

⁷ One of the nation of the Getae.

⁸ See the Dramatis Personæ of the Eunuchus.

⁹ From Syria, his native country.

¹⁰ See the Dramatis Personæ of the Andria.

¹¹ See the Dramatis Personæ of the Eunuchus.

¹² See the Dramatis Personæ of the Heautontimorumenos.

¹³ From *κανθαρός*, “a cup.”

THE SUBJECT.

MICRO and DEMEA are two brothers of dissimilar tempers. Demea is married, and lives a country life, while his brother remains single, and resides in Athens. Demea has two sons, the elder of whom, *Æschinus*, has been adopted by Micio. Being allowed by his indulgent uncle to gratify his inclinations without restraint, *Æschinus* has debauched Pamphila, the daughter of a widow named Sostrata. Having, however, promised to marry the young woman, he has been pardoned for the offence, and it has been kept strictly secret. Ctesipho, who lives in the country with his father under great restraint, on visiting the city, falls in love with a certain Music-girl, who belongs to the Procurer Sannio. To screen his brother, *Æschinus* takes the responsibility of the affair on himself, and succeeds in carrying off the girl for him. Demea, upon hearing of this, censures Micio for his ill-timed indulgence, the bad effects of which are thus exemplified in *Æschinus*; and at the same time lauds the steady conduct and frugality of Ctesipho, who has been brought up under his own supervision. Shortly after this, Sostrata hears the story about the Music-girl, at the very time that her daughter Pamphila is in labour. She naturally supposes that *Æschinus* has deserted her daughter for another, and hastens to acquaint Hegio, her kinsman, with the fact. Meantime Demea learns that Ctesipho has taken part in carrying off the Music-girl, whereon Syrus invents a story, and screens Ctesipho for the moment. Demea is next informed by Hegio of the conduct of *Æschinus* towards Pamphila. Wishing to find his brother, he is purposely sent on a fruitless errand by Syrus, on which he wanders all over the city to no purpose. Micio having now been informed by Hegio, and knowing that the intentions of *Æschinus* towards Pamphila are not changed, accompanies him to the house of Sostrata, whom he consoles by his promise that *Æschinus* shall marry her daughter. Demea then returns from his search, and, rushing into Micio's house, finds his son Ctesipho there carousing; on which he exclaims vehemently against Micio, who uses his best endeavours to soothe him, and finally with success. He now determines to become kind and considerate for the future. At his request, Pamphila is brought to Micio's house, and the nuptials are celebrated. Micio, at the earnest request of Demea and *Æschinus*, marries Sostrata; Hegio has a competency allowed him; and Syrus and his wife Phrygia are made free. The Play concludes with a serious warning from Demea, who advises his relatives not to squander their means in riotous living; but, on the contrary, to bear admonition and to submit to restraint in a spirit of moderation and thankfulness.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Funeral Games of *Æmilius Paulus*,¹ which were celebrated by Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus. L. Atilius Prænestinus and Minutius Prothimus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music for Sarranian flutes.² Taken from the Greek of Menander, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius being Consuls.³

¹ *Of Æmilius Paulus*) This Play (from the Greek 'Ἄδελφοι, "The Brothers") was performed at the Funeral Games of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, who was surnamed Macedonicus, from having gained a victory over Perseus, King of Macedon. He was so poor at the time of his decease, that they were obliged to sell his estate in order to pay his widow her dower. The Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were not, as some have thought, the Curule *Ædiles*, but two sons of Æmilius Paulus, who had taken the surnames of the families into which they had been adopted.

² *Sarranian flutes*) The "Sarranian" or "Tyrian" pipes, or flutes, are supposed to have been of a quick and mirthful tone; Madame Dacier has consequently with much justice suggested that the representation being on the occasion of a funeral, the title has not come down to us in a complete form, and that it was performed with the Lydian, or grave, solemn pipe, alternately with the Tyrian. This opinion is also strengthened by the fact that Donatus expressly says that it was performed to the music of Lydian flutes.

³ *Being Consuls*) L. Anicius Gallus and M. Cornelius Cethagus were Consuls in the year from the Building of the City 592, and B.C. 161.

ADELPHI; THE BROTHERS.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

As Demea has two *sons*, young men, he gives *Æschinus* to his brother Micio to be adopted *by him*; but he retains Ctesipho: him, captivated with the charms of a Music-girl, *and* under a harsh and strict father, his brother *Æschinus* screens; the scandal of the affair and the amour he takes upon himself; at last, he carries the Music-girl away from the Procurer. This same *Æschinus* has *previously* debauched a poor woman, a citizen of Athens, and has given his word that she shall be his wife. Demea upbraids him, *and* is greatly vexed; afterwards, however, when the truth is discovered, *Æschinus* marries *the girl* who has been debauched; *and*, his harsh father Demea *now* softened, Ctesipho retains the Music-girl.

THE PROLOGUE.

SINCE the Poet has found that his writings are carp'd at by unfair *critics*, and that his adversaries represent in a bad light *the Play* that we are about to perform, he shall give information about himself; you shall be the judges whether this ought to be esteemed to his praise or to his discredit. The *Synapothnescontes*¹ is a Comedy of Diphilus;² Plautus made it into a Play *called* the "Commorientes." In the Greek, there is a young man, who, at the early part of the Play, carries off a Courtesan from a Procurer; that part Plautus has entirely left out. This portion he has adopted in the *Adelphi*, *and* has transferred it, translated word for word. This new *Play* we are about to perform; determine *then* whether you think a theft has been committed, or a passage has been restored to notice which has been passed over in

¹ *Synapothnescontes*)—Ver. 6. Signifying "persons dying together." The "Commorientes" of Plautus is lost. It has been doubted by some, despite these words of Terence, if Plautus ever did write such a Play.

² *Of Diphilus*)—Ver. 6. Diphilus was a Greek Poet, contemporary with Menander.

neglect. For as to what these malevolent persons say, that men of noble rank assist him, and are always writing in conjunction with him—that which they deem to be a heavy crimination, he takes to be the highest praise; since he pleases those who please you all and the public; the aid of whom in war, in peace, in private business,¹ each one has availed himself of, on his own occasion, without *any* haughtiness *on their part*. Now then, do not expect the plot of the Play; the old men² who come first will disclose it in part; a part in the representation they will make known. Do you cause your impartial attention to increase the industry of the Poet in writing.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter MICIO, calling to a servant within.

MIC. Storax! Æschinus has not returned *home* from the entertainment last night, nor any of the servants who went to fetch him.³ (*To himself.*) Really, they say it with reason, if you are absent anywhere, or if you stay abroad any time, 'twere better for that to happen which *your* wife says against you, and which in her passion she imagines in her mind, than the things which fond parents *fancy*. A wife, if you stay long abroad, either imagines that you are in love or are beloved, or that you are drinking and indulging your inclination, and that you only are taking your pleasure, while she herself is miserable. As for myself, in consequence of my son not having returned home, what do I imagine? In what ways am I not disturbed? For fear lest he may either have

¹ *In war, in peace, in private business*)—Ver. 20. According to Donatus, by the words “*in bello*,” Terence is supposed to refer to his friend and patron Scipio; by “*in otio*,” to Furius Publius; and in the words “*in negotio*” to Lælius, who was famed for his wisdom.

² *The old men*)—Ver. 23. This is similar to the words in the Prologue to the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 16: “But expect nothing about the plot of this Play; the old men who will come hither will disclose the matter to you.”

³ *To fetch him*)—Ver. 24. “*Advorsum ierant.*” On the duties of the “adversitores,” see the Notes to Bohn’s Translation of Plautus.

taken cold,¹ or have fallen down somewhere, or have broken some *limb*. Oh dear! that any man should take it into his head, or find out what is dearer to *him* than he is to himself! And yet he is not my son, but my brother's. He is quite different in disposition. I, from my very youth upwards, have lived a comfortable town life, and *taken* my ease; and, what they esteem a piece of luck, I have never had a wife. He, on the contrary to all this, has spent his life in the country, and has always lived laboriously and penuriously. He married a wife, and has two sons. This one, the elder of them, I have adopted. I have brought him up from an infant, and considered and loved him as my own. In him I centre my delight; this *object* alone is dear to me. On the other hand, I take all due care that he may hold me equally dear: I give—I overlook; I do not judge it necessary to exert my authority in everything; in fine, the things that youth prompts to, and that others do unknown to their fathers, I have used my son not to conceal from me. For he, who, as the practice is, will dare to tell a lie to or to deceive his father, will still more dare to do so to others. I think it better to restrain children through a sense of shame and liberal treatment, than through fear. On these points my brother does not agree with me, nor do they please him. He often comes to me exclaiming, "What are you about, Micio? Why do you ruin for us this youth? Why does he intrigue? Why does he drink? Why do you supply him with the means for these goings on? You indulge him with too much dress; you are very inconsiderate." He himself is too strict, beyond what is just and reasonable; and he is very much mistaken, in my opinion, at all events, who thinks that an authority is more firm or more lasting which is established by force, than that which is founded on affection. Such is my mode of reason-

¹ *Either have taken cold*)—Ver. 36. Westerhovius observes that this passage seems to be taken from one in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, I. 721, *et seq.*: "Troth, if I had had them, enough anxiety should I have had from my children; I should have been everlastingly tormented in mind: but if perchance one had had a fever, I think I should have died. Or if one in liquor had tumbled anywhere from his horse, I should have been afraid that he had broken his legs or neck on that occasion." It may be remarked that there is a great resemblance between the characters of Micio here and Periplectomenus in the *Miles Gloriosus*.

ing; and thus do I persuade myself. He, who, compelled by harsh treatment, does his duty, so long as he thinks it will be known, is on his guard: if he hopes that it will be concealed, he again returns to his natural bent. He whom you have secured by kindness, acts from inclination; he is anxious to return like for like; present and absent, he will be the same. This is the duty of a parent, to accustom a son to do what is right rather of his own choice, than through fear of another. In this the father differs from the master: he who cannot do this, let him confess that he does not know how to govern children. But is not this the very man of whom I was speaking? Surely it is he. I don't know why it is I see him out of spirits; I suppose he'll now be scolding as usual. Demea, I am glad to see you well.¹

SCENE II.

Enter Demea.

DEM. Oh,—opportunely met; you are the very man I was looking for.²

MIC. Why are you out of spirits?

DEM. Do you ask me, when we have *such a son as Aeschinus*,³ why I'm out of spirits?

MIC. (*aside*) Did I not say it would be so? (*To Demea*.) What has he been doing?

DEM. What has he been doing? He, who is ashamed of nothing, and fears no one, nor thinks that any law can control him. But I pass by what has been previously done: what a thing he has just perpetrated!

MIC. Why, what is it?

DEM. He has broken open a door,⁴ and forced his way

¹ *To see you well*)—Ver. 81. Cooke remarks, that though there are several fine passages in this speech, and good observations on human life, yet it is too long a soliloquy.

² *I was looking for*)—Ver. 81. Donatus observes that the Poet has in this place improved upon Menander, in representing Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother than to return his compliments.

³ *Such a son as Aeschinus*)—Ver. 82. The passage pretty clearly means by “*ubi nobis Aeschinus sit*,” “when I've got such a son as Aeschinus.” Madame Dacier, however, would translate it: “Ask me—you, in whose house Aeschinus is?” thus accusing him of harbouring Aeschinus; a very forced construction, however.

⁴ *Broken open a door*)—Ver. 88. The works of Ovid and Plautus

into another person's house, beaten to death the master himself, and all the household, *and* carried off a wench whom he had a fancy for. All people are exclaiming that it was a most disgraceful proceeding. How many, Micio, told me of this as I was coming here? It is in every body's mouth. In fine, if an example must be cited, does he not see his brother giving his attention to business, *and* living frugally and soberly in the country? No action of his *is* like this. When I say this to him, Micio, I say it to you. You allow him to be corrupted.

MIC. Never is there anything more unreasonable than a man who wants experience, who thinks nothing right except what he himself has done.

DEM. What is the meaning of that?

MIC. Because, Demea, you misjudge these matters. It is no heinous crime, believe me, for a young man to intrigue or to drink; it is not; nor yet for him to break open a door. If neither I nor you did so, it was poverty that did not allow us to do *so*. Do you now claim that as a merit to yourself, which you then did from necessity? That is unfair; for if we had had the means to do so, we should have done *the same*. And, if you were a man, you would now suffer that *other son* of yours to act *thus* now, while his age will excuse it, rather than, when he has got you, after long wishing it, out of the way, he should still do *so*, at a future day, *and* at an age more unsuited.

DEM. O Jupiter! You, sir, are driving me to distraction. Is it not a heinous thing for a young man to do these things?

MIC. Oh! do listen to me, and do not everlastingly din me upon this subject. You gave me your son to adopt; he became mine; if he offends in anything, Demea, he offends against me: in that case I shall bear the greater part of *the inconvenience*. Does he feast,¹ does he drink, does he smell

show that it was no uncommon thing for riotous young men to break open doors; Ovid even suggests to the lover the expediency of getting into the house through the windows.

¹ *Does he feast*)—Ver. 117. Colman has the following observation here: “The mild character of Micio is contrasted by Cicero to that of a furious, savage, severe father, as drawn by the famous Comic Poet, Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the Oration for Cælius, in the

of perfumes,¹—it is at my cost. Does he intrigue, money shall be found by me, so long as it suits me ; when it shall be no *longer convenient*, probably he'll be shut out of doors.² Has he broken open a door—it shall be replaced ; has he torn any one's clothes—they shall be mended. Thanks to the Gods, I both have means for doing this, and *these things* are not as yet an annoyance. In fine, either desist, or else find some arbitrator *between us* : I will show that in this matter you are the most to blame.

DEM. Ah me! Learn to be a father from those who are really so.

MIC. You are his father by nature, I by my anxiety.

DEM. You, feel any anxiety?

MIC. Oh dear,—if you persist, I'll leave you.

DEM. Is it thus you act?

MIC. Am I so often to hear about the same thing?

DEM. I have some concern *for my son*.

MIC. I have some concern *for him* too ; but, Demea, let us each be concerned for his own share—you for the one, and I for the other. For, to concern yourself about both is almost the same thing as to demand him back again, whom you entrusted to me.

DEM. Alas, Micio!

MIC. So it seems to me.

DEM. What *am I to say* to this? If it pleases you, *henceforth*—let him spend, squander, *and* destroy ; it's nothing to me. If *I say* one word after this—

MIC. Again angry, Demea?

DEM. Won't you believe me? Do I demand him back whom I have entrusted? I am concerned for him ; I am not a stranger in blood ; if I do interpose—well, well, I have done. You desire me to concern myself for one of composition of which it is plain that the orator kept his eye pretty closely on our Poet. The passages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and severity which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the style of that author."

¹ *Smell of perfumes*)—Ver. 117. For an account of the "unguenta," or perfumes in use among the ancients, see the Notes to Bohn's Translation of Plautus.

² *Will be shut out of doors*)—Ver. 119. No doubt by his mistress, when she has drained him of his money, and not by Micio himself, as Colman says he was once led to imagine.

them,—I do concern myself; and I give thanks to the Gods, he is just as I would have him; that fellow of yours will find it out at a future day: I don't wish to say anything more harsh against him. (Exit.

SCENE III.

MICIO alone.

MIC. These things are¹ not nothing at all, nor yet all just as he says; still they do give me some uneasiness; but I was unwilling to show him that I took them amiss, for he is such a man; when I would pacify him, I steadily oppose and resist him; and in spite of it he hardly puts up with it like other men; but if I were to inflame, or even to humour his anger, I should certainly be as mad as himself. And yet Æschinus has done me some injustice in this affair. What courtesan has he not intrigued with? Or to which of them has he not made some present? At last, he recently told me that he wished to take a wife;² I suppose he was just then tired of them all. I was in hopes that the warmth of youth had now subsided; I was delighted. But look now, he is at it again; however, I am determined to know it, whatever it is, and to go meet the fellow, if he is at the Forum. (Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS and PARMENO with the MUSIC GIRL, followed by SANNIO and a crowd of people.

SAN. I beseech you, fellow citizens, do give aid to a miserable and innocent man; do assist the distressed.

¹ *These things are*)—Ver. 141. Donatus observes here, that Terence seems inclined to favour the part of mild fathers. He represents Micio as appalled at his adopted son's irregularities, lest if he should appear wholly unmoved, he should seem to be corrupting him, rather than to be treating him with only a proper degree of indulgence.

² *Wished to take a wife*)—Ver. 151. Donatus remarks here, that the art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant persons shall open the plot, as in the present instance,

ÆSCH. (*to the GIRL*) Be quiet, and now then stand here just where you are. Why do you look back? There's no danger; he shall never touch you while I am here.

SAN. I'll have her, in spite of all.

ÆSCH. Though he is a villain, he'll not risk, to-day, getting a second beating.

SAN. Hear me, Æschinus, that you may not say that you were in ignorance of my calling; I am a Procurer.¹

ÆSCH. I know it.

SAN. And of as high a character as any one ever was. When you shall be excusing yourself by-and-by, how that you wish this injury had not been done me, I shall not value it this (*snapping his fingers*). Depend upon it, I'll prosecute my rights; and you shall never pay with words for the evil that you have done me in deed. I know those *ways* of yours: "I wish it hadn't happened; I'll take my oath that you did not deserve this injustice;" while I myself have been treated in a disgraceful manner.

ÆSCH. (*to PARMENO*.) Go first with all despatch and open the door. (*PARMENO opens the door.*)

SAN. But you will avail nothing by this.

ÆSCH. (*To the GIRL*.) Now then, step in.

SAN. (*coming between.*) But I'll not let her.

ÆSCH. Step this way, Parmeno; you are gone too far that way; here (*pointing*), stand close by him; there, that's what I want. Now then, take care you don't move your eyes in any direction from mine, that there may be no delay if I give you the sign, to your fist being instantly planted in his jaws.

SAN. I'd have him then try that.

ÆSCH. (*to PARMENO*.) Now then, observe me.

PAR. (*to SANNIO*.) Let go the woman. (*Strikes him.*)

SAN. Oh! scandalous deed!

where we understand that Æschinus has mentioned to Micio his intention of taking a wife, though he has not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the ensuing parts of the Play, without forestalling any of the circumstances.

¹ *I am a Procurer*)—Ver. 161. He says this aloud, and with emphasis, relying upon the laws which were enacted at Athens in favour of the "lenones," whose occupation brought great profits to the state, from their extensive trading in slaves. It was forbidden to maltreat them under pain of being disinherited.

ÆSCH. He shall repeat it, if you don't take care. (PARMENO strikes him again.)

SAN. Oh shocking!

ÆSCH. (to PARMENO.) I didn't give the sign; but still make your mistakes on that side in preference. Now then, go. (PARMENO goes with the MUSIC GIRL into Micio's house.)

SAN. What is the meaning of this? Have you the sway here, Æschinus?

ÆSCH. If I had it, you should be exalted for your deserts.

SAN. What business have you with me?

ÆSCH. None.

SAN. How then, do you know who I am?

ÆSCH. I don't want to.

SAN. Have I touched anything of yours?

ÆSCH. If you had touched it, you'd have got a drubbing.

SAN. What greater right then have you to take my *property*, for which I paid *my* money? Answer me that.

ÆSCH. It were better for you not to be making a disturbance here before the house; for if you persist in being impertinent, you shall be dragged in at once, and there you shall be lashed to death with whips.

SAN. A free man, with whips?

ÆSCH. So it shall be.

SAN. Oh, you shameless fellow! Is this the place where they say there is equal liberty for all?

ÆSCH. If you have now raved enough, Procurer, now then listen, if you please.

SAN. Why, is it I that have been raving, or you against me?

ÆSCH. Leave alone *all* that, and come to the point.

SAN. What point? Where am I to come to?

ÆSCH. Are you willing now that I should say something that concerns you?

SAN. With all my heart, only so it be something that's fair.

ÆSCH. Very fine! a Procurer wishing me not to say what's unfair.

SAN. I am a Procurer,¹ I confess it—the common bane of youth—a perjurer, a *public* nuisance; still, no injury has befallen you from me.

¹ *I am a Procurer*)—Ver. 188. Westerhovius supposes this part to be a translation from the works of Diphilus.

ÆSCH. Why, faith, that remains to come—

SAN. Pray, Æschinus, do come back to the point at which you set out.

ÆSCH. You bought her for twenty minæ; and may your bargain never thrive! That sum shall be given *for her*.

SAN. What if I don't choose to sell her to you? Will you compel me?

ÆSCH. By no means.

SAN. I was afraid you would.

ÆSCH. Neither do I think that a woman can be sold who is free; for I claim her by action of freedom.¹ Now consider which you choose; take the money, or prepare yourself for the action. Think of it, Procurer, till I return.² (*He goes into the house of Micio.*)

SCENE II.

SANNIO, *alone*.

SAN. (*to himself.*) O supreme Jupiter! I do by no means wonder that men run mad through ill usage. He has dragged me out of my house, beaten me, taken my *property* away against my will, *and* has given me, unfortunate wretch, more than five hundred blows. In return for all this ill usage he demands *the girl* to be made over to him for just the same price at which she was bought. But however, since he has *so well deserved of me*, be it so: he demands what is his due. Very well, I consent then, provided he only gives the money. But I suspect this; when I have said that I will sell her for so much, he'll be getting witnesses forthwith that I have sold her.³ As to getting the money, it's all a dream. *Call again* by and by; come back to-morrow. I could bear with

¹ *By action of freedom*)—Ver. 194. “*Asserere liberati causā*,” was to assert the freedom of a person, with a determination to maintain it at law. The “*assertor*” laid hands upon the person, declaring that he or she was free; and till the cause was tried, the person whose freedom was claimed, remained in the hands of the “*assertor*.”

² *Till I return*)—Ver. 196. Colman has a curious remark here: “I do not remember, in the whole circle of modern comedy, a more natural picture of the elegant ease and indifference of a fine gentleman, than that exhibited in this Scene in the character of Æschinus.”

³ *That I have sold her*)—Ver. 204. He means, that if he only names

that too, hard as it is, if he would only pay it. But I consider this to be the fact; when you take up this trade, you must brook and bear in silence the affronts of *these* young fellows. However, no one will pay me; it's in vain for me to be reckoning upon that.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS, from the house of Micio.

SYR. (*speaking to Aeschinus within.*) Say no more; I myself will arrange with him; I'll make him glad to take the money at once, and say besides that he has been fairly dealt with. (*Addressing Sannio.*) Sannio, how is this, that I hear you have been having some dispute or other with my master?

SAN. I never saw a dispute on more unequal terms¹ than the one that has happened to-day between us; I, with being thumped, he, with beating me, were both of us quite tired.

SYR. Your own fault.

SAN. What could I do?

SYR. You ought to have yielded to the young man.

SAN. How could I more so, when to-day I have even afforded my face to his blows?

SYR. Well—are you aware of what I tell you? To slight money on some occasions is sometimes the surest gain. What!—were you afraid, you greatest simpleton alive, if you had parted with ever so little² of your right, and had humoured the young man, that he would not repay you with interest?

a price, Aeschinus will suborn witnesses to say that he has agreed to sell her, in which case Aeschinus will carry her off with impunity, and the laws will not allow him to recover her; as it will then be an ordinary debt, and he will be put off with all the common excuses used by debtors.

¹ *On more unequal terms*)—Ver. 212. “Certationem comparatam.” This was a term taken from the combats of gladiators, where it was usual to choose as combatants such as seemed most nearly a match for each other.

² *If you had parted with ever so little*)—Ver. 217. This passage is probably alluded to by Cicero, in his work, *De Officiis*, B. ii. c. 18; “For it is not only liberal sometimes to give up a little of one's rights, but it is also profitable.

SAN. I do not pay ready money for hope.

SYR. *Then* you'll never make a' fortune. Get out with you, Sannio ; you don't know how to take in mankind.

SAN. I believe that to be the better *plan*—but I was never so cunning as not, whenever I was able to get it, to prefer getting ready money.

SYR. Come, come, I know your spirit ; as if twenty minæ were anything at all to you in comparison to obliging him ; besides, they say that you are setting out for Cyprus—

SAN. (*aside.*) Hah!

SYR. That you have been buying up many things to take thither ; and that the vessel is hired. This I know, your mind is in suspense ; however, when you return thence, I hope you'll settle the matter.

SAN. Not a foot *do I stir* : Heavens ! I'm undone ! (*Aside.*) It was upon this hope they devised their project.

SYR. (*aside.*) He is alarmed. I've brought the fellow into a fix.

SAN. (*aside.*) Oh, what villainy !—Just look at that ; how he has nicked me in the very joint.¹ Several women have been purchased, and other things as well, for me to take to Cyprus.² If I don't get there to the fair, my loss will be very great. Then if I postpone this *business*, and settle it when I come back from there, it will be of no use ; the matter will be quite forgotten. “Come at last ?” *they'll say*. “Why did you delay it ? Where have you been ?” So that I had better lose it altogether than either stay here so long, or be suing for it then.

SYR. Have you by this reckoned³ up what you calculate will be your profits ?

¹ *In the very joint*)—Ver. 229. “Ut in ipso articulo oppressit.” Colman translates this, “Nick'd me to a hair.”

² *To take to Cyprus*)—Ver. 230. He alludes to a famous slave-market held in the Isle of Cyprus, whither merchants carried slaves for sale, after buying them up in all parts of Greece.

³ *Have you by this reckoned*)—Ver. 36. “Jamne enumerasti id quod ad te redditum putes ?” Colman renders this, “Well, have you calculated what's your due ?”—referring to the value of the Music-girl that has been taken away from him ; and thinks that the following conversation between Sannio and Syrus supports that construction. Madame Dacier puts another sense on the words, and understands them as alluding to Sannio's calculation of his expected profits at Cyprus.

SAN. Is this honorable of him? Ought *Æschinus* to attempt this? Ought he to endeavour to take her away from me by downright violence?

SYR. (*aside.*) He gives ground. (*To SANNIO.*) I have this one *proposal to make*; see if you fully approve of it. Rather than you should run the risk, Sannio, of getting or losing the whole, halve it. He will manage to scrape together ten minæ¹ from some quarter or other.

SAN. Ah me! unfortunate wretch, I am now in danger of even losing part of the principal. Has he no shame? He has loosened all my teeth; my head, too, is full of bumps with his cuffs; and would he defraud me as well? I shall go nowhere.

SYR. Just as you please. Have you anything more to say before I go?

SAN. Why yes, Syrus, i' faith, I have this to request. Whatever the matters that are past, rather than go to law, let what is my own be returned me; at least, Syrus, the sum she cost me. I know that you have not hitherto made trial of my friendship; you will have no occasion to say that I am unmindful or ungrateful.

SYR. I'll do the best I can. But I see Ctesiphon; he's in high spirits about his mistress.

SAN. What about what I was asking you?

SYR. Stay a little.

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO, at the other side of the stage.

CTES. From any man, when you stand in need of it, you are glad to receive a service; but of a truth it is doubly acceptable, if he does you a kindness who ought to do so. O brother, brother, how can I sufficiently commend you? This I am quite sure of; I can never speak of you in such high terms but that your deserts will surpass it. For I am of opinion that I possess this one thing in especial beyond all

¹ *Scrape together ten minæ*) — Ver. 242. Dopatus remarks, that Syrus knows very well that *Æschinus* is ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he may be glad to take the bare principal, and think himself well off into the bargain.

others, a brother than whom no individual is more highly endowed with the highest qualities.

SYR. O Ctesipho!

CTES. O Syrus, where is *Æschinus*?

SYR. Why, look—he's at home, waiting for you.

CTES. (*speaking joyously.*) Ha!

SYR. What's the matter?

CTES. What's the matter? 'Tis through him, Syrus, that I am now alive—generous creature! Has he not deemed everything of secondary importance to himself in comparison with my happiness? The reproach, the discredit, my own amour and imprudence, he has taken upon himself. There can be nothing beyond this; but what means that noise at the door?

SYR. Stay, stay; 'tis *Æschinus* himself coming out.

SCENE V.

Enter Æschinus, from the house of Micio.

ÆSCH. Where is that villain?

SAN. (*aside.*) He's looking for me.¹ Is he bringing anything *with him?* Confusion! I don't see anything.

ÆSCH. (*to Ctesipho.*) Ha! well met; you are the very man I was looking for. How goes it, Ctesipho? All is safe: away then with your melancholy.

CTES. By my troth, I certainly will away with it, when I have such a brother as you. O my *dear Æschinus!* O my brother! Alas! I am unwilling to praise you any more to your face, lest you should think I do so rather for flattery than through gratitude.

ÆSCH. Go to, you simpleton! as though we didn't by this time understand each other, Ctesipho. This grieves me, that we knew of it almost too late, and that the matter had come to such a pass, that if all mankind had wished they could not possibly have assisted you.

CTES. I felt ashamed.

¹ *He's looking for me*)—Ver. 265. Donatus remarks upon the readiness with which Sannio takes the appellation of “sacrilegus.” as adapted to no other person than himself.

ÆSCH. Pooh! that is folly, not shame; about such a trifling matter *to be* almost *flying* the country!¹ 'Tis shocking to be mentioned; I pray the Gods may forbid it!

CTES. I did wrong.

ÆSCH. (*in a lower voice.*) What says Sannio to us at last?

SYR. He is pacified at last.

ÆSCH. I'll go to the Forum to pay him off; you, Ctesipho, step in-doors to her.

SAN. (*aside to SYRUS.*) Syrus, do urge *the matter*.

SYR. (*to ÆSCHINUS.*) Let us be off, for he is in haste for Cyprus.²

SAN. Not particularly so; although still, I'm stopping here doing nothing at all.

SYR. It shall be paid, don't fear.

SAN. But he is to pay it all.

SYR. He shall pay it all; only hold your tongue and follow *us* this way.

SAN. I'll follow.

CTES. (*as SYRUS is going.*) Harkye, harkye, Syrus.

SYR. (*turning back.*) Well now, what is it?

CTES. (*aside.*) Pray do discharge that most abominable fellow as soon as possible; for fear, in case he should become more angry, by some means or other this matter should reach my father, and then I should be ruined for ever.

SYR. That shall not happen, be of good heart; meanwhile enjoy yourself in-doors with her, and order the couches³ to be spread for us, and the other things to be got ready. As soon as *this* business is settled, I shall come home with the provisions.

CTES. Pray *do* so. Since this has turned out so well, let us

¹ *Flying the country*)—Ver. 275. Donatus tells us, that in Menander the young man was on the point of killing himself. Terence has here softened it into leaving the country. Colman remarks: “We know that the circumstance of carrying off the Music-girl was borrowed from Diphilus; yet it is plain from Donatus that there was also an intrigue by Ctesipho in the Play of Menander; which gives another proof of the manner in which Terence used the Greek Comedies.”

² *He is in haste for Cyprus*)—Ver. 278. Donatus remarks that this is a piece of malice on the part of Syrus, for the purpose of teasing Sannio.

³ *Order the couches*)—Ver. 285. Those used for the purpose of reclining on at the entertainment.

make a cheerful day of it. (CTESIPHO goes into the house of MICON; and exeunt AESCHINUS and SYRUS, followed by SANNIO.)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter SOSTRATA and CANTHARA, from the house of the former.

Sos. Prithee, my dear nurse, how is it like to end?

Can. Like to end, do you ask? I' troth, right well, I trust.

Sos. Her pains are just beginning, my dear.

Can. You are in a fright now, just as though you had never been present on such an occasion—never been in labour yourself.

Sos. Unfortunate woman that I am! I have not a person at home; we are quite alone; Geta too is absent. I have no one to go for the midwife, or to fetch AESCHINUS.

Can. I' faith, he'll certainly be here just now, for he never lets a day pass without visiting us.

Sos. He is my sole comfort in my afflictions.

Can. Things could not have happened, mistress, more for the advantage of your daughter than they have, seeing that violence was offered her; so far as he is concerned, it is most lucky,—such a person, of such disposition and feelings, a member of so respectable a family.

Sos. It is indeed as you say; I entreat the Gods that he may be preserved to us. (They stand apart, on seeing GETA.)

SCENE II.

Enter GETA, on the other side of the stage.

GETA (to himself.) Now such is our condition, that if all were to combine all their counsels, and to seek a remedy for this mischief that has befallen myself, my mistress, and her daughter, they could find no relief. Oh wretched me! so many calamities beset us on a sudden, we cannot possibly

extricate ourselves. Violence, poverty, oppression, desertion, infamy! What an age is this! O shocking villany! O accursed race! O impious man!—

Sos. Unhappy me! How is it that I see Geta hurrying along thus terrified?

GETA (*continuing.*) When neither promises, nor oaths, nor compassion could move or soften; nor yet the fact that the delivery was nigh at hand of the unfortunate woman on whom he had so shamefully committed violence.

Sos. (*apart to CANTHARA.*) I don't well understand what he is talking about.

CAN. Pray, let us go nearer to him, Sostrata.

GETA (*continuing.*) Ah wretched me! I am scarcely master of my senses, I am so inflamed with anger. There is nothing that I would like better than for all that family to be thrown in my way, that I might give vent to all *my* wrath upon them while this wound is still fresh. I could be content with any punishment, so I might only wreak my vengeance on them. First, I would stop the breath of the old fellow himself who gave being to this monster; then as for his prompter, Syrus, out upon him! how I would tear him piece-meal! I would snatch him by the middle up aloft, and dash him head downwards upon the earth, so that with his brains he would bestrew the road: I would pull out the eyes of the young fellow himself, and afterwards hurl him headlong *over some precipice*. The others I would rush upon, drive, drag, crush, and trample them *under foot*. But why do I delay at once to acquaint my mistress with this calamity? (*Moves as if going.*)

Sos. (*to CANTHARA.*) Let us call him back. Geta—

GETA. Well—leave me alone,¹ whoever you are.

Sos. 'Tis I,—Sostrata.

GETA (*turning round.*) Why, where are you? You are the very person I am looking for. I was in quest of you; it's very fortunate you have met me.

Sos. What's the matter? Why are you trembling?

¹ *Leave me alone*)—Ver. 321. Quoting from Madame Dacier, Colman has this remark here: "Geta's reply is founded on a frolicsome but ill-natured custom which prevailed in Greece—to stop the slaves in the streets, and designedly keep them in chat, so that they might be lashed when they came home for staying out so long."

GETA. Alas! alas!

Sos. My dear Geta, why in such haste? Do take breath.

GETA. Quite—— (*pauses.*)

Sos. Why, what means this "quite"?

GETA. Undone. It's all over with us.

Sos. Say; then, I intreat you, what is the matter.

GETA. Now——

Sos. What "now," Geta?

GETA. *Æ*schinus——

Sos. What about him?

GETA. Has abandoned our family.

Sos. Then I am undone! Why so?

GETA. He has attached himself to another woman.

Sos. Woe unto wretched me!

GETA. And he makes no secret of it; he himself has carried her off openly from a procurer.

Sos. Are you quite sure of this?

GETA. Quite sure; I saw it myself, Sostrata, with these same eyes.

Sos. Ah wretched me! What is one now to believe, or whom believe? Our own *Æ*schinus, the *very* life of us all, in whom all our hopes and comforts were centered! Who used to swear he could never live a single day without her! Who used to say, that he would place the infant on his father's knees,¹ and thus intreat that he might be allowed to make her his wife!

GETA. Dear mistress, forbear weeping, and rather consider what must be done for the future in this matter. Shall we submit to it, or shall we tell it to any person?

CAN. Pooh, pooh! are you in your senses, my *good* man? Does this seem to you a business to be made known to any one?

GETA. I, indeed, have no wish for it. In the first place, then, that his feelings are estranged from us, the thing itself declares. Now, if we make this known, he'll deny it, I'm quite sure; your reputation and your daughter's character will then be in danger. On the other hand, if he were fully to confess it, as he is in love with another woman, it would not

¹ *On his father's knees*)—Ver. 333. It was a prevalent custom with the Greeks to place the newly born child upon the knee of its grandfather.

be to her advantage to be given to him. Therefore, under either circumstance, there is need of silence.

Sos. Oh! by no means in the world! I'll not do it.

GETA. What is it you say?

Sos. I'll make it known.

GETA. Ha, my *dear* Sostrata, take care what you do!

Sos. The matter cannot possibly be in a worse position than it is at present. In the first place, she has no portion; then, besides, that which was as good as a portion, *her honor*, is lost: she cannot be given in marriage as a virgin. This *resource* is left; if he should deny it, I have a ring which he lost as evidence of *the truth*. In fine, Geta, as I am fully conscious that no blame attaches to me, and that neither interest nor any consideration unworthy of her or of myself has had a share in this matter, I will make trial—

GETA. What am I to say to this? I agree, as you speak for the best.

Sos. You be off as fast as possible, and relate all the matter just as it has happened to her kinsman Hegio; for he was the best friend of our *lamented* Simulus, and has shown especial regard for us.

GETA (*aside.*) Aye, faith, because nobody else takes any notice of *us*.

Sos. Do you, my *dear* Canthara, run with all haste, *and* fetch the midwife, so that, when she is wanted, we may not have to wait for her. (*SOSTRATA goes into the house, and exit GETA and CANTHARA.*)

SCENE III.

Enter DEMEA.

DEM. (*to himself.*) Utterly undone! I hear that Ctesipho was with *Æschinus* at the carrying off of *this girl*. This sorrow *still* remains for unhappy me, should *Æschinus* be able to seduce *him*, even *him*, who promises so fair, to a course of debauchery. Where am I to inquire for *him*? I doubt he has been carried off to some bad house; that profligate has persuaded *him*, I'm quite sure. But look—I see Syrus coming *this way*, I shall now know from *him* where *he* is. But, i' faith, *he* is one of the *gang*; if *he* perceives that I

am looking for him, the rascal will never tell me. I'll not let him know what I want.

SCENE IV.

Enter SYRUS, at the other side of the stage.

SYR. (*to himself.*) We just now told the old gentleman the whole affair just as it happened; I never did see any one more delighted.

DEM. (*apart.*) O Jupiter! the folly of the man!

SYR. (*continuing*) He commended his son. To me, who put them upon this project, he gave thanks—

DEM. (*apart.*) I shall burst asunder.

SYR. (*continuing.*) He told down the money instantly, and gave me half a mina besides to spend. That was laid out quite to my liking.

DEM. (*apart.*) Very fine—if you would wish a thing to be nicely managed, entrust it to this *fellow*.

SYR. (*overhearing him.*) Ha, Demea! I didn't see you; how goes it?

DEM. How should it go? I cannot enough wonder at your mode of living *here*.

SYR. Why, really silly enough, and, to speak without disguise, *altogether* absurd. (*Calls at the door of Micio's house.*) Dromo, clean the rest of the fish; let the largest conger-eel play a little in the water; when I come *back* it shall be boned;¹ not before.

DEM. Is profligacy like this—

SYR. As for myself, it isn't to my taste, and I often exclaim *against it*. (*Calls at the door.*) Stephanio, take care that the salt fish is well soaked.

DEM. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! is he doing this for any purpose of his own, or does he think it creditable to ruin his son? Wretch that I am! methinks I already see the day when *Aeschinus* will be running away for want, to serve somewhere or other as a soldier.²

¹ *It shall be boned*)—Ver. 378. The operation of boning conger-eels is often mentioned in Plautus, from whom we learn that they were best when eaten in that state, and cold.

² *Serve somewhere or other as a soldier*)—Ver. 385. See a similar passage in the *Trinummus* of Plautus, l. 722, whence it appears that it

SYR. O Demea! that is wisdom *indeed*,—not only to look at the present moment, but also to look forward to what's to come.

DEM. Well—is this Music-girl still with you?

SYR. Why, yes, she's in-doors.

DEM. How now—is he going to keep her at home?

SYR. I believe so; such is his madness!

DEM. Is it possible?

SYR. An imprudent lenity in his father, and a vicious indulgence.

DEM. Really, I am ashamed and grieved at my brother.

SYR. Demea! between you there is a great—I do not say it because you are here present—a too great difference. You are, every bit of you, nothing but wisdom; he a *mere* dreamer. Would you indeed have suffered that son of yours to act *thus*?

DEM. I, suffer him? Would I not have smelt it out six months before he attempted it?

SYR. Need I be told by you of your foresight?

DEM. I pray he may only continue the same he is at present!

SYR. Just as each person wishes his son to be, so he turns out.

DEM. What news of him? Have you seen him to-day?

SYR. What, your son? (*Aside.*) I'll pack him off into the country. (*To DEMEA.*) I fancy he's busy at the farm long before this.

DEM. Are you quite sure he is there?

SYR. What!—when I saw him part of the way *myself*—

DEM. Very good. I was afraid he might be loitering here.

SYR. And extremely angry too.

DEM. Why so?

SYR. He attacked his brother in the Forum with strong language about this Music-girl.

DEM. Do you really say so?

SYR. Oh dear, he didn't at all mince the matter; for just

was the practice for young men of ruined fortunes to go and offer their services as mercenaries to some of the neighbouring potentates. Many of the ten thousand who fought for the younger Cyrus at the battle of Cunaxa, and were led back under the command of Xenophon, were, doubtless, of this class.

as the money was being counted out, the gentleman came upon us by chance, *and* began exclaiming, "Oh Æschinus, that you should perpetrate these enormities! that you should be guilty of actions *so* disgraceful to our family!"

DEM. Oh, I shall weep for joy.

SYR. "By this you are not squandering your money *only*, but your reputation."

DEM. May he be preserved to me! I trust he will be like his forefathers. (*Weeping.*)

SYR. (*aside.*) Heyday!

DEM. Syrus, he is full of these maxims.

SYR. (*aside.*) Strange, indeed! He had the means at home of learning them.

DEM. I do everything I can; I spare no pains; I train him up to it: in fine, I bid him look into the lives of men, as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself. Do this, *I say*—

SYR. Quite right.

DEM. Avoid that—

SYR. Very shrewd.

DEM. This is praiseworthy—

SYR. That's the *thing*.

DEM. That is considered blameable—

SYR. Extremely good.

DEM. And then, moreover—

SYR. Upon my honor, I have not the leisure to listen to you just at present: I have got some fish just to my taste, *and* must take care they are not spoiled; for that would be as much a crime in me, as for you, Demea, not to observe those maxims which you have just been mentioning; and so far as I can, I lay down precepts for my fellow-servants on the very same plan; "this is *too* salt, that is quite burnt up, this is not washed enough, that is *very* well done; remember *and do* so another time." I carefully instruct them so far as I can to the best of my capacity. In short, Demea, I bid them look into their saucepans as though into a mirror,¹ and suggest to them what they ought to do. I am sensible these things are trifling which we do; but what is one to do? Ac-

¹ *As though into a mirror*)—Ver. 428. He parodies the words of Demea in l. 415, where he speaks of looking into the lives of men as into a mirror.

cording as the man is, so must you humour him. Do you wish anything else?

DEM. That more wisdom may be granted you.

SYR. You will be going off into the country, *I suppose?*

DEM. Directly.

SYR. For what should you do here, where, if you do give any good precepts, no one will regard them? (*Goes into Micio's house.*)

SCENE V.

DEMEA, *alone.*

DEM. (*to himself.*) I certainly will be off, as he on whose account I came hither has gone into the country. I have a care for him: that alone is my own concern, since my brother will have it so; let him look to the other himself. But who is it I see yonder at a distance? Isn't it Hegio of our tribe?¹ If I see right, i' faith, it is he. Ah, a man I have been friendly with from a child! Good Gods! we certainly have a great dearth of citizens of that stamp now-a-days, with the old-fashioned virtue and honesty. Not in a hurry will any misfortune accrue to the public from him. How glad I am to find some remnants of this race even still remaining; now I feel some pleasure in living. I'll wait here for him, to ask him how he is, and have some conversation with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO and GETA, conversing, at a distance.

HEG. Oh immortal Gods! a disgraceful action, Geta! What is it you tell me?

GETA. Such is the fact.

¹ *Of our tribe*)—Ver. 439. Solon divided the Athenians into ten tribes, which he named after ten of the ancient heroes: Erechtheis, Ægeis, Pandionis, Leontis, Acamantis, Æneis, Cecrops, Hippothoontis, Æantis, and Antiochis. These tribes were each divided into ten Demi.

HEG. That so ignoble a deed should come from that family! Oh Æschinus, assuredly you haven't taken after your father in that!

DEM. (*apart.*) Why surely, he has heard this about the Music-girl; that gives him concern, *though* a stranger; this father of *his* thinks nothing of it. Ah me! I wish he were somewhere close at hand to overhear this.

HEG. Unless they do as they ought *to do*, they shall not come off so easily.

GETA. All our hopes, Hegio, are centered in you; you we have for *our* only *friend*; you are our protector, our father. The old man, *Simulus*, when dying recommended us to you; if you forsake us, we are undone.

HEG. Beware how you mention *that*; I neither will do it, nor do I think that, with due regard to the ties of relationship, I could.

DEM. (*apart.*) I'll accost him. (*Approaches HEGIO.*) Hegio, I bid you welcome right heartily.

HEG. (*starting.*) Oh! you are the very man I was looking for. Greetings to you, Demea.

DEM. Why, what's the matter?

HEG. Your eldest son Æschinus, whom you gave to your brother to adopt, has been acting the part of neither an honest man nor a gentleman.

DEM. What has he been doing?

HEG. You knew my friend and year's-mate, Simulus?

DEM. Why not?

HEG. He has debauched his daughter, a virgin.

DEM. Hah!

HEG. Stay, Demea. You have not yet heard the worst.

DEM. Is there anything still worse?

HEG. Worse, by far: for this indeed might in some measure have been borne with. The hour of night prompted him; passion, wine, young blood; 'tis human nature. When he was sensible of what he had done, he came voluntarily to the girl's mother, weeping, praying, entreating, pledging his honor, vowing that he would take her home.¹ *The affair* was pardoned, hushed up, his word taken. The girl from that intercourse became pregnant: *this* is the tenth month. He, worthy fellow, has provided himself, if it please the

¹ *Would take her home*)—Ver. 473. As his wife.

Gods, with a Music-girl to live with; the other he has cast off.

DEM. Do you say this for certain?

HEG. The mother of the young woman is among us,¹ the young woman too; the fact *speaks for* itself; this Geta, besides, according to the common run of servants, not a bad one or of idle habits; he supports them; alone, maintains the whole family; take him, bind him,² examine him upon the matter.

GETA. Aye, faith, put me to the torture, Demea, if such is not the fact: besides, he will not deny it. Confront⁴ me with him.

DEM. (aside.) I am ashamed; and what to do, or how to answer him, I don't know.

PAM. (crying out within the house of SOSTRATA.) Ah me! I am racked with pains! Juno Lucina,³ bring aid, save me, I beseech thee!

HEG. Hold; is she in labour, pray?

GETA. No doubt of it, Hegio.

HEG. Ah! she is now imploring your protection, Demea; let her obtain from you spontaneously what the power of the law compels you to give. I do entreat the Gods that what befits you, may at once be done. But if your sentiments are otherwise, Demea, I will defend both them and him who is dead to the utmost of my power. He was my kinsman:⁴ we were brought up together from children, we were companions in the wars and at home, together we experienced the hardships of poverty. I will therefore exert myself, strive, use all methods, in fine lay down my life, rather than forsake these women. What answer do you give me?

DEM. I'll go find my brother, Hegio: the advice he gives me upon this matter I'll follow.⁵

¹ *Is among us*)—Ver. 479. “In medio,” “is alive,” or “in the midst of us.”

² *Take him, bind him*)—Ver. 482. In allusion to the method of examining slaves, by binding and torturing them.

³ *Juno Lucina*)—Ver. 487. So in the *Andria*, l. 473, where Glycerium is overtaken with the pains of labour, she calls upon Juno Lucina.

⁴ *He was my kinsman*)—Ver. 494. In the *Play of Menander*, Hegio was the brother of Sostrata.

⁵ *Upon this matter I'll follow*)—Ver. 500. “Is, quod mihi de hac redederat consilium, id sequar.” Colman has the following Note on

HEG. But, Demea, take you care and reflect upon this: the more easy you are in your circumstances, the more powerful, wealthy, affluent, *and* noble you are, so much the more ought you with equanimity to observe *the dictates of justice*, if you would have yourselves esteemed as men of probity.

DEM. Go back *now*;¹ everything shall be done that is proper to be done.

HEG. It becomes you to act *thus*. Geta, shew me in to Sostrata. (*Follows GETA into Sostrata's house.*)

DEM. (*to himself.*) Not without warning on my part have these things happened: I only wish it may end here; but this immoderate indulgence will undoubtedly lead to some great misfortune. I'll go find my brother, and vent these feelings upon him. (Exit.)

SCENE VII.

Enter HEGIO, from Sostrata's house, and speaking to her within.

HEG. Be of good heart,² Sostrata, and take care and console her as far as you can. I'll go find Micio, if he is at the Forum, and acquaint him with the whole circumstances in their order; if so it is that he will do his duty *by you*, let him do so; but if his sentinents are otherwise about this matter, let him give me his answer, that I may know at once what I am to do. (Exit.)

this passage: "Madame Dacier rejects this line, because it is also to be found in the Phormio. But it is no uncommon thing with our author to use the same expression or verse for different places, especially on familiar occasions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemistich is rather lame without it. The propriety of consulting Micio, or Demea's present ill-humour with him, are of no consequence. The old man is surprised at Hegio's story, does not know what to do or say, and means to evade giving a positive answer, by saying that he would consult his brother."

¹ *Go back now*)—Ver. 506. "Redite." Demea most probably uses this word, because Hegio has come back to him to repeat the last words for the sake of greater emphasis.

² *Be of good heart*)—Ver. 512. Colman has the following Note here: "Donatus tells us, that in some old copies this whole Scene was wanting, Guyetus therefore entirely rejects it. I have not ventured

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter CTESIPHO and SYRUS from the house of Micio.

CTES. My father gone into the country, say you?

SYR. (*with a careless air.*) Some time since.

CTES. Do tell me, I beseech you.

SYR. He is at the farm at this very moment,¹ I warrant—hard at some work or other.

CTES. I really wish, provided it be done with no prejudice to his health, I wish that he may so effectually tire himself, that, for the next three days together, he may be unable to arise from his bed.

SYR. So be it, and anything still better than that,² if possible.

CTES. Just so; for I do most confoundedly wish to pass this whole day in merry-making as I have begun it; and for no reason do I detest that farm so heartily as for its being so near town. If it were at a greater distance, night would overtake him there before he could return hither again. Now, when he doesn't find me there, he'll come running back here. I'm quite sure; he'll be asking me where I have been, that I have not seen him all this day: what am I to say?

SYR. Does nothing suggest itself to your mind?

CTES. Nothing whatever.

SYR. So much the worse³—have you no client, friend, or guest?

to take that liberty; but must confess that it appears to me, if not suppo sititious, at least cold and superfluous, and the substance of it had better been supposed to have passed between Hegio and Sostrata within."

¹ *At this very moment*)—Ver. 519. It is very doubtful whether the words "cum maxime" mean to signify exactly "at this moment," or are intended to signify the intensity with which Demea is labouring.

² *Anything still better than that*)—Ver. 522. Lemaire suggests that by these words Syrus intends to imply that he should not care if Demea were never to arise from his bed, but were to die there. Ctesiphon only taking him heartily to second his own wishes for the old man's absence, answers affirmatively "ita," "by all means," "exactly so."

³ *So much the worse*)—Ver. 529. Schmieder observes that "tan-

CTES. I have ; what then ?

SYR. You have been engaged with them.

CTES. When I have not been engaged ? That can never do.

SYR. It may.

CTES. During the daytime ; but if I pass the night here, what excuse can I make, Syrus ?

SYR. Dear me, how much I do wish it was the custom for one to be engaged with friends at night as well ! But you be easy ; I know his humour perfectly well. When he raves the most violently, I can make him as gentle as a lamb.

CTES. In what way ?

SYR. He loves to hear you praised : I make a god of you to him, *and* recount your virtues.

CTES. What, mine ?

SYR. Yours ; immediately the tears fall from him as from a child, for *very* joy. (*Starting.*) Hah ! take care.—

CTES. Why, what's the matter ?

SYR. The wolf in the fable¹—

CTES. What ! my father ?

SYR. His own self.

CTES. What shall we do, Syrus ?

SYR. You only be off in-doors, I'll see to that.

"nequier" might have two meanings,—“so much the worse *for us*,” or, as the spectators might understand it, “so much the more worthless you.”

¹ *The wolf in the fable*)—Ver. 538. This was a proverbial expression, tantamount to our saying, “Talk of the devil, he's sure to appear.” Servius, in his Commentary on the Ninth Eclogue of Virgil, says that the saying arose from the common belief that the person whom a wolf sets his eyes upon is deprived of his voice, and thence came to be applied to a person who, coming upon others in the act of talking about him, necessarily put a stop to their conversation. Cooke says, in reference to this passage, “This certainly alludes to a Fable of Esop's, of the Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape: which is translated by Phaedrus, and is the tenth of his First Book.” It is much more certain that Cooke is mistaken here, and that the fable of the arbitration of the Ape between the Wolf and the Fox has nothing to do with this passage. If it alludes to any fable (which from the expression itself is not at all unlikely), it is more likely to be that where the Nurse threatens that the wolf shall take the naughty Child, on which he makes his appearance, but is disappointed in his expectations, or else that of the Shepherd-boy and the Wolf. See the Stichus of Plautus, l. 57, where the same expression occurs.

CTES. If he makes any enquiries, you *have seen* me nowhere; do you hear?

SYR. Can you not be quiet? (*They retreat to the door of Micio's house, and Ctesiphon stands in the doorway.*)

SCENE II.

Enter Demea, on the other side of the stage.

DEM. (*to himself.*) I certainly am an unfortunate man. In the first place, I can find my brother nowhere; and then, in the next place, while looking for him, I met a day-labourer¹ from the farm; he says that my son is not in the country, and what to do I know not—

CTES. (*apart.*) Syrus!

SYR. (*apart.*) What's the matter?

CTES. (*apart.*) Is he looking for me?

SYR. (*apart.*) Yes.

CTES. (*apart.*) Undone!

SYR. (*apart.*) Nay, do be of good heart.

DEM. (*to himself*) Plague on it! what ill luck is this? I cannot really account for it, unless I suppose myself *only* born for the purpose of enduring misery. I am the first to feel our misfortunes; the first to know of them all; then the first to carry the news; I am the only one, if anything does go wrong, to take it to heart.

SYR. (*apart.*) I'm amused at him; he says that he is the first to *know of everything*, while he is the only one ignorant of everything.

DEM. (*to himself.*) I've now come back; and I'll go see whether perchance my brother has yet returned.

CTES. (*apart.*) Syrus, pray do take care that he doesn't suddenly rush in upon us here.

SYR. (*apart.*) Now will you hold your tongue? I'll take care.

CTES. (*apart.*) Never this day will I depend on your management for that, upon my faith, for I'll shut myself up

¹ *Met a day-labourer*)—Ver. 542. Donatus remarks that the Poet artfully contrives to detain Demea in town, his presence being necessary in the latter part of the Play.

with her in some cupboard¹—that's the safest. (*Goes into the house.*)

SYR. (*apart.*) Do so, still I'll get rid of him.

DEM. (*seeing SYRUS.*) But see! there's that rascal, Syrus.

SYR. (*aloud, pretending not to see DEMEA.*) Really, upon my faith, no person can stay here, if this is to be the case! For my part, I should like to know how many masters I have—what a cursed condition this is!

DEM. What's he whining about? What does he mean? How say you, good sir, is my brother at home?

SYR. What the plague do you talk to me about, "good sir"? I'm quite distracted!

DEM. What's the matter with you?

SYR. Do you ask the question? Ctesipho has been beating me, poor wretch, and that Music-girl, almost to death.

DEM. Ha! what is it you tell me?

SYR. Ay, see how he has cut my lip. (*Pretends to point to it.*)

DEM. For what reason?

SYR. He says that she was bought by my advice.

DEM. Did not you tell me, a short time since, that you had seen him on his way into the country?

SYR. I did; but he afterwards came back, raving like a madman; he spared nobody—ought he not to have been ashamed to beat an old man? Him whom, only the other day, I used to carry about in my arms when thus high? (*Showing.*)

DEM. I commend him; O Ctesipho, you take after your father. Well, I do pronounce you a man.

SYR. Command him? Assuredly he will keep his hands to himself in future, if he's wise.

DEM. 'Twas done with spirit.

SYR. Very much so, to be beating a poor woman, and me, a slave, who didn't dare strike him in return; heyday! very spirited indeed!

DEM. He could not *have done* better: he thought the same as I *did*, that you *were* the principal in this affair. But is my brother within?

¹ *With her in some cupboard*)—Ver. 553. Donatus observes that the young man was silly in this, for if discovered to be there he would be sure to be caught. His object, however, for going there would be that he might not be discovered.

SYR. He is not.

DEM. I'm thinking where to look for him.

SYR. I know where he is—but I shall not tell you at present.

DEM. Ha! what's that you say?

SYR. *I do say so.*

DEM. Then I'll break your head for you this instant.

SYR. I can't tell the person's name *he's gone to*, but I know the place where he lives.

DEM. Tell me the place then.

SYR. Do you know the portico down this way, just by the shambles? (*Pointing in the direction.*)

DEM. How should I but know it?

SYR. Go straight along, right up that street; when you come there, there is a descent right opposite that goes downwards, go straight down that; afterwards, on this side (*extending one hand*), there is a chapel: close by it is a narrow lane, where there's also a great wild fig-tree.

DEM. I know it.

SYR. Go through that—

DEM. But that lane is not a thoroughfare.

SYR. I faith, that's true; dear, dear, would you take me to be in my senses?¹ I made a mistake. Return to the portico; indeed that will be a much nearer way, and there is less going round about: you know the house of Cratinus, the rich man?

DEM. I know it.

SYR. When you have passed that, keep straight along that street on the left hand;² when you come to the Temple of Diana, turn to the right; before you come to the *city gate*,³ just by that pond, there is a baker's shop, and opposite to it a joiner's; there he is.

¹ *Take me to be in my senses*)—Ver. 580. “Censen hominem me esse?” literally, “Do you take me to be a human being?” meaning, “Do you take me to be a person in my common senses?”

² *Street on the left hand*)—Ver. 583. Theobald, in his edition of Shakspeare, observes that the direction given by Lancelot in the Merchant of Venice seems to be copied from that given here by Syrus: “Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.”

³ *Come to the city gate*)—Ver. 584. From this we discover that Demæs is being sent to the very extremity of the town, as Donatus informs

DEM. What is he doing there?

SYR. He has given some couches to be made, with oaken legs, for use in the open air.¹

DEM. For you to carouse upon! Very fine! But *why* do I delay going to him? (Exit.

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

SYR. Go, by all means. I'll work you to-day, *you skeleton*,² as you deserve. *Æschinus* loafers intolerably; the breakfast's spoiling; and as for *Ctesipho*, he's head and ears in love.³ I shall now think of myself, for I'll be off at once, and pick out the very nicest bit, and, leisurely sipping my cups,⁴ I'll lengthen out the day. (*Goes into the house.*)

us that ponds of water were always close to the gates of towns, for the purpose of watering the beasts of burden, and of having a supply at hand in case the enemy should set fire to the city gates.

¹ *The open air*)—Ver. 586. *Donatus* remarks that it was usual for the Greeks to sit and drink in the sun; and that *Syrus* being suddenly asked this question shows his presence of mind by giving this circumstantial answer, that he may the better impose upon *Demea*. The couches used on such occasions may be presumed to have required stout legs, and to be made of hard wood, such as oak, to prevent them from splitting. Two instances of couches being used for carousing in the open air will be found in the last Scenes of the *Asinaria* and *Stichus* of *Plautus*.

² *You skeleton*)—Ver. 588. “*Silicernium*.” This was said to be the name of a funeral entertainment or dish of meats offered up to the “*umbræ*” or “*manes*,” in silence. The word is also said to have been applied to an old man from his stooping postures, “*silices cernit*,” “he looks at the stones.”

³ *Head and ears in love*)—Ver. 590. “*Totus*,” literally, “quite” or “altogether.”

⁴ *Sipping my cups*)—Ver. 592. As to the “*cyathi*” and cups of the ancients, see the last Scene of the *Stichus* of *Plautus*, which is a perfect specimen of a carousal among the lower classes in ancient times. See also the last Scene of the *Asinaria*. The slaves generally appear to have taken part in the entertainments with their young masters.

SCENE IV.

Enter Micio and Hegio.

MIC. I can see no reason here, Hegio, that I should be so greatly commended. I do my duty; the wrong that has originated with us I redress. Unless, perhaps, you thought me one of that class of men who think that an injury is purposely done them if you expostulate about anything they have done; and yet are *themselves* the first to accuse. Because I have not acted thus, do you return me thanks?

HEG. Oh, far from it; I never led myself to believe you to be otherwise than you are; but I beg, Micio, that you will go with me to the mother of the young woman, and *repeat to her* the same; what you have told me, do you yourself tell the woman, that this suspicion of *Æschinus's fidelity* was incurred on his brother's account, *and that this Music-girl was for him*.

MIC. If you think I ought, or if there is a necessity for doing so, let us go.

HEG. You act with kindness; for you'll then both have relieved her mind who is *now languishing in sorrow and affliction*, and have discharged your duty. But if you think otherwise, I will tell her myself what you have been saying to me.

MIC. Nay, I'll go as well.

HEG. You act with kindness; all who are in distressed circumstances are suspicious,¹ to I know not what degree; they take everything too readily as an affront; they fancy themselves trifled with on account of their helpless condition; therefore it will be more satisfactory for you to justify him to them yourself. (*They go into the house of Sostrata.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Æschinus.

I am quite distracted in mind! for this misfortune so unexpectedly to befall me, that I neither know what to do with myself, or how to act! My limbs are enfeebled through

¹ *Are suspicious*)—Ver. 606. These lines are supposed to be founded on some verses of Menander which are still extant.

fear, my faculties bewildered with apprehension; no counsel is able to find a place within my breast. Alas! how to extricate myself from this perplexity I know not; so strong a suspicion has taken possession of them about me; not without some reason too: Sostrata believes that I have purchased this Music-girl for *myself*: the old woman informed me of that. For by accident, when she was sent for the midwife, I saw her, and at once went up to her. "How is Pamphila?" I enquired; "is her delivery at hand? Is it for that she is sending for the midwife?" "Away, away, *Æschinus*," cries she; "you have deceived us long enough; already have your promises disappointed us sufficiently." "Ha!" said I; "pray what is the meaning of this?" "Farewell," *she cries*; "keep to her who is your choice." I instantly guessed what it was they suspected, but still I checked myself, that I might not be telling that gossip anything about my brother, whereby it might be divulged. Now what am I to do? Shall I say she is for my brother, a thing that ought by no means to be repeated anywhere? However, let that pass. It is possible it might go no further. I am afraid they would not believe it, so many probabilities concur *against it*: 'twas I myself carried her off; 'twas I, my own self, that paid the money *for her*; 'twas my own house she was carried to. This I confess has been entirely my own fault. Ought I not to have disclosed this affair, just as it happened, to my father? I might have obtained his consent to marry her. I have been too negligent hitherto; henceforth, then, arouse yourself, *Æschinus*. This then is the first thing; to go to them and clear myself. I'll approach the door. (*Advances to the door of Sostrata's house.*) Confusion! I always tremble most dreadfully when I go to knock at that *door*. (*Knocking and calling to them within.*) Ho there, ho there! it is *Æschinus*; open the door immediately, some one. (*The door opens.*) Some person, I know not who, is coming out; I'll step aside here. (*He stands apart.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter Micio from the house of Sostrata.

MIC. (*speaking at the door to Sostrata.*) Do as I told

you, Sostrata; I'll go find Æschinus, that he may know how these matters have been settled. (Looking round.) But who was it knocking at the door?

ÆSCH. (apart.) Heavens, it is my father!—I am undone!

MIC. Æschinus!

ÆSCH. (aside.) What can be his business here?

MIC. Was it you knocking at this door? (Aside.) He is silent. Why shouldn't I rally him a little? It would be as well, as he was never willing to trust me with this *secret*. (To ÆSCHINUS.) Don't you answer me?

ÆSCH. (confusedly.) It wasn't I knocked at that door, that I know of.

MIC. Just so; for I wondered what business you could have here. (Apart.) He blushes; all's well.

ÆSCH. Pray tell me, father, what business have you there?

MIC. Why, none of my own; but a certain friend of mine just now brought me hither from the Forum to give him some assistance.

ÆSCH. Why?

MIC. I'll tell you. There are some women living here; in impoverished circumstances, as I suppose you don't know them; and, *in fact*, I'm quite sure, for it is not long since they removed to this place.

ÆSCH. Well, what next?

MIC. There is a girl living with her mother.

ÆSCH. Go on..

MIC. This girl has lost her father; this friend of mine is her next of kin; the law obliges him to marry her.¹

ÆSCH. (aside.) Undone!

MIC. What's the matter?

ÆSCH. Nothing. Very well: proceed.

MIC. He has come to take her with him; for he lives at Miletus.

¹ *Obliges him to marry her*)—Ver. 655. It appears to have been a law given by Solon to the Athenians that the next male relative of suitable age should marry a female orphan himself, or find her a suitable portion. Madame Dacier suggests that the custom was derived from the Phœnicians, who had received it from the Jews, and quotes the Book of Numbers, xxxvi. 8. This law forms the basis of the plot of the Phormio.

ÆSCH. What! To take the girl away with him?

MIC. Such is the fact.

ÆSCH. All the way to Miletus, pray?¹

MIC. Yes.

ÆSCH. (*aside.*) I'm overwhelmed with grief. (*To Micio.*) But what of them? What do they say?

MIC. What do you suppose they should? Why, nothing at all. The mother has trumped up a tale, that there is a child by some other man, I know not who, and she does not state the name; *she says* that he was the first, *and that she* ought not to be given to the other.

ÆSCH. Well now, does not this seem just to you after all?

MIC. No.

ÆSCH. Why not, pray? Is *the other* to be carrying her away from here?

MIC. Why should he not take her?

ÆSCH. You have acted harshly and unfeelingly, and even, if, father, I may speak my sentiments more plainly, unhandsomely.

MIC. Why so?

ÆSCH. Do you ask me? Pray, what do you think must be the state of mind of the man who was first connected with her, who, to his misfortune, may perhaps still love her to distraction, when he sees her torn away from before his face, *and borne off from his sight for ever?* An unworthy action, father!

MIC. On what grounds is it so? Who betrothed her?² Who gave her away? When *and* to whom was she married? Who was the author of all this? Why did he connect himself with a woman who belonged to another?

ÆSCH. Was it to be expected that a young woman of her age should sit at home, waiting till a kinsman of *hers* should come from a distance? This, my father, you ought to have represented, and have insisted on it.

¹ *To Miletus, pray?*—Ver. 658. A colony of Athens, on the coast of Asia Minor.

² *Who betrothed her?*—Ver. 673. Donatus observes that these questions, which enumerate all the proofs requisite for a marriage, are an indirect and very delicate reproof of Æschinus for the irregular and clandestine nature of his proceedings.

MIC. Ridiculous! Was I to have pleaded against him whom I was to support? But what's all this, *Æschinus*, to us? What have we to do with them? Let us begone:—What's the matter? Why these tears?

ÆSCH. (*weeping.*) Father, I beseech you, listen to me.

MIC. *Æschinus*, I have heard and know it all; for I love you, and therefore everything you do is the more a care to me.

ÆSCH. So do I wish you to find me deserving of your love, as long as you live, my *dear* father, as I am sincerely sorry for the offence I have committed, and am ashamed to see you.

MIC. Upon my word I believe it, for I know your ingenuous disposition: but I am afraid that you are too inconsiderate. In what city, pray, do you suppose you live? You have debauched a virgin, whom it was not lawful for you to touch. In the first place then that was a great offence; great, but still natural. Others, and even men of worth, have frequently done the same. But after it happened, pray, did you show any circumspection? Or did you use any foresight as to what was to be done, *or* how it was to be done? If you were ashamed to tell me of it, by what means was I to come to know it? While you were at a loss upon these points, ten months have been lost. So far indeed as lay in your power, you have perilled both yourself *and* this poor *girl*, and the child. What did you imagine—that the Gods would set these matters to rights for you while you were asleep, and that she would be brought home to your chamber without any exertions of your own? I would not have you to be equally negligent in other affairs. Be of good heart, you shall have her for your wife.

ÆSCH. Hah!

MIC. Be of good heart, I tell you.

ÆSCH. Father, are you now jesting with me, pray?

MIC. I, *jesting* with you! For what reason?

ÆSCH. I don't know; but so anxiously do I wish this to be true, that I am the more afraid it may not be.

MIC. Go home, and pray to the Gods that you may have your wife; be off.

ÆSCH. What! have my wife now?

MIC. Now.

ÆSCH. Now?

MIC. Now, as soon as possible.

ÆSCH. May all the Gods detest me, father, if I do not love you better than even my very eyes!

MIC. What! *better* than her?

ÆSCH. Quite as well.

MIC. Very kind of you!

ÆSCH. Well, where is this Milesian?

MIC. Departed, vanished, gone on board ship; but why do you delay?

ÆSCH. Father, do you rather go and pray to the Gods; for I know, for certain, that they will rather be propitious to you,¹ as being a much better man than I *am*.

MIC. I'll go in doors, that what is requisite may be prepared. You do as I said, if you are wise. (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VII.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

ÆSCH. What can be the meaning of this? Is this being a father, or this being a son? If he had been a brother or *familiar* companion, how could he have been more complaisant! Is he not worthy to be beloved? Is he not to be imprinted in my very bosom? Well then, the more does he impose an obligation on me by his kindness, to take due precaution not inconsiderately to do anything that he may not wish. But why do I delay going in-doors this instant, that I may not myself delay my own nuptials? (*Goes into the house of Micio.*)

¹ *Propitious to you*)—Ver. 707. Donatus remarks that there is great delicacy in this compliment of Æschinus to Micio, which, though made in his presence, does not bear the semblance of flattery. Madame Dacier thinks that Terence here alludes to a line of Hesiod, which says that it is the duty of the aged to pray. Colman suggests that the passage is borrowed from some lines of Menander still in existence.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Demea.

I am quite tired with walking: May the great Jupiter confound you, Syrus, together with your directions! I have crawled the whole city over; to the gate, to the pond—where not? There was no joiner's shop there; not a soul could say he had seen my brother; but now I'm determined to sit and wait at his house till he returns.

SCENE IX.

Enter Micio from his house.

MIC. (*speaking to the people within.*) I'll go and tell them there's no delay on our part.

DEM. But see here's the very man: O Micio, I have been seeking you this long time.

MIC. Why, what's the matter?

DEM. I'm bringing you some new and great enormities of that hopeful youth.

MIC. Just look at that!

DEM. Fresh ones, of blackest dye.

MIC. There now—at it again.

DEM. Ah, *Micio!* you little know what sort of person he is.

MIC. I do.

DEM. O simpleton! you are dreaming that I'm talking about the Music-girl; this crime is against a virgin *and a citizen.*

MIC. I know it.

DEM. So then, you know it, and put up with it!

MIC. Why not put up with it?

DEM. Tell me, pray, don't you exclaim about it? Don't you go distracted?

MIC. Not I: certainly I had rather¹—

¹ *Certainly I had rather*)—Ver. 730. He pauses after “quidem,” but he means to say that if he had his choice, he would rather it had not been so.

DEM. There has been a child born.

MIC. May the Gods be propitious *to it*.

DEM. The girl has no fortune.

MIC. *So I have heard.*

DEM. And he—must he marry her without one?

MIC. Of course.

DEM. What is to be done then?

MIC. Why, what the case itself points out: the young woman must be brought hither.

DEM. O Jupiter! must that be the way *then?*

MIC. What can I do else?

DEM. What can you do? If in reality this causes you no concern, to pretend it were surely the duty of a man.

MIC. But I have already betrothed the young woman *to him*; the matter is settled: the marriage takes place *to-day*. I have removed all apprehensions. That is rather the duty of a man.

DEM. But does the affair please you, Micio?

MIC. If I were able to alter it, no; now, as I cannot, I bear it with patience. The life of man is just like playing with dice: ¹ if that which you most want to throw does not turn up, what turns up by chance you must correct by art.

DEM. O rare corrector! of course it is by your art that twenty minæ have been thrown away for a Music-girl; who, as soon as possible, must be got rid of at any price; and if not for money, why then for nothing.

MIC. Not at all, and indeed I have no wish to sell her.

DEM. What will you do with her then?

MIC. She shall be at my house.

DEM. For heaven's sake, a courtesan and a matron in the same house!

¹ *Playing with dice*)—Ver. 742. The “tesseræ” of the ancients were cubes, or what we call “dice;” while the “tali” were in imitation of the knuckle-bones of animals, and were marked on four sides only. For some account of the mode of playing with the “tali,” see the last Scene of the Asinaria, and the Curculio of Plautus, l. 257—9. Madame Dacier suggests that Menander may possibly have borrowed this passage from the Republic of Plato, B. X., where he says, “We should take counsel from accidents, and, as in a game at dice, act according to what has fallen, in the manner which reason tells us to be the best.”

MIC. Why not?

DEM. Do you imagine you are in your senses?

MIC. Really I do think so.

DEM. So may the Gods prosper me, I *now* see your folly; I believe you are going to do so that you may have somebody to practise music with.

MIC. Why not?

DEM. And the new-made bride to be learning too?

MIC. Of course.

DEM. Having hold of the rope,¹ you will be dancing with them.

MIC. Like enough; and you too along with us, if there's need.

DEM. Ah me! are you not ashamed of this?

MIC. Demea, do, for once, lay aside this anger of yours, and show yourself as you ought at your son's wedding, cheerful and good-humoured. I'll just step over to them, *and* return immediately. (*Goes into SOSTRATA's house.*)

SCENE X.

DEMEA *alone.*

DEM. O Jupiter! here's a life! here are manners! here's madness! A wife to be coming without a fortune! A music-wench in the house! A house full of wastefulness! A young man ruined by extravagance! An old man in his dotage!—Should Salvation herself² desire it, she certainly could not save this family. (*Exit.*)

¹ *Hold of the rope*)—Ver. 755. “Restim ductans saltabis.” Donatus and Madame Dacier think that this is only a figurative expression for a dance in which all joined hands; according to some, however, a dance is alluded to where the person who led off drew a rope or cord after him, which the rest of the company took hold of as they danced; which was invented in resemblance of the manner in which the wooden horse was dragged by ropes into the city of Troy.

² *Salvation herself*)—Ver. 764. See an observation relative to the translation of the word “Salus,” in the Notes to *Plautus*, vol. i. pages 193, 450.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter SYRUS, drunk, and Demea, on the opposite side of the stage.

SYR. Upon my faith, my dear little Syrus, you have taken delicate care of yourself, and have done your duty¹ with exquisite taste; be off with you. But since I've had my fill of everything indoors, I have felt disposed to take a walk.

DEM. (apart.) Just look at that—there's an instance of their good training!

SYR. (to himself.) But see, here comes our old man. (Addressing him.) What's the matter? Why out of spirits?

DEM. Oh you rascal!

SYR. Hold now; are you spouting your sage maxims here?

DEM. If you were my servant—

SYR. Why, you would be a rich man, Demea, and improve your estate.

DEM. I would take care that you should be an example to all the rest.

SYR. For what reason? What have I done?

DEM. Do you ask me? in the midst of this confusion, and during the greatest mischief, which is hardly yet set right, you have been getting drunk, you villain, as though things had been going on well.

SYR. (aside.) Really, I wish I hadn't come out.

SCENE II.

Enter DROMO in haste, from the house of Micio.

DRO. Hallo, Syrus! Ctesiphon desires you'll come back.

SYR. Get you gone. (Pushes him back into the house.)

¹ *Have done your duty*)—Ver. 767. His duty of providing viands and drink for the entertainment. So Ergasilus says in the Captivi of Plautus, l. 912, “Now I will go off to my government (prefecturam), to give laws to the bacon.”

DEM. What is it he says about Ctesipho ?

SYR. Nothing.

DEM. How now, *you* hang-dog, is Ctesipho in the house ?

SYR. He is not.

DEM. Then why does he mention him ?

SYR. It's another person ; a little diminutive Parasite. Don't you know him ?

DEM. I will know him before long. (*Going to the door.*)

SYR. (*stopping him.*) What are you about ? Whither are you going ?

DEM. (*struggling.*) Let me alone.

SYR. (*holding him.*) Don't, I tell you.

DEM. Won't you keep your hands off, whip-scoundrel ? Or would you like me to knock your brains out this instant ? (*Rushes into the house.*)

SYR. He's gone ! no very pleasant boon-companion, upon my faith, particularly to Ctesipho. What am I to do now ? Why, even get into some corner till this tempest is lulled, and sleep off this drop of wine. That's my plan. (*Goes into the house, staggering.*)

SCENE III.

Enter MICIO, from the house of SOSTRATA.

MIC. (*to Sostrata, within.*) Everything's ready with us, as I told you, Sostrata, when you like.—Who, I wonder, is making my door fly open with such fury ?

Enter DEMEA in haste, from the house of MICIO.

DEM. Alas ! what shall I do ? How behave ? In what terms exclaim, or how make my complaint ? O heavens ! O earth ! O seas of Neptune !

MIC. (*apart.*) Here's for you ! he has discovered all about the affair ; and of course is now raving about it ; a quarrel is the consequence ; I must assist him,¹ however.

¹ *I must assist him*)—Ver. 795. Colman remarks on this passage : “ The character of Micio appears extremely amiable through the first four Acts of this Comedy, and his behaviour is in many respects worthy of imitation ; but his conduct in conniving at the irregularities of Ctesipho, and even assisting him to support them, is certainly repre-

DEM. See, here comes the common corruptor of my children.

MIC. Pray moderate your passion, and recover yourself.

DEM. I have moderated it ; I am myself ; I forbear all reproaches ; let us come to the point : was this agreed upon between us,—proposed by yourself, in fact,—that you were not to concern yourself about my *son*, nor I about yours ? Answer me.

MIC. It is the fact,—I don't deny it.

DEM. Why is he now carousing at your house ? Why are you harbouring my son ? Why do you purchase a mistress for him, Micio ? Is it at all fair, that I should have any less justice from you, than you from me ? Since I do not concern myself about your *son*, don't you concern yourself about mine.

MIC. You don't reason fairly.

DEM. No ?

MIC. For surely it is a maxim of old, that among themselves all things are common to friends.

DEM. Smartly *said* ; you've got that speech up for the occasion.

MIC. Listen to a few words, unless it is disagreeable, Demea. In the first place, if the extravagance your sons are guilty of distresses you, pray do reason with yourself. You formerly brought up the two suitably to your circumstances, thinking that your own property would have to suffice for them both ; and, of course, you then thought that I should marry. Adhere to that same old rule of *yours*,—save, scrape together, *and* be thrifty *for them* ; take care to leave them as much as possible, and *take* that credit to yourself : my fortune, which has come to them beyond their expectation, allow them to enjoy ; of *your* capital there will be no diminution ; what comes from this quarter, set it *all* down as so much gain. If you think proper impartially to consider these matters in your mind, Demea, you will save me and yourself, and them, *considerable* uneasiness.

DEM. I don't speak about the expense ; their morals—

MIC. Hold ; I understand you ; that point I was coming hensible. Perhaps the Poet threw this shade over his virtues on purpose to show that mildness and good humour might be carried to excess."

to.¹ There are in men, Demea, many signs from which a conjecture is easily formed ; *so that* when two persons do the same thing, you may often say, this one may be allowed to do it with impunity, the other may not ; not that the thing *itself* is different, but that he is who does it. I see *signs* in them, so as to feel confident that they will turn out as we wish. I see that they have good sense and understanding, that they have modesty upon occasion, *and* are affectionate to each other ; you may infer that their bent and disposition is of a pliant nature ; at any time you like you may reclaim them. But still, you may be apprehensive that they will be somewhat too apt to neglect their interests. O my dear Demea, in all other things we grow wiser with age ; this sole vice does old age bring upon men : we are all more solicitous about our own interests than we need be ; and in this respect age will make them sharp enough.

DEM. Only *take care*, Micio, that these fine reasonings of yours, and this easy disposition of yours, do not ruin us *in the end*.

MIC. Say no more ; there's no danger of that. Now think no further of these matters. Put yourself to-day into my hands ; smooth your brow.

DEM. Why, as the occasion requires it, I must do so : but to-morrow *I shall be off* with my son into the country at daybreak.

MIC. Aye, to-night, for my share ; only keep yourself in good humour for the day.

DEM. I'll carry off that Music-girl along with me as well.

MIC. You will gain your point ; by that means you will keep your son fast there ; only take care to secure her.

DEM. I'll see to that ; and what with cooking and grinding, I'll take care she shall be well covered with ashes, smoke, and

¹ *That point I was coming to*)—Ver. 824. Colman observes here : “ Madame Dacier makes an observation on this speech, something like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above ; and says that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumstances of the case, thinks to confound Demea by a nonsensical gallimatta. I cannot be of the ingenious lady's opinion on this matter, for I think a more sensible speech could not be made, nor a better plea offered in favour of the young men, than that of Micio in the present instance.”

meal; besides *all* this, at the very mid-day¹ I'll set her gathering stubble; I'll make her as burnt and as black as a coal.

MIC. You quite delight me; now you seem to me to be wise; and for my part I would then compel my son to go to bed with her, even though he should be unwilling.

DEM. Do you banter me? Happy man, to have such a temper! I feel—

MIC. Ah! at it again!

DEM. I'll have done then at once.

MIC. Go indoors then, and let's devote this day to the object² to which it belongs. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV.

DEMEA *alone.*

DEM. Never was there any person of ever such well-trained habits of life, but that experience, age, *and* custom are always bringing *him* something new, *or* suggesting something; so much so, that what you believe you know you don't know, and what you have fancied of first importance to you, on making trial you reject; and this is my case at present: for the rigid life I have hitherto led, my race nearly run, I *now* renounce. Why so?—I have found, by experience, that there is nothing better for a man than an easy temper and complacency. That this is the truth, it is easy for any one to understand on comparing me with my brother. He has always spent his life in ease *and* gaiety; mild, gentle, offensive to no one, having a smile for all, he has lived for himself, *and* has spent his money for himself; all men speak well of him, *all* love him. I, *again*, a rustic, a rigid, cross, self-denying, morose and thrifty person, married a wife; what misery I entailed in consequence! Sons were born—a fresh care. And just look, while I have been studying to do as much as possible for them, I have worn out my life and years in saving; now, in the decline of my days, the return I get from them for my pains *is* their dislike. He, on the other hand,

¹ *At the very mid-day*)—Ver. 851. Exposed to the heat of a mid-day sun.

² *To the object*)—Ver. 857. The marriage and its festivities.

without any trouble on his part, enjoys a father's comforts: they love him; me they shun; him they trust with all their secrets, are fond of him, are *always* with him. I am forsaken; they wish him to live; but my death, forsooth, they are longing for. Thus, after bringing them up with all possible pains, at a trifling cost he has made them his own; thus I bear all the misery, he enjoys the pleasure. Well then, henceforward let us try, on the other hand, whether I can't speak kindly and act complaisantly, as he challenges me to it: I also want myself to be loved and highly valued by my friends. If that is to be effected by giving and indulging, I will not be behind him. If our means fail, that least concerns me, as I am the eldest.¹

SCENE V.

Enter SYRUS.

SYR Hark you, Demea, your brother begs you will not go out of the way.

DEM. Who is it?—O Syrus, my *friend*,² save you! how are you? How goes it *with you*?

SYR. Very well.

DEM. Very good. (*Aside.*) I have now for the first time used these three expressions contrary to my nature,—“O Syrus, my *friend*, how are you?—how goes it with you?” (*To SYRUS.*) You show yourself far from an unworthy servant, and I shall gladly do you a service.

SYR. I thank you.

DEM. Yes, Syrus, it is the truth; and you shall be convinced of it by experience before long.

SCENE VI.

Enter GETA, from the house of SOSTRATA.

GETA. (*to SOSTRATA, within.*) Mistress, I am going to see

¹ *Am the eldest*)—Ver. 884. And therefore likely to be the first to die, and to avoid seeing such a time come.

² *O Syrus, my friend*)—Ver. 886. The emptiness of his poor attempts to be familiar are very evident in this line.

fter them, that they may send for the damsel as soon as possible; but see, here's Demea. (*Accosting him.*) Save you!

DEM. O, what's your name?

GETA. Geta.

DEM. Geta, I have this day come to the conclusion that you are a man of very great worth, for I look upon him as an undoubtedly good servant who has a care for his master; as I have found to be your case, Geta; and for that reason, if any opportunity should offer, I would gladly do you a service. (*Aside.*) I am practising the affable, and it succeeds very well.

GETA. You are kind, *sir*, to think so.

DEM. (*aside.*) Getting on by degrees—I'll first make the lower classes my own.

SCENE VII.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, from the house of Micio.

ÆSCH. (*to himself.*) They really are killing me while too intent on performing the nuptials with all ceremony; the *whole* day is being wasted in their preparations.

DEM. Æschinus! how goes it?

ÆSCH. Ha, my father! are you here?

DEM. Your father, indeed, both by affection and by nature; as I love you more than my very eyes; but why don't you send for your wife?

ÆSCH. So I wish *to do*; but I am waiting for the music-girl¹ and people to sing the nuptial song.

DEM. Come now, are you willing to listen to an old fellow like me?

ÆSCH. What *is it*?

DEM. Let those things alone, the nuptial song, the crowds, the torches,² and the music-girls, and order the

¹ *The music-girl*)—Ver. 908. “Tibicinæ,” or music-girls, attended at marriage ceremonials. See the Aulularia of Plautus, where Megadorus hires the music-girls on his intended marriage with the daughter of Euclio.

² *The crowds, the torches*)—Ver. 910. See the Casina of Plautus, Act IV. Scenes 3 and 4, for some account of the marriage ceremonial. The torches, music-girls, processions, and hymenæal song, generally accompanied a wedding, but from the present passage we may conclude that they were not considered absolutely necessary.

stone-wall in the garden¹ here to be pulled down with all dispatch, *and* bring her over that way; make but one house of the two; bring the mother and all the domestics over to our house.

ÆSCH. With all my heart, kindest father.

DEM. (aside.) Well done! now I am called "kind." My brother's house will become a thoroughfare; he will be bringing home a multitude, incurring expense in many ways: what matters it to me? I, as the kind *Demea*, shall get into favour. Now then, bid that Babylonian² pay down his twenty minæ. (To SYRUS.) Syrus, do you delay to go and do it?

SYR. What am I to do?

DEM. Pull down *the wall*: and you, *Geta*, go and bring them across.

GETA. May the Gods bless you, *Demea*, as I see you so sincere a well-wisher to our family. (*GETA and SYRUS go into Micio's house.*)

DEM. I think they deserve it. What say you, *Æschinus*, as to this plan?

ÆSCH. I quite agree to it.

DEM. It is much more proper than that she, being sick and lying-in, should be brought hither through the street.

ÆSCH. Why, my dear father, I never did see anything better contrived.

DEM. It's my way; but see, here's *Micio* coming out.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Micio, from his house.

MIC. (speaking to *GETA*, within.) Does my brother order it? Where is he? (To *DEMEA*.) Is this your order, *Demea*?

DEM. Certainly, I do order it, and in this matter, and in everything else, wish especially to make this family one with ourselves, to oblige, serve, and unite them.

¹ *Stone-wall in the garden*)—Ver. 911. The "maceria," or garden-wall of loose stones, is also mentioned in the *Truculentus* of *Plautus*, l. 301.

² *Bid that Babylonian*)—Ver. 918. This passage has much puzzled the Commentators; but it seems most probable that it is said aside, and that in consequence of his profuseness he calls his brother a Babylonian, (just as we call a wealthy man a nabob,) and says, "Well, let him, with all my heart, be paying twenty minæ (between 70*l.* and 80*l.*) for a music-girl."

ÆSCH. Father, pray let it be so.

MIC. I do not oppose it.

DEM. On the contrary, i'faith, it is what we ought to do : in the first place, she is the mother of his wife (*pointing to Æschinus*).

MIC. She is. What then ?

DEM. An honest and respectable woman.

MIC. So they say.

DEM. Advanced in years.

MIC. I am aware of it.

DEM. Through her years, she is long past child-bearing ; there is no one to take care of her ; she is a lone woman.

MIC. (*aside.*) What can be his meaning ?

DEM. It is right you should marry her ; and that you, *Æschinus*, should use your endeavours to effect it.

MIC. I, marry her, indeed ?

DEM. You.

MIC. I ?

DEM. You, I say.

MIC. You are trifling !

DEM. *Æschinus*, if you are a man, he'll do it.

ÆSCH. My dear father—

MIC. What, ass ! do you attend to him ?

DEM. 'T is all in vain ; it cannot be otherwise.

MIC. You are mad !

ÆSCH. Do let me prevail on you, my father.

MIC. Are you out of your senses ? Take yourself off.¹

DEM. Come, do oblige your son.

MIC. Are you quite in your right mind ? Am I, in my five-and-sixtieth year, to be marrying at last ? A decrepit old woman too ? Do you advise me *to do* this ?

ÆSCH. Do ; I have promised it.²

MIC. Promised, indeed ; be generous at your own cost, young man.

DEM. Come, what if he should ask a still greater favour ?

¹ *Take yourself off*)—Ver. 940. *Æschinus*, probably, in his earnestness, has seized hold of him with his hand, which *Micio* now pushes away.

² *I have promised it*)—Ver. 943. This is not the truth ; the notion has only been started since he last saw them.

MIC. As if this was not the greatest!

DEM. Do comply.

ÆSCH. Don't make any difficulty.

DEM. Do promise.

MIC. Will you not have done?

ÆSCH. Not until I have prevailed upon you.

MIC. Really, this is downright force.¹

DEM. Act with heartiness, Micio.

MIC. Although this seems to me² to be wrong, foolish, absurd, and repugnant to my mode of life, yet, if you so strongly wish it, be it so.

ÆSCH. You act obligingly.

DEM. With reason I love you; but——

MIC. What?

DEM. I will tell you, when my wish has been complied with.

MIC. What now? What remains to be done?

DEM. Hegio here is their nearest relation; he is a connexion of ours and poor; we ought to do some good for him.

MIC. Do what?

DEM. There is a little farm here in the suburbs, which you let out; let us give it him to live upon.

MIC. But is it a little one?

DEM. If it were a large one, still it ought to be done; he has been as it were a father to her; he is a worthy man, and connected with us; it would be properly bestowed. In fine,

¹ *Really, this is downright force*)—Ver. 946. “Vis est hæc quidem.” The same expression occurs in the *Captivi* of Plautus, l. 755. The expression seemed to be a common one with the Romans. According to Suetonius, Julius Cæsar used it when attacked by his murderers in the senate-house. On Tullius Cimber seizing hold of his garments, he exclaimed, “Ita quidem vis est!”—“Why, really, this is violence!”

² *This seems to me*)—Ver. 947. Donatus informs us that in Menander's Play, the old man did not make any resistance whatever to the match thus patched up for him. Colman has the following observation on this fact: “It is surprising that none of the critics on this passage have taken notice of this observation of Donatus, especially as our loss of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of his last Act followed Menander; but though he has adopted the absurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus that his judgment rather revolted at this circumstance, and he improved on his original by making Micio express a repugnance to such a match, which it seems he did not in the Play of Menander.”

I now adopt that proverb which you, Micio, a short time ago repeated with sense and wisdom—it is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our own interests. This stain we ought to avoid: it is a true maxim, and ought to be observed in deed.

MIC. What am I to say to this? Well then, as he desires it (*pointing to Aeschinus*), it shall be given *him*.

AESCH. My father!

DEM. Now, Micio, you are *indeed* my brother, both in spirit and in body.

MIC. I am glad of it.

DEM. (*aside*). I foil him at his own weapon.¹

SCENE IX.

Enter SYRUS, from the house.

SYR. It has been done as you ordered, Demea.

DEM. You are a worthy fellow. Upon my faith,—in my opinion, at least,—I think Syrus ought at once to be made free.

MIC. He free! For what reason?

DEM. For many.

SYR. O my dear Demea! upon my word, you are a worthy man! I have strictly taken care of both these *sons* of yours, from childhood; I have taught, advised, and carefully instructed them in everything I could.

DEM. The thing is evident; and then, besides *all* this, to cater for *them*, secretly bring home a wench, prepare a morning entertainment;² these are the accomplishments of no ordinary person.

SYR. O, what a delightful man!

DEM. Last of all, he assisted to-day in purchasing this Music-wench—he had the management of it; it is right he should be rewarded; other *servants* will be encouraged thereby: besides, he (*pointing to Aeschinus*) desires it to be so.

¹ *At his own weapon*)—Ver. 961. He probably means, by aping the kind feeling which is a part of Micio's character.

² *A morning entertainment*)—Ver. 969. A banquet in the early part or middle of the day was considered by the Greeks a debauch.

MIC. (*to ÆSCHINUS.*) Do you desire this to be done?

ÆSCH. I do wish it.

MIC. Why then, if you desire it, just come hither, Syrus, to me (*performing the ceremony of manumission*) ; be a free man.¹

SYR. You act generously ; I return my thanks to you all ;— and to you, Demea, in particular.

DEM. I congratulate you.

ÆSCH. And I.

SYR. I believe you. I wish that this joy were made complete—that I could see my wife, Phrygia,² free as well.

DEM. Really, a most excellent woman.

SYR. And the first to suckle your grandchild, his son, to-day (*pointing to ÆSCHINUS*).

DEM. Why really, in seriousness, if she was the first to do so, there is no doubt she ought to be made free.

MIC. *What*, for doing that ?

DEM. For doing that ; in fine, receive the amount from me³ at which she is valued.

SYR. May all the Gods always grant you, Demea, all you desire.

MIC. Syrus, you have thrived pretty well to-day.

DEM. If, in addition, Micio, you will do your duty, and lend him a little ready money in hand for present use, he will soon repay you.

MIC. Less than this (*snapping his fingers*).

ÆSCH. He is a deserving fellow.

SYR. Upon my word, I will repay it ; only lend it me.

ÆSCH. Do, father.

MIC. I'll consider of it afterwards.

DEM. He'll do it, *Syrus*.

SYR. O most worthy man !

ÆSCH. O most kind-hearted father !

¹ *Be a free man*)—Ver. 974. He touches Syrus on the ear, and makes him free. The same occurs in the Epidicus of Plautus, Act V. Sc. 2, l. 65.

² *My wife, Phrygia*)—Ver. 977. The so-called marriage, or rather cohabitation, of the Roman slaves will be found treated upon in the Notes to Plautus. Syrus calls Phrygia his wife on anticipation that she will become a free woman.

³ *Receive the amount from me*)—Ver. 981. The only sign of generosity he has yet shown.

MIC. How is this? What has so suddenly changed your disposition, *Demea*? What caprice *is this?* What means this sudden liberality?¹

DEM. I will tell, you:—That I may convince you of this, Micio, that the fact that they consider you an easy and kind-hearted man, does not proceed from your real life, nor, indeed, from *a regard for virtue and justice*; but from your humouring, indulging, and pampering them. Now therefore, Æschinus, if my mode of life has been displeasing to you, because I do not quite humour you in every thing, just or unjust, I have done: squander, buy, do what you please. But if you would rather have one to reprove and correct those faults, the results of which, by reason of your youth, you cannot see, which you pursue too ardently, *and* are thoughtless upon, and in due season to direct you; behold me ready to do it for you.

ÆSCH. Father, we leave it to you; you best know what ought to be done. But what is to be done about my brother?

DEM. I consent. Let him have *his mistress*:² with her let him make an end of *his follies*.

MIC. That's right. (*To the AUDIENCE.*) Grant us your applause.

¹ *This sudden liberality*)—Ver. 989. “Quid prolubium? Quæ istæc subita est largitas?” Madame Dacier tells us that this passage was borrowed from Coecilius, the Comic Poet.

² *Let him have his mistress*)—Ver. 1001. It must be remembered that he has the notions of a Greek parent, and sees no such criminality in this sanction as a parent would be sensible of at the present day.

HECYRA; THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LACHES,¹ an aged Athenian, father of Pamphilus.

PHIDIPPUS,² an aged Athenian, father of Philumena.

PAMPHILUS,³ son of Laches.

SOSIA,⁴ servant of Pamphilus.

PARMENO,⁵ servant of Sostrata.

SOSTRATA,⁶ wife of Laches.

MYRRHINA,⁷ wife of Phidippus.

BACCHIS,⁸ a Courtesan.

PHILOTIS,⁹ a Courtesan.

SYRA,¹⁰ a Procuress.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of LACHES, PHIDIPPUS, and BACCHIS.

¹ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Eunuchus*.

² From *φειδώ*, “parsimony,” and *ἵππος*, “a horse.”

³ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

⁴ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

⁵ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Eunuchus*.

⁶ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Heautontimorumenos*.

⁷ From *μυρόφινή*, “a myrtle.”

⁸ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Heautontimorumenos*.

⁹ From *φιλοτής*, “friendship.”

¹⁰ From Syria, her native country.

THE SUBJECT.

PAMPHILUS, the son of Laches by his wife Sostrata, being at the time enamoured of Bacchis, a Courtesan, chances, one night, in a drunken fit, to debauch Philumena, the daughter of Phidippus and Myrrhina. In the struggle he takes a ring from her, which he gives to Bacchis. Some time afterwards, at his father's express desire, he consents to marry. By chance the young woman whom he has ravished is given to him as a wife, to the great joy of her mother, who alone is aware of her misfortune, and hopes that her disgrace may be thereby concealed. It, however, happens otherwise; for Pamphilus, still retaining his passion for Bacchis, refuses for some time to cohabit with her. Bacchis, however, now rejects the advances of Pamphilus, who by degrees becomes weaned from his affection for her, and grows attached to his wife, whom he has hitherto disliked. Meantime, however, he is suddenly called away from home. During his absence, Philumena, finding herself pregnant in consequence of her misfortune before her marriage, fearing detection, especially avoids the company of her mother-in-law. At length she makes an excuse for returning to the home of her own parents, where she remains. Sostrata thereupon sends for her, but is answered that she is ill, on which she goes to see her, but is refused admittance to the house. On hearing of this, Laches blames his wife as being the cause of this estrangement. Pamphilus now returns, and it so happens that, on the day of his arrival, Philumena is brought to bed of a child. Impatient to see her, Pamphilus rushes into her room, and to his great distress finds that this is the case. Myrrhina thereupon entreats him to keep the matter secret, and begs him, if he refuses to receive her daughter back again, at least not to ruin her reputation by divulging it. As he now declines either to take back his wife or give his reason for so doing, Laches suspects that he is still enamoured of Bacchis, and accordingly sends for her, and expostulates with her. She, however, exonerates herself; on which the old man, supposing that Philumena and her mother are equally ignorant with himself as to his son's motives, begs her to call on them and remove their suspicions. While she is conversing with them, they recognize the ring upon her finger which Pamphilus had formerly taken from Philumena. By means of this it is discovered that Pamphilus himself is the person who has ravished Philumena; on which, overjoyed, he immediately takes home his wife and son.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Megalensian Games; Sextus Julius Cæsar and Cneius Cornelius Dolabella being Curule *Ædiles*. The whole was not then acted. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to a pair of flutes. It was composed wholly from the Greek of Menander.¹ It was performed the first time without a Prologue. Represented a second time; Cneius Octavius and T. Manlius being Consuls.² It was then brought out in honour of L. *Æmilius Paulus*, at his Funeral Games, and was not approved of. It was repeated a third time; Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius being Curule *Ædiles*. L. Ambivius Turpion performed it. It was then approved of.³

¹ *Menander*)—According to some, this Play was borrowed from the Greek of Apollodorus, a Comic Poet and contemporary of Menander, who wrote forty-seven Plays.

² *Being Consuls*)—Cneius Octavius Nepos and T. Manlius Torquatus were Consuls in the year from the building of the City 587, and B.C. 166.

³ *It was then approved of*)—“Placuit.” This is placed at the end in consequence of the inauspicious reception which had been given to it on the two first representations. See the account given in the Prologues.

HECYRA: THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

PAMPHILUS has married Philumena, to whom, when a virgin, he formerly, not knowing who she was, offered violence ; and whose ring, which he took off by force, he gave to his mistress, Bacchis, a Courtesan. Afterwards he sets out for Imbros, not having touched his bride. Having become pregnant, her mother brings her over to her own house, as though sick, that her mother-in-law may not know it. Pamphilus returns ; detects her being delivered ; conceals it ; but determines not to take back his wife. His father imputes *this* to his passion for Bacchis. While Bacchis is exculpating herself, Myrrhina, the mother of the injured girl, by chance recognizes the ring. Pamphilus takes back his wife, together with his son.

THE FIRST PROLOGUE.

HECYRA¹ is the name of this Play; when it was represented for the first time, an unusual disaster and calamity² interrupted it, so that it could not be witnessed *throughout* or estimated ; so much had the populace, carried away with admiration, devoted their attention to some rope-dancing. It is now offered as though entirely a new Play; and he who wrote it did not wish to bring it forward *then* a second time, on purpose that he might be able again to sell it.³ Other

¹ *Hecyra*)—Ver. 1. The Greek word “*Ekypa*, a “step-mother,” or “mother-in-law,” Latinized.

² *And calamity*)—Ver. 3. “*Calamitas*.” This word is used in the same sense in the first line of the Eunuch. This is evidently the Prologue spoken on the second attempt to bring forward the piece. On the first occasion it probably had none. “*Vitium*” was a word used by the Augurs, with whom it implied an unfavourable omen, and thence came to be used for any misfortune or disaster. He seems to mean the depraved taste of the public, that preferred exhibitions of rope-dancers and pugilists to witnessing his Plays.

³ *Again to sell it*)—Ver. 7. See the last Note to the Second Prologue.

Plays of his¹ you have seen represented ; I beg you now to give your attention to this.

THE SECOND PROLOGUE²

I COME to you as an envoy from the Poet, in the character of prologue-speaker ; allow me to be a successful pleader, that in my old age I may enjoy the same privilege that I enjoyed when a younger man, when I caused new Plays, that had been *once* rejected, to come into favour ; so that his writings might not die with the Poet. Among them, as to those of Cæcilius,³ which I first studied when new ; in some of which I was rejected ; in some I kept my ground with difficulty. As I knew that the fortune of the stage was varying, where the hopes were uncertain, I submitted to certain toil. Those I zealously attempted to perform, that from the same *writer* I might learn new ones, and not discourage him from his pursuits. I caused them to be represented. When seen, they pleased. Thus did I restore the Poet to his place, who was now almost weaned, through the malevolence of his adversaries, from his pursuits and labours, and from the dramatic art. But if I had at that period slighted the writer, and had wished to use my endea-

¹ *Other Plays of his*)—Ver. 8. Madame Dacier informs us that Vossius was of opinion that the second representation of this Play did not take place till after that of the *Adelphi*. In that case, they had already seen the rest of his Plays.

² *Second Prologue*)—Eugraphius informs us that this Prologue was spoken by Ambivius Turpio, the head of the company of Actors.

³ *Cæcilius*)—Ver. 14. Colman has the following Note : “A famous Comic Poet among the Romans. His chief excellences are said to have been, the gravity of his style and the choice of his subjects. The first quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, &c., and the last by Varro. ‘In argumentis Cæcilius poscit palmarum, in ethesi Terentius.’ ‘In the choice of subjects, Cæcilius demands the preference ; in the manners, Terence.’” Madame Dacier, indeed, renders “in argumentis,” “in the disposition of his subjects.” But the words will not bear that construction. “Argumentum,” I believe, is uniformly used for the argument itself, and never implies the conduct of it ; as in the Prologue to the *Andrian*, “non tam dissimili argumento.” Besides, the disposition of the subject was the very art attributed by the critics of those days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very same line with the gravity of Cæcilius, distinguishing them as the several characteristics of each writer, “Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.”

voirs in discouraging him, so that he might live a life of idleness rather than of study, I might have easily discouraged him from writing others. Now, for my sake, hear with unbiassed minds what it is I ask. I again bring before you the Hecyra, which I have never been allowed to act *before you* in silence; such misfortunes have so overwhelmed it. These misfortunes your intelligence will allay, if it is a seconder of our exertions. The first time, when I began to act this *Play*, the *vaunting* of boxers,¹ the expectation of a rope-dancer,² added to which, the throng of followers, the noise, the clamour of the women, caused me to retire from your presence before the time. In this new *Play*, I attempted to follow the old custom of *mine*,³ of making a fresh trial; I brought it on again. In the first *Act* I pleased; when in the meantime a rumour spread that gladiators were about to be exhibited; the populace flock together, make a tumult, clamour aloud, and fight for their places:⁴ meantime, I was unable to maintain my place. Now there is no confusion: there is attention and silence—an opportunity of acting *my Play* has been granted me; to yourselves is given the power of gracing the scenic festival.⁵ Do not permit, through your agency, the dramatic

¹ *Vaunting* of boxers)—Ver. 33. Horace probably had this passage in his mind when he penned the First Epistle in his Second Book, l. 185; where he mentions the populace leaving a *Play* in the midst for the sight of a bear, or an exhibition of boxers.

² *Of a rope-dancer*)—Ver. 34. The art of dancing on the tight rope was carried to great perfection among the ancients. Many paintings have been discovered, which show the numerous attitudes which the performers assumed. The figures have their heads enveloped in skins or caps, probably intended as a protection in case of falling. At the conclusion of the performance the dancer ran down the rope. Germanicus and Galba are said to have exhibited elephants dancing on the tight rope.

³ *The old custom of mine*)—Ver. 38. He says that on the second representation he followed the plan which he had formerly adopted in the Plays of Cæcilius, of bringing those forward again which had not given satisfaction at first.

⁴ *Fight for their places*)—Ver. 41. This was in consequence of their sitting indiscriminately at the Amphitheatre, where the gladiators were exhibited; whereas at the Theatres there were distinct places appropriated to each “*ordo*” or class.

⁵ *Gracing the scenic festival*)—Ver. 45. Madame Dacier remarks that there is great force and eloquence in the Actor's affecting a concern for the sacred festivals, which were in danger of being deprived of their

art to sink into the hands of a few ; let your authority prove a seconder and assistant to my own. If I have never covetously set a price upon my skill and have come to this conclusion, that it is the greatest gain in the highest possible degree to contribute to your entertainment ; allow me to obtain this of you, that him who has entrusted his labours to my protection, and himself to your integrity,—that him, I say, the malicious may not maliciously deride, beset *by them* on every side. For my sake, admit of this plea, and attend in silence, that he may be encouraged to write other *Plays*, and that it may be for my advantage to study new ones hereafter, purchased at my own expense.¹

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter PHILOTIS² and SYRA.

PHIL. I'faith, Syra, you can find but very few lovers who prove constant to their mistresses. For instance, how often did this Pamphilus swear to Bacchis—how solemnly, chief ornaments, if by too great a severity they discouraged the Poets who undertook to furnish the Plays during the solemnity.

¹ *At my own expense*)—Ver. 57. It is generally supposed that “meo pretio” means “a price named as my estimate ;” and that it was the custom for the *Ædiles* to purchase a Play of a Poet at a price fixed by the head of the company of actors. It is also thought that the money was paid to the actor, who handed over the whole, or a certain part, to the Poet, and if the Play was not received with favour, the *Ædiles* had the right to ask back the money from the actor, who consequently became a loser by the transaction. Pareus and Meric Casaubon think, however, that in the case of this Play, the *Ædiles* had purchased it from the Poet, and the performers had bought it of the *Ædiles* as a speculation. What he means at the end of the First Prologue by selling the Play over again, is not exactly known. Perhaps if the Play had been then performed throughout and received with no favour, he would have had to forfeit the money, and lose all right to any future pecuniary interest in it ; but he preferred to cancel the whole transaction, and to reserve the Play for purchase and representation at a more favourable period.

² *Philotis*)—This is a protatric character, or one that helps to introduce the subject of the Play, and then appears no more.

so that any one might have readily believed him—that he never would take home a wife so long as she lived. Well now, he is married.

SYR. Therefore, for that very reason, I earnestly both advise and entreat you to take pity upon no one, but plunder, fleece, and rend every man you lay hold of.

PHIL. What! Hold no one exempt?

SYR. No one; for not a single one of them, rest assured, comes to you without making up his mind, by means of his flatteries, to gratify his passion with you at the least possible expense. Will you not, pray, plot against them in return?

PHIL. And yet, upon my faith, it is unfair to be the same to all.

SYR. What! unfair to take revenge on your enemies? or, for them to be caught in the very way they try to catch you? Alas! wretched me! why do not your age and beauty belong to me, or else these sentiments of mine to you?

SCENE II.

Enter PARMENO from the house of LACHES.

PAR. (at the door, speaking to SCIRTUS within.) If the old man should be asking for me, do you say that I have just gone to the harbour to enquire about the arrival of Pamphilus. Do you hear what I say, Scirtus? If he asks for me, then you are to say so; if he does not, why, say nothing at all; so that at another time I may be able to employ that excuse as a new one. (Comes forward, and looking around.)—But is it my dear Philotis that I see? How has she come here? (Accosting her.) Philotis, heartily good morrow.

PHIL. O, good morrow, Parmeno.

SYR. By my troth, good morrow, Parmeno.

PAR. I'faith, Syra, the same to you. Philotis, tell me, where have you been enjoying yourself so long?

PHIL. For my part, indeed, I have been far from enjoying myself, in leaving this place for Corinth with a most brutal captain; for two whole years, there, had I to put up with him to my sorrow.

PAR. I troth, I fancy that regret for Athens full oft pos-

sessed you, and that you thought but poorly of your foresight.

PHIL. It cannot be expressed how impatient I was to return hither, get rid of the captain, and see yourselves here, that after our old fashion I might at my ease enjoy the merry-makings among you ; for there it was not allowed *me* to speak, except at *the moment* prescribed, *and* on such subjects as he chose.

PAR. (*sarcastically.*) I don't think it was gallant in the captain to place a restraint on your tongue.

PHIL. But what is this piece of business that Bacchis has just now been telling me in-doors here ? (*pointing to her house.*) *A thing* I never supposed would come to pass, that he, in her lifetime, could possibly prevail upon his feelings to take a wife.

PAR. To take, indeed !

PHIL. Why, look you, has he not taken one ?

PAR. He has ; but I doubt whether this match will be lasting.

PHIL. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so, if it is for the advantage of Bacchis. But why am I to believe it is so ? Tell me, Parmeno.

PAR. There is no need for its being spread abroad ; ask me no more about it.

PHIL. For fear, I suppose, it may be made public. So may the Gods prosper me, I do not ask you in order that I may spread it abroad, but that, in silence, I may rejoice within myself.

PAR. You'll never speak me so fairly, that I shall trust my back to your discretion.

PHIL. Oh, don't *say so*, Parmeno ;¹ as though you were not much more impatient to tell me this, than I to learn what I'm enquiring about.

PAR. (*to himself.*) She tells the truth there ; and that is my greatest failing. (*To PHILOTIS.*) If you give me your word that you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you.

¹ *Don't say so, Parmeno*)—Ver. 109. She says this ironically, at the same time intimating that she knows Parmeno too well, not to be sure that he is as impatient to impart the secret to her as she is to know it. Donatus remarks, that she pretends she has no curiosity to hear it, that he may deem her the more worthy to be entrusted with the secret.

PHIL. You are *now* returning to your *natural* disposition. I give you my word; say on.

PAR. Listen.

PHIL. I'm all attention.

PAR. Pamphilus was in the height of his passion for Bacchis here, when his father began to importune him to take a wife, and to urge those points which are usual with all fathers, that he *himself* was *now* in years, and that he was his only son, that he wished for a support for his declining years. He refused at first. But on his father pressing more urgently, he caused him to become wavering in his mind, whether to yield rather to duty or to love. By hammering on and teasing him, at last the old man gained his point; and betrothed him to the daughter of our next door neighbour here (*pointing to the house of PHIDIPPUS.*) This did not seem so very disagreeable to Pamphilus, until on the very point of marriage, when he saw that all was ready, and that no respite was granted, but marry he must; then, at last, he took it so much to heart, that I do believe if Bacchis had been present, *even* she would have pitied him. Whenever opportunity was afforded for us being alone, so that he could converse with me, *he used to say*: "Parmeno, I am ruined! What have I done! Into what misery have I plunged myself! Parmeno, I shall never be able to endure this. To my misery, I am undone!"

PHIL. (*vehemently exclaiming.*) May the Gods and Goddesses confound you, Laches, for vexing him so!

PAR. To cut the matter short, he took home his wife. On the first night, he did not touch the girl; the night that followed that, not a bit the more.

PHIL. What is it you tell me? A young man go to bed with a virgin, intoxicated to boot, *and* able to restrain himself from touching her! You do not say what's likely; nor do I believe it to be the truth.

PAR. I suppose it does seem so to you, for no one comes to you unless he is eager for you; *but* he had married her against his will.

PHIL. After this, what followed?

PAR. In a very few days after, Pamphilus took me aside, away from the house, and told me how that the young woman was still untouched by him; and *how* that before he had taken her home as his wife, he had hoped to be able to endure

this marriage : " But, Parmeno, as I cannot resolve to live with her any longer, it is neither honorable in me, nor of advantage to the young woman herself, for her to be turned to ridicule, but rather I ought to return her to her relations just as I received her."

PHIL. You tell me of a conscientious and virtuous disposition in Pamphilus.

PAR. " For me to declare this, I consider to be inconvenient to me, but for her to be sent back to her father without mentioning any blame, would be insolent ; but I am in hopes that she, when she is sensible that she cannot live with me, will go at last of *her own accord.*"

PHIL. What *did he do* in the meanwhile ? Used he to visit Bacchis ?

PAR. Every day. But as *usually* is the case, after she saw that he belonged to another, she immediately became more ill-natured and more peevish.

PHIL. I faith, that's not to be wondered at.

PAR. And this circumstance in especial contributed to estrange him from her ; after he had fairly examined himself, and her, and the one that was at home, he formed a judgment, by comparison, upon the principles of them both. She, just as might be expected from a person of respectable and free birth, chaste *and* virtuous, patient under the slights and all the insults of her husband, and concealing his affronts. Upon this, his mind, partly overcome by compassion for his wife, partly constrained by the insolence of the other, was gradually estranged from Bacchis, and transferred its affections to the other, after having found a congenial disposition. In the meantime, there dies at Imbros,¹ an old man, a relative of theirs. His property there devolved on them by law. Thither his father drove the love-sick Pamphilus, much against his will. He left his wife here with his mother, for the old man has retired into the country ; he seldom comes into the city.

PHIL. What is there yet in this marriage to prevent its being lasting ?

PAR. You shall hear just now. At first, for several days, there really was a good understanding between them. In the

¹ *Imbros*)—Ver. 171. An island in the *Ægean* sea, off the coast of Thrace.

meantime, however, in a strange way, she began to take a dislike to Sostrata; nor yet was there ever any quarrel or words between them.

PHIL. What then?

PAR. If at any time she came to converse with her, she would instantly withdraw from her presence,¹ and refuse to see her; in fine, when she could no longer endure her, she pretended that she was sent for by her mother to assist at a sacrifice. When she had been there a few days, *Sostrata* ordered her to be fetched. She made some, I know not what, excuse. Again she gave similar orders; no one sent back *any excuse*. After she had sent for her repeatedly, they pretended that the damsel was sick. My *mistress* immediately went to see her; no one admitted her. On the old man coming to know of this, he yesterday came up from the country on purpose, *and* waited immediately upon the father of Philumena. What passed between them, I do not know as yet; but really I do feel some anxiety in what way this is to end. You *now* have the whole matter; *and* I shall proceed whither I was on my way.

PHIL. And I too, for I made an appointment with a certain stranger² to meet him.

PAR. May the Gods prosper what you undertake!

PHIL. Farewell!

PAR. And a kind farewell to you, my dear Philotis.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

¹ *From her presence*)—Ver. 182. For the purpose, as will afterwards appear, of not letting Sostrata see that she was pregnant.

² *With a certain stranger*)—Ver. 195. Here Philotis gives a reason, as Donatus observes, why she does not again appear in the Play. The following is an extract from Colman's remarks on this passage: “It were to be wished, for the sake of the credit of our author's acknowledged *art* in the Drama, that Philotis had assigned as good a reason for her appearing at all. Euphrasius justly says: ‘The Courtesan in this Scene is a character quite foreign to the fable.’ Donatus also says much the same thing in his Preface, and in his first Note to this Comedy; but adds that ‘Terence chose this method rather than to relate the argument by means of a Prologue, or to introduce a God speaking from a machine. I will venture to say that the Poet might have taken a much shorter and easier method than either; I mean, to have begun the Play with the very Scene which now opens the Second Act.’”

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.¹

Enter LACHES and SOSTRATA, from the house of the former.

LACH. O faith of Gods and men! what a race is this! what a conspiracy this! that all women should desire and reject every individual thing alike! And not a single one can you find to swerve in any respect from the disposition of the rest. For instance, quite as though with one accord, do all mothers-in-law hate their daughters-in-law. Just in the same way is it their system to oppose their husbands; their obstinacy *here* is the same. In the very same school they all seem to me to have been trained up to perverseness. Of that school, if there is any mistress, I am very sure that she (*pointing at Sostrata*) it is.

Sos. Wretched me! when now I don't so much as know why I am accused!

LACH. Eh! you don't know?

Sos. So may the Gods kindly prosper me, Laches, and so may it be allowed us to pass our lives together in unity!

LACH. (*aside.*) May the Gods avert *such* a misfortune!

Sos. I'm sure that before long you will be sensible that I have been accused by you undeservedly.

LACH. You, undeservedly? Can anything possibly be said that you deserve in return for this conduct of yours?

¹ *Scene I.*)—Colman has the following observations on this Scene: "Donatus remarks that this Scene opens the intention of Terence to oppose the generally-received opinion, and to draw the character of a good step-mother. It would, therefore, as has been already observed, have been a very proper Scene to begin the Play, as it carries us immediately into the midst of things; and we cannot fail to be interested when we see the persons acting so deeply interested themselves. We gather from it just so much of the story as is necessary for our information at first setting out. We are told of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witnesses of the confusion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The absence of Laches, which had been in great measure the occasion of this misunderstanding, is also very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Sostrata. The character of Laches is very naturally drawn. He has a good heart, and a testy disposition, and the poor old gentleman is kept in such constant perplexity that he has perpetual occasion to exert both those qualities."

You, who are disgracing both me and yourself and the family, *and* are laying up sorrow for your son. Then besides, you are making our connexions become, from friends, enemies to us, who have thought him deserving for them to entrust their children¹ to him. You alone have put yourself forward, by your folly, to be causing this disturbance.

Sos. What, I ?

LACH. You, woman, I say, who take me to be a stone, not a man. Do you think because it's my habit to be so much in the country, that I don't know in what way each person is passing his life here? I know much better what is going on here than there, where I am daily; for this reason, because, just as you act at home, I am spoken of abroad. Some time since, indeed, I heard that Philumena had taken a dislike to you; nor did I the least wonder at it; indeed, if she hadn't done so, it would have been more surprising. But I did not suppose that she would have gone so far as to hate even the whole of the family; if I had known *that*, she should have remained here in preference, *and* you should have gone away. But consider how undeservedly these vexations arise on your account, Sostrata; I went to live in the country, in compliance with your request, and to look after my affairs, in order that my circumstances might be able to support your lavishness and comforts, not sparing my own exertions, beyond what's reasonable and my time of life allows. That you should take no care, in return for all this, that there should be nothing to vex me!

Sos. Upon my word, through no means or fault of mine has this taken place.

LACH. Nay, *through you* in especial; you were the only person here; on you alone, Sostrata, falls all the blame. You ought to have taken care of matters here, as I had released you from other anxieties. Is it not a disgrace for an old woman to pick a quarrel with a girl? You will say it was her fault.

Sos. Indeed I do not say so, my dear Laches.

LACH. I am glad of that, so may the Gods prosper me, for my son's sake. I am quite sure of *this*, that no fault of yours can possibly put you in a worse light.

Sos. How do you know, my husband, whether she may

¹ *Entrust their children*)—Ver. 212. The plural “liberos,” children, is used where only one is being spoken of, similarly, in the Heautontimorumenos, l. 151.

not have pretended to dislike me, on purpose that she might be more with her mother?

LACH. What say you *to this?* Is it not proof sufficient, when yesterday no one was willing to admit you into the house, when you went to see her?

Sos. Why, they told me that she was very ill just then; for that reason I was not admitted to her.

LACH. I fancy that your humours are more her malady than anything else; and with good reason in fact, for there is not one of you but wants her son to take a wife; and the match which has taken your fancy must be the one; when, at your solicitation, they have married, *then*, at your solicitation, they are to put them away again.

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS from his house.

PHID. (*speaking to PHILUMENA within.*) Although I am aware, Philumena, that I have the right to compel you to do what I order, still, being swayed by the feelings of a father, I will prevail upon myself to yield to you, and not oppose your inclination.

LACH. And look, most opportunely I see Phidippus; I'll presently know from him how it is. (*Accosting him.*) Phidippus, although I am aware that I am particularly indulgent to all my family, still it is not to that degree to let my good nature corrupt their minds. And if you would do the same, it would be more for your own interest and ours. At present I see that you are under the control of those *women*.

PHID. Just look at that, now!

LACH. I waited on you yesterday about your daughter; you sent me away just as wise as I came. It does not become you, if you wish this alliance to continue, to conceal your resentment. If there is any fault on our side, disclose it; either by clearing ourselves, or excusing it, we shall remedy these matters for you, yourself the judge. But if this is the cause of detaining her at your house, because she is ill, *then* I think that you do me an injustice, Phidippus, if you are afraid lest she should *not* be attended with sufficient care at my house. But, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not yield in this to you, although you are her father, that you can wish her well more than *I do*, and that on my son's account, who I

know values her not less than his own self. Nor, in fact, is it unknown to you, how much, *as I believe*, it will vex him, if he comes to know¹ of this; for this reason, I wish to have her home, before he returns.

PHID. Laches, I am sensible of both your carefulness and your good-will, and I am persuaded that all you say is just as you say: and I would have you believe me in this; I am anxious for her to return to you, if I possibly can by any means effect it.

LACH. What is it prevents you from effecting it? Come, now, does she make any complaint against her husband?

PHID. By no means; for when I urged it still more strongly, and attempted to constrain her by force to return, she solemnly protested that she couldn't possibly remain with you, while Pamphilus was absent. Probably each has his own failing; I am naturally of an indulgent disposition; I cannot thwart my own family.

LACH. (*turning to his wife, who stands apart.*) Ha! Sosstrata!²

Sos. (*sighing deeply.*) Alas! wretched me!

LACH. (*to PHIDIPPUS.*) Is this your final determination?

PHID. For the present, at least, as it seems; but have you anything else to say? for I have some business that obliges me to go at once to the Forum.

LACH. I'll go with you.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SOSTRATA *alone.*

Sos. Upon my faith, we assuredly are all of us hated by our husbands with equal injustice, on account of a few, who

¹ *If he comes to know*)—Ver. 262. Donatus observes that the Poet shows his art in here preparing a reason to be assigned by Pamphilus for his pretended discontent at the departure of his wife.

² *Ha! Sosstrata*)—Ver. 271. Colman observes on this passage: “This is extremely artful. The answer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What, then, can we suppose could make the house so disagreeable to her in his absence, but the behaviour of Sosstrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all against her. Supposing this to be the first Act of the Play, it would be impossible for a Comedy to open in a more interesting manner.”

cause us all to appear deserving of harsh treatment. For, so may the Gods prosper me, as to what my husband accuses me of, I am quite guiltless. But it is not so easy to clear myself, so strongly have people come to the conclusion that all step-mothers are harsh : i'faith, not I, indeed, for I never regarded her otherwise than if she had been my own daughter; nor can I conceive how this has befallen me. But really, for many reasons, I long for my son's return home with impatience. (*Goes into her house.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter PAMPHILUS and PARMENO.

PAM. No individual, I do believe, ever met with more crosses in love than I. Alas! unhappy me! that I have *thus* been sparing of life! Was it for this I was so very impatient to return home? O, how much more preferable had it been for me to pass my life anywhere in the world than to return here and be sensible that I am thus wretched! For all of us know who have met with trouble from any cause, that all the time that passes before we come to the knowledge of it, is so much gain.

PAR. Still, as it is, you'll the sooner know how to extricate yourself from these misfortunes. If you had not returned, this breach might have become much wider; but now, Pamphilus, I am sure that both will be awed by your presence. You will learn the facts, remove their enmity, restore them to good feeling once again. *These* are but trifles which you have persuaded yourself are *so* grievous.

PAM. Why comfort me? Is there a person in all the world so wretched as *I*? Before I took her to wife, I had my heart engaged by other affections. Now, though on this subject I should be silent, it is easy for any one to know how much I have suffered; yet I never dared refuse her whom my father forced upon me. With difficulty did I withdraw myself from another, and disengage my affections so firmly rooted there! and hardly had I fixed them in another quarter, when, lo! a new misfortune has arisen, which

may tear me from her too. Then besides, I suppose that in this matter I shall find either my mother or my wife in fault; and when I find such to be the fact, what remains but to become still more wretched? For duty, Parmeno, bids me bear with the feelings of a mother; then, to my wife I am bound by obligations; with so much temper did she formerly bear my usage, and on no occasion disclose the many wrongs *inflicted on her* by me. But, Parmeno, something of consequence, I know not what it is, must have happened for *this* misunderstanding to have arisen between them, that has lasted so long.

PAR. Or else something frivolous, i' faith, if you would only give words their proper value; those which are sometimes the greatest enmities, do not argue the greatest injuries; for it often happens that in certain circumstances, in which another would not even be out of temper, for the very same reason a passionate man becomes your greatest enemy. What enmities do children entertain among themselves for trifling injuries! For what reason? Why, because they have a weak understanding to direct them. Just so are these women, almost like children with their fickle feelings; perhaps a single word has occasioned this enmity between them, master.

PAM. Go, Parmeno, into the house, and carry word¹ that I have arrived.

(*A noise is heard in the house of PHIDIPPUS.*)

PAR. (starting.) Ha! What means this?

PAM. Be silent. I perceive a bustling about, and a running to and fro.

PAR. (going to the door.) Come then, I'll approach nearer to the door. (He listens.) Ha! did you hear?

PAM. Don't be prating. (He listens.) O Jupiter, I heard a shriek!

PAR. You yourself are talking, while you forbid me.

MYR. (within the house.) Prithee, my child, do be silent.

PAM. That seems to be the voice of Philumena's mother. I'm undone!

PAR. Why so?

PAM. Utterly ruined!

¹ *And carry word*)—Ver. 314. It was a custom with the Greeks and Romans, when returning from abroad, to send a messenger before them, to inform their wives of their arrival.

PAR. For what reason?

PAM. Parmeno, you are concealing from me some great misfortune to me unknown.

PAR. They said that your wife, Philumena, was in alarm about¹ something, I know not what; whether that may be it, perchance, I don't know.

PAM. I am undone! Why didn't you tell me of this?

PAR. Because I couldn't *tell* everything at once.

PAM. What is the malady?

PAR. I don't know.

PAM. What! has no one brought a physician *to see her*?

PAR. I don't know.

PAM. Why delay going in-doors, that I may know as soon as possible for certain what it is? In what condition, Philumena, am I now to find you? But if you are in any peril, beyond a doubt I will perish with you. (*Goes into the house of PHIDIPPUS.*)

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

PAR. (*to himself.*) There is no need for me to follow him into the house at present, for I see that we are all disagreeable to them. Yesterday, no one would give Sostrata admittance. If, perchance, the malady should become worse, which really I could far from wish, for my master's sake especially, they would at once say that Sostrata's servant had been in there; they would invent a story that I had brought some mischief against their lives and persons, in consequence of which the malady had been increased. My mistress would be blamed, and I should incur heavy punishment.²

¹ *Was in alarm about*)—Ver. 321. “Pavitare.” Cassaubon has a curious suggestion here; he thinks it not improbable that he had heard the female servants whispering among themselves that Philumena “paritare,” “was about to be brought to bed,” which he took for “pavitare,” “was in fear” of something.

² *Heavy punishment*)—Ver. 335. Probably meaning that he will be examined by torture, whether he has not, by drugs or other means, contributed to Philumena's illness.

SCENE III.

Enter SOSTRATA.

Sos. (*to herself.*) In dreadful alarm, I have for some time heard, I know not what confusion going on here ; I'm sadly afraid Philumena's illness is getting worse. *Æsculapius*, I do entreat thee, and thee, *Health*,¹ that it may not be so. Now I'll go visit her. (*Approaches the door.*)

PAR. (*coming forward.*) Hark you, Sostrata.

Sos. (*turning round.*) Well.

PAR. You will again be shut out there.

Sos. What, Parmeno, is it you ? I'm undone ! wretch that I am, what shall I do ? Am I not to go see the wife of Pamphilus, when she is ill here next door ?

PAR. Not go see her ! Don't even send any person for the purpose of seeing *her* ; for I'm of opinion that he who loves a person to whom he is an object of dislike, commits a double mistake : he himself takes a useless trouble, and causes annoyance to the other. Besides, your son went in to see how she is, as soon as he arrived.

Sos. What is it you say ? Has Pamphilus arrived ?

PAR. He has.

Sos. I give thanks unto the Gods ! Well, through that news my spirits are revived, and anxiety has departed from my heart.

PAR. For this reason, then, I am especially unwilling you should go in there ; for if Philumena's malady at all abates, she will, I am sure, when they are by themselves, at once tell him all the circumstances ; both what misunderstandings have arisen between you, *and* how the difference first began. But see, he's coming out—how sad *he looks* !

¹ *And thee, Health*)—Ver. 338. She invokes *Æsculapius*, the God of Medicine, and “*Salus*,” or “*Health*,” because, in Greece, their statues were always placed near each other ; so that to have offered prayers to one and not to the other, would have been deemed a high indignity. On the worship of *Æsculapius*, see the opening Scene of the *Curculio* of Plautus.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS, from the house of PHIDIPPUS.

Sos. (*running up to him.*) O my son ! (*Embraces him.*)

PAM. My mother, blessings on you.

Sos. I rejoice that you are returned safe. Is Philumena in a fair way ?

PAM. She is a little better. (*Weeping.*)

Sos. Would that the Gods may grant it so ! Why, then, do you weep, or why so dejected ?

PAM. All's well, mother.

Sos. What meant that confusion ? Tell me ; was she suddenly taken ill ?

PAM. Such was the fact.

Sos. What is her malady ?

PAM. A fever.

Sos. An intermitting one ?¹

PAM. So they say. Go in the house, please, mother; I'll follow you immediately.

Sos. Very well. (*Goes into her house.*)

PAM. Do you run and meet the servants, Parmeno, and help them with the baggage.

PAR. Why, don't they know the way themselves to come to our house ?

PAM. (*stamping.*) Do you loiter ? (Exit PARMENO.)

SCENE V.

PAMPHILUS, alone.

PAM. I cannot discover any fitting commencement of my troubles, at which to begin to narrate the things that have so unexpectedly befallen me, some of which with these eyes I have beheld ; some I have heard with my ears ; and on account of which I so hastily betook myself, in extreme agitation, out of doors. For just now, when, full of alarm, I rushed into the house, expecting to find my wife afflicted with some other malady than what I have found it to be ;— ah me ! immediately the servant-maids beheld that I had

¹ *An intermitting one*)—Ver. 357. “Quotidiana;” literally, “daily.”

arrived, they all at the same moment joyfully exclaimed "He is come," from having so suddenly caught sight of me. But I soon perceived the countenances of all of them change, because at so unseasonable a juncture chance had brought me there. One of them in the meantime hastily ran before me to give notice that I had come. Impatient to see my wife, I followed close. When I entered the room, that instant, to my sorrow, I found out her malady; for neither did the time afford any interval to enable her to conceal it, nor could she complain in any other accents than *those which* the case itself prompted. When I perceived *this*: "O disgraceful conduct!" I exclaimed, and instantly hurried away from the spot in tears, overwhelmed by such an incredible and shocking circumstance. Her mother followed me; just as I got to the threshold, she threw herself on her knees: I felt compassion for her. Assuredly it is the fact, in my opinion, just as matters befall us all, so are we elated or depressed. At once, she began to address me in these words: "O my *dear* Pamphilus, you see the reason why she left your house; for violence was offered to her when formerly a maid, by some villain to us unknown. Now, she took refuge here then, that from you and others she might conceal her labour." But when I call to mind her entreaties, I cannot, wretched as I am, refrain from tears. "Whatever chance or fortune it is," said she, "which has brought you here to-day, by it we do both conjure you, if with equity and justice we may, that her misfortune may be concealed by you, and kept a secret from all. If ever you were sensible, my *dear* Pamphilus, that she was tenderly disposed towards you, she now asks you to grant her this favour in return, without making any difficulty of it. But as to taking her back, act quite according to your own convenience. You alone are aware of her lying-in, and that the child is none of yours. For it is said that it was two months after the marriage before she had commerce with you. And then, this is but the seventh month since she came to you.² That you are sensible of this, the circumstances them-

¹ *All of them change*)—Ver. 369. This must have been imaginary, as they were not likely to be acquainted with the reason of Philumena's apprehensions.

² *Since she came to you*)—Ver. 394. There is great doubt what is the

selves prove. Now, if it is possible, Pamphilus, I especially wish, and will use my endeavours, that her labour may remain unknown to her father, and to all, in fact. But if that cannot be managed, and they do find it out, I will say that she miscarried ; I am sure no one will suspect otherwise than, what is so likely, the child was by you. It shall be instantly exposed ; in that case there is no inconvenience whatever to yourself, and you will be concealing an outrage so undeservingly committed upon her,¹ poor thing !” I promised *this*, and I am resolved to keep faith in what I said. But as to taking her back, really I do not think that would be at all creditable, nor will I do so, although love for her, and habit, have a strong influence upon me. I weep when it occurs to my mind, what must be her life, and *how great* her loneliness in future. O Fortune, thou hast never been found constant ! But by this time *my* former passion has taught me experience in the present case. The means by which I got rid of that, I must employ on the present occasion. Parmeno is coming with the servants ; it is far from convenient that he should be here under present circumstances, for he was the only person to whom I trusted the secret that I kept aloof from her when I first married her. I am afraid lest, if he should frequently hear her cries, he might find out that she is in labour. He must be dispatched by me somewhere till Philumena is delivered.

exact meaning of “*postquam ad te venit*,” here,—whether it means, “it is now the seventh month since she became your wife,” or, “it is now the seventh month since she came to your embraces,” which did not happen for two months after the marriage. The former is, under the circumstances, the most probable construction.

¹ *Committed upon her*)—Ver. 401. Colman very justly observes here: “It is rather extraordinary that Myrrhina’s account of the injury done to her daughter should not put Pamphilus in mind of his own adventure, which comes out in the Fifth Act. It is certain that had the Poet let the Audience into that secret in this place, they would have immediately concluded that the wife of Pamphilus and the lady whom he had ravished were one and the same person.” Playwrights have never, in any age or country, troubled themselves much about probability in their plots. Besides, his adventure with Philumena was by no means an uncommon one. We find similar instances mentioned by Plautus; and violence and debauchery seem almost to have reigned paramount in the streets at night.

SCENE VI.

Enter at a distance PARMENO and SOSIA, with people carrying baggage.

PAR. (to SOSIA.) Do you say that this voyage was disagreeable to you?

SOSIA. Upon my faith, Parmeno, it cannot be so much as expressed in words, how disagreeable it is to go on a voyage.

PAR. Do you say so?

SOSIA. O lucky man! You don't know what evils you have escaped, by never having been at sea. For to say nothing of other hardships, mark this one only; thirty days or more¹ was I on board that ship, and every moment, to my horror, was in continual expectation of death: such unfavourable weather did we always meet with.

PAR. How annoying!

SOSIA. That's not unknown to me: in fine, upon my faith, I would rather run away than go back, if I knew that I should have to go back there.

PAR. Why really, but slight causes formerly made you, Sosia, do what now you are threatening to do. But I see Pamphilus himself standing before the door. (To the Attendants, who go into the house of LACHES.) Go in doors; I'll accost him, to see if he wants anything with me. (Accosts PAMPHILUS.) What, still standing here, master?

PAM. Yes, and waiting for you.

PAR. What's the matter?

PAM. You must run across to the citadel.²

PAR. Who must?

PAM. You.

PAR. To the citadel? Why thither?

PAM. To meet Callidemides, my entertainer at Myconos, who came over in the same ship with me.

PAR. (aside.) Confusion! I should say he has made a vow

¹ *Thirty days or more*)—Ver. 421. In his voyage from Imbros to Athens, namely, which certainly appears to have been unusually long.

² *To the citadel*)—Ver. 431. This was the fort or citadel that defended the Piræus, and being three miles distant from the city, was better suited for the design of Pamphilus, whose object it was to keep Parmeno for some time at a distance.

that if ever he should return home safe, he would rupture me¹ with walking.

PAM. Why are you lingering?

PAR. What do you wish me to say? Or am I to meet him only?

PAM. No; say that I cannot meet him to-day, as I appointed, so that he may not wait for me to no purpose. Fly!

PAR. But I don't know the man's appearance.

PAM. Then I'll tell you how to know it; a huge *fellow*, ruddy, with curly hair, fat, with grey eyes and freckled countenance.

PAR. May the Gods confound him! What if he shouldn't come? Am I to wait *there*, even till the evening?

PAM. Yes, wait *there*. Run!

PAR. I can't; I am so tired.

(*Exit slowly.*)

SCENE VII.

PAMPHILUS, *alone.*

PAM. He's off. What shall I do in this distressed situation? Really, I don't know in what way I'm to conceal this, as Myrrhina entreated me, her daughter's lying-in; but I do pity the woman. What I can, I'll do; *only* so long, however, as I observe my duty; for it is proper that I should be *regardful* of a parent,² rather than of my passion. But look—I see Phidippus and my father. They are coming this way; what to say to them, I'm at a loss. (*Stands apart.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter, at a distance, LACHES and PHIDIPPUS.

LACH. Did you not say, just now, that she was waiting for my son's return?

¹ *He would rupture me*)—Ver. 435. He facetiously pretends to think that Pamphilus may, during a storm at sea, have vowed to walk him to death, if he should return home.

² *Regardful of a parent*)—Ver. 448. Colman observes here: “This reflection seems to be rather improper in this place, for the discovery of Philumena's labour betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure; after which discovery his anxiety proceeds entirely from the supposed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made use of merely as a pretence.”

PHID. Just so.

LACH. They say that he has arrived ; let her return.

PAM. (*apart to himself, aloud.*) What excuse to make to my father for not taking her back, I don't know !

LACH. (*turning round.*) Who was it I heard speaking here ?

PAM. (*apart.*) I am resolved to persevere in the course I determined to pursue.

LACH. 'Tis the very person about whom I was talking to you.

PAM. Health to you, my father.

LACH. Health to you, my son.

PHID. I am glad that you have returned, Pamphilus, and the more especially so, as you are safe and well.

PAM. I believe you.

LACH. Have you but just arrived ?

PAM. Only just now.

LACH. Tell me, what has our cousin Phania left us ?

PAM. Why really, i' faith, he was a man very much devoted to pleasure while he lived ; and those who are so, don't much benefit their heirs, but for themselves leave this commendation : While he lived, he lived well.¹

LACH. So then, you have brought home nothing more² than a single sentiment ?

PAM. Whatever he has left, we are the gainers by it.

LACH. Why no, it has proved a loss ; for I could have wished him alive and well.

PHID. You may wish that with impunity ; he'll never come to life again ; and after all I know which of the two you would prefer.

LACH. Yesterday, he (*pointing to PHIDIPPIUS*) desired Philomena to be fetched to his house. (*Whispers to PHIDIPPIUS, nudging him with his elbow.*) Say that you desired it.

¹ *He lived well*)—Ver. 461. This is living well in the sense used by the “Friar of orders grey.” “Who leads a good life is sure to live well.”

² *Brought home nothing more*)—Ver. 462. Colman remarks that this passage is taken notice of by Donatus as a particularly happy stroke of character ; and indeed the idea of a covetous old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth stopped by a moral precept, is truly comic.

PHID. (*aside to LACHES.*) Don't punch me so. (*To PAMPHILUS.*) I desired it.

LACH. But he'll now send her home again.

PHID. Of course.

PAM. I know the whole affair, and how it happened ; I heard it just now, on my arrival.

LACH. Then may the Gods confound those spiteful people who told this news with such readiness !

PAM. (*to PHIDIPPUS.*) I am sure that it has been my study, that with reason no slight might possibly be committed by your family ; and if I were now truthful to mention of how faithful, loving, and tender a disposition I have proved towards her, I could *do so* truly, did I not rather wish that you should learn it of herself ; for by that method, you will be the more ready to place confidence in my disposition when she, who is now acting unjustly towards me, speaks favourably of me. And that through no fault of mine this separation has taken place, I call the Gods to witness. But since she considers that it is not befitting her to give way to my mother, and with readiness to conform to her temper, and as on no other terms it is possible for good feeling to exist between them, either my mother must be separated, Phidippus, from me, or else Philumena. Now affection urges me rather to consult my mother's pleasure.

LACH. Pamphilus, your words have reached my ears not otherwise than to my satisfaction, since I find that you postpone all considerations for your parent. But take care, Pamphilus, lest impelled by resentment, you carry matters too far.

PAM. How, impelled by resentment, could I now be biassed against her who never has been guilty of anything towards me, father, that I could not wish, and who has often deserved as well as I could desire ? I both love and praise and exceedingly regret her, for I have found by experience that she was of a wondrously engaging disposition with regard to myself ; and I sincerely wish that she may spend the remainder of her life with a husband who may prove more fortunate than me, since necessity *thus* tears her from me.

PHID. 'Tis in your own power to prevent that.

LACH. If you are in your senses, order her to come back.

PAM. It is not my intention, father ; I shall study my mother's interests. (*Going away.*)

LACH. Whither are you going? Stay, stay, I tell you;
whither are you going? (Exit PAMPHILUS.)

SCENE IX.

LACHES and PHIDIPPUS.

PHID. What obstinacy is this?

LACH. Did I not tell you, Phidippus, that he would take this matter amiss? It was for that reason I entreated you to send your daughter back.

PHID. Upon my faith, I did not believe he would be so brutish; does he now fancy that I shall come begging to him? If so it is that he chooses to take back his wife, why, let him; if he is of another mind, let him pay back her portion,¹ and take himself off.

LACH. Just look at that, now; you too are getting obstinate and huffish.

PHID. (speaking with anger.) You have returned to us in a very ungovernable mood, Pamphilus.

LACH. This anger will depart; although he has some reason for being vexed.

PHID. Because you have had a windfall, a little money, your minds are elevated.

LACH. Are you going to fall out with me, too?

PHID. Let him consider, and bring me word to-day, whether he will or will not, that she may belong to another if she does not to him. (Goes hastily into his own house.)

LACH. Phidippus, stay; listen to a few words—

SCENE X.

LACHES, alone.

LACH. He's off; what matters it to me? In fine, let them manage it between themselves, just as they please; since neither my son nor he pay any regard to me; they care but little for what I say. I'll carry the quarrel to my wife, by whose planning all these things have been brought about, and against her I will vent all the vexation that I feel.

¹ Pay back her portion)—Ver. 502. As was universally done on a separation by agreement.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter MYRRHINA, from her house.

MYR. I am undone ! What am I to do ? which way turn myself ? In my wretchedness, what answer am I to give to my husband ? For he seems to have heard the voice of the child when crying, so suddenly did he rush in to my daughter without saying a word. What if he comes to know that she has been delivered ? for what reason I am to say I kept it concealed, upon my faith I do not know. But there's a noise at the door ; I believe it is himself coming out to me : I'm utterly undone !

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS, from the house.

PHID. (*to himself.*) My wife, when she saw me going to my daughter, betook herself out of the house : and look, there she is. (*Addressing her.*) What have you to say, Myrrhina ? Hark you ! to you I speak.

MYR. What, to me, my husband ?

PHID. Am I your husband ? Do you consider me a husband, or a man, in fact ? For, woman, if I had ever appeared to you to be either of these, I should not in this way have been held in derision by your doings.

MYR. By what *doings* ?

PHID. Do you ask the question ? Is not your daughter brought to bed ? Eh, are you silent ? By whom ?

MYR. Is it proper for a father to be asking such a question ? Oh, shocking ! By whom do you think, pray, except by him to whom she was given in marriage ?

PHID. I believe it ; nor indeed is it for a father to think otherwise. But I wonder much what the reason can be for which you so very much wish all of us to be in ignorance of the truth, especially when she has been delivered properly, and at the right time.¹ That you should be of a mind so per-

¹ *At the right time*)—Ver. 531. Lemaire observes that, from this passage, it would appear that the Greeks considered seven months suffi-

verse as to prefer that the child should perish, through which you might be sure that hereafter there would be a friendship more lasting between us, rather than that, at the expense of your feelings, his wife should continue with him! I supposed this to be their fault, while *in reality* it lies with you.

MYR. I am an unhappy creature!

PHID. I wish I were sure that so it was; but now it recurs to my mind what you once said about this matter, when we accepted him as *our* son-in-law. For you declared that you could not endure your daughter to be married to a person who was attached to a courtesan, *and* who spent his nights away from home.

MYR. (*aside.*) Any cause whatever I had rather he should suspect than the right one.

PHID. I knew much sooner than you did, Myrrhina, that he kept a mistress; but this I never considered a crime in young men; for it is natural to them all. For, i' faith, the time will soon come when even he will be disgusted with himself *for doing so*. But just as you formerly showed yourself, you have never ceased to be the same up to the present time; in order that you might withdraw your daughter from him, and that what I did might not hold good, one thing itself now plainly proves how far you wished it carried out.

MYR. Do you suppose that I am so wilful that I could have entertained such feelings towards one whose mother I am, if this match had been to our advantage?

PHID. Can you possibly foresee or judge what is to our advantage? You have heard it of some one, perhaps, who has told you that he has seen him coming from or going to his mistress. What then? If he has done so with discretion, and but occasionally, is it not more kind in us to conceal our knowledge of it, than to do our best to be aware of it, in consequence of which he will detest us? For if he could all at once have withdrawn himself from her with whom he had been intimate for so many years, I should not have deemed him a man, or likely to prove a constant husband for our daughter.

MYR. Do have done about the young man, I pray; and cien't for gestation. So it would appear, if we are to take the time of the Play to be seven, and not nine, months after the marriage; and, as before observed, the former seems to be the more reasonable conclusion.

what you say I've been guilty of. Go away, meet him by yourself; ask him whether he wishes to have her as a wife or not; if *so* it is that he should say he does wish it, *why*, send her *back*; but if on the other hand he does not wish it, I have taken the best course for my *child*.

PHID. And suppose he does not wish it, and you, Myrrhina, knew him to be in fault; *still* I was at hand, by whose advice it was proper for these matters to be settled; therefore I am greatly offended that you have presumed to act thus without my leave. I forbid you to attempt to carry the child anywhere out of this house. But I am very foolish to be expecting her to obey my orders. I'll go in-doors, and charge the servants to allow it to be carried out nowhere. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE III.

MYRRHINA, alone.

MYR. Upon my faith, I do believe that there is no woman living more wretched than I; for how he would take it, if he came to know the real state of the case, i' faith, is not unknown to me, when he bears this, which is of less consequence, with such angry feelings; and I know not in what way his sentiments can possibly be changed. Out of very many misfortunes, this one evil alone had been wanting to me, for him to compel me to rear a child of whom we know not who is the father; for when my daughter was ravished, it was so dark that his person could not be distinguished, nor was anything taken from him on the occasion by which it could be afterwards discovered who he was. He, on leaving her, took away from the girl, by force, a ring which¹ she had upon her finger. I am afraid, too, of Pamphilus, that he may be unable any longer to conceal what I have requested, when he learns that the child of another is being brought up as his. (*Goes into the house.*)

¹ *A ring which*)—Ver. 574. Colman remarks that this preparation for the catastrophe by the mention of the ring, is not so artful as might have been expected from Terence; as in this soliloquy he tells the circumstances directly to the Audience.

SCENE IV.

Enter SOSTRATA and PAMPHILUS.

Sos. It is not unknown to me, my son, that I am suspected by you as the cause of your wife having left our house in consequence of my conduct; although you carefully conceal your knowledge of it. But so may the Gods prosper me, and so may you answer all my hopes, I have never knowingly deserved that hatred of me should with reason possess her; and while I thought before that you loved me, on that point you have confirmed my belief: for indoors your father has just now related to me in what way you have preferred me to your passion. Now it is my determination to return you the favour, that you may understand that with me lies the reward of your affection. My Pamphilus, I think that this is expedient both for yourselves and my own reputation. I have finally resolved to retire hence into the country with your father, that my presence may not be an obstacle, and that no pretence may remain why your Philumena should not return to you.

PAM. Pray, what sort of resolution is this? Driven away by her folly, would you be removing from the city to live in the country? You shall not do so; and I will not permit, mother, any one who may wish to censure us, to say that this has been done through my perverseness, *and* not your inclination. Besides, I do not wish you, for my sake, to forego your friends and relations, and festive days.¹

Sos. Upon my word, these things afford me no pleasure now. While my time of life permitted it, I enjoyed them enough; satiety of that mode of life has now taken possession of me: this is at present my chief concern, that the length of my life may prove an annoyance to no one, or that he may look forward with impatience to my death.² Here I see that, without deserving it, I am disliked; it is time *for me* to retire. Thus, in the best way, I imagine, I shall cut

¹ *And festive days*)—Ver. 592. “Festos dies.” The days for sacrificing to particular Divinities, when she would have the opportunity of meeting her friends, and making herself merry with them.

² *Look forward with impatience to my death*)—Ver. 596. Colman says: “This idea of the long life of a step-mother being odious to her

short all grounds of *discontent* with all ; I shall both free myself from suspicion, and shall be pleasing them. Pray, let me avoid this reproach, which so generally attaches on women to their disadvantage.

PAM. (*aside.*) How happy am I in other respects, were it not for this one thing alone, in having such a *good* mother, and her for my wife !

Sos. Pray, my Pamphilus, can you not, seeing how each woman is, prevail upon yourself to put up with one matter of inconvenience ? If everything else is according to your wish, and such as I take it to be—my son, do grant me this indulgence, *and* take her back.

PAM. Alas ! wretched me !

Sos. And me as well ; for this affair does not cause me less sorrow than you, my son.

SCENE V.

Enter LACHES.

LACH. While standing just by here, I have heard, wife, the conversation you have been holding with him. It is true wisdom to be enabled to govern the feelings whenever there is necessity ; to do at the present moment what may perhaps, in the end, be necessary to be done.

Sos. Good luck to it, i' troth.

LACH. Retire then into the country ; there I will bear with you, and you with me.

Sos. I hope so, i' faith.

LACH. Go indoors then, and get together the things that are to be taken with you, I have *now* said it.

Sos. I'll do as you desire. (*Goes into the house.*)

family, is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner by Shakespeare :—

“ Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; for happy days bring in
Another morn ; but oh, methinks how slow
This old morn wanes ! she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

PAM. Father!

LACH. What do you want, Pamphilus?

PAM. My mother go away? By no means.

LACH. Why would you have it so?

PAM. Because I am as yet undetermined what I shall do about my wife.

LACH. How is that? What should you intend to do but bring her home?

PAM. For my part, I could like, and can hardly forbear it; but I shall not alter my design; that which is most advantageous I shall pursue; I suppose (*ironically*) that they will be better reconciled, in consequence, if I shall take her back.

LACH. You cannot tell. But it matters nothing to you which they do when she has gone away. *Persons* of this age are disliked by young people; it is right *for us* to withdraw from the world; in fine, we are now a *nice* byword. We are, Pamphilus, "the old man and the old woman."¹ But I see Phidippus coming out just at the time; let's accost him.

SCENE VI.

Enter PHIDIIPPUS, from his house.

PHID. (*speaking at the door to PHILUMENA, within.*) Upon my faith, I am angry with you too, Philumena, extremely so, for, on my word, you have acted badly; still there is an excuse for you in this matter; your mother forced you to it; but for her there is none.

LACH. (*accosting him.*) Phidippus, you meet me at a lucky moment, just at the very time.

PHID. What's the matter?

PAM. (*aside.*) What answer shall I make them, or in what manner keep this secret?

¹ *The old man and the old woman*)—Ver. 621. "Senex atque anus." In these words he probably refers to the commencement of many of the stories current in those times, which began: "There were once upon a time an old man and an old woman." Indeed, almost the same words occur in the Stichus of Plautus, l. 540, at the commencement of a story: "Fuit olim, quasi ego sum, senex," "There was upon a time an old man, just like me."

LACH. (*to PEIDIPPUS.*) Tell your daughter that Sostrata is going into the country, that she may not now be afraid of returning home.

PHID. Alas! your wife has been guilty of no fault in this affair; all this *mischief* has originated in my wife Myrrhina.

PAM. (*aside.*) They are changing sides.

PHID. 'Tis she that causes our disturbances, Laches.

PAM. (*aside.*) So long as I don't take her back, let her cause as much disturbance as she pleases.

PHID. I, Pamphilus, could really wish, if it were possible, this alliance between us to be lasting; but if you are otherwise inclined, *still* take the child.¹

PAM. (*aside.*) He has discovered that she has been brought to bed. I'm undone!

LACH. The child! What child?

PHID. We have had a grandson born to us; for my daughter was removed from you in a state of pregnancy, and yet never before this day did I know that she was pregnant.

LACH. So may the Gods prosper me, you bring good tidings, and I am glad a child has been born, and that she is safe: but what *kind of* woman have you for a wife, or of what sort of a temper, that we should have been kept in ignorance of this so long? I cannot sufficiently express how disgraceful this conduct appears to me.

PHID. This conduct does not vex me less than yourself, Laches.

PAM. (*aside.*) Even if it had just now been a matter of doubt to me, it is so no longer, since the child of another man is to accompany her.

LACH. Pamphilus, there is no room now for deliberation for you in this matter.

PAM. (*aside.*) I'm undone!

LACH. (*to PAMPHILUS.*) We were often longing to see the day on which there should be one to call you father; it has come to pass. I return thanks to the Gods.

PAM. (*aside.*) I am ruined!

LACH. Take home your wife, and don't oppose my will.

¹ *Still take the child*)—Ver. 638. In cases of separation it was customary for the father to have the care of the male children.

PAM. Father, if she had wished to have children by me, or to continue to be my wife, I am quite certain she would not have concealed from me what I find she has concealed. Now, as I find that her mind is estranged from me, and think that there would be no agreement between us in future, why should I take her back?

LACH. The young woman has done what her mother persuaded her. Is that to be wondered at? Do you suppose you can find any woman who is free from fault? Or is it that men have no failings?

PHID. Do you yourselves now consider, Laches, and you, Pamphilus, whether it is most advisable for you to leave her or take her back. What your wife may do, is not in my control. Under neither circumstance will you meet with any difficulty from me. But what are we to do with the child?

LACH. You do ask an absurd question; whatever happens, send him back his *child* of course, that we may bring it up as ours.

PAM. (*in a low voice.*) A child which the father has abandoned, am I to rear?

LACH. What was it you said? How—not rear it, Pamphilus? Prithee, are we to expose it, in preference? What madness is this? Really, I cannot now be silent any longer. For you force me to say in his presence (*pointing to PHIDIPPUS*) what I would rather not. Do you suppose I am in ignorance of the cause of your tears, or what it is on account of which you are perplexed to this degree? In the first place, when you alleged as a reason, that, on account of your mother, you could not have your wife at home, she promised that she would leave the house. Now, since you see this pretext as well taken away from you, because a child has been born without your knowledge, you have got another. You are mistaken if you suppose that I am ignorant of your feelings. That at last you might prevail upon your feelings to take this step, how long a period for loving a mistress did I allow you! With what patience did I bear the expense you were at in keeping her! I remonstrated with you and entreated you to take a wife. I said that it was time: by my persuasion you married. What you then did in obedience to me, you did as became you. Now again you have set

your fancy upon a mistress, and, to gratify her, you do an injury to the other as well. For I see plainly that you have once more relapsed into the same course of life.

PAM. What, I ?

LACH. Your own self, and you act unjustly therein. You feign false grounds for discord, that you may live with her when you have got rid of this witness of *your actions*; your wife has perceived it too; for what other reason had she for leaving you?

PHID. (*to himself.*) It's clear he guesses right; for that must be it.

PAM. I will give you my oath that none of these is the reason.

LACH. Oh take home your wife, or tell me why you should not.

PAM. It is not the time at present.

LACH. Take the child, for surely that is not in fault; I will consider about the mother afterwards.

PAM. (*apart.*) In every way I am wretched, and what to do I know not; with so many troubles is my father now besetting wretched me on every side. I'll go away from here, since I avail but little by my presence. For without my consent, I do not believe that they will bring up the child, especially as on that point my mother-in-law will second me.

(*Exit speedily.*)

SCENE VII.

LACHES and PHIDIPPUS.

LACH. (*to PAMPHILUS.*) Do you run away? What, and give me no distinct answer? (*To PHIDIPPUS.*) Does he seem to you to be in his senses? Let him alone. Phidippus, give me the child; I'll bring it up.

PHID. By all means. No wonder if my wife has taken this amiss: women are resentful; they do not easily put up with such things. Hence that anger of hers, for she herself told me of it; I would not mention this to you in his presence, and at first I did not believe her; but now it is true beyond a doubt; for I see that his feelings are altogether averse to marriage.

LACH. What am I to do, then, Phidippus? What advice do you give?

PHID. What are you to do? I am of opinion that first we ought to go to this mistress of *his*. Let us use entreaties with her; *then* let us rebuke her; and at last, let us very seriously threaten her, if she gives him any encouragement in future.

LACH. I will do as you advise. (*Turning to an ATTENDANT.*) Ho, there, boy! run to the house of Bacchis here, our neighbour; desire her, in my name, to come hither. (*Exit ATTENDANT.*) And you, I further entreat, to give me your assistance in this affair.

PHID. Well, I have already said, and I now say again to the same effect, Laches, I wish this alliance between us to continue, if by any means it possibly may, which I trust will be the case. But should you like¹ me to be with you while you meet her?

LACH. Why yes; but first go and get some one as a nurse for the child. (*Exit PHIDIPPUS.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter BACCHIS, attended by her WOMEN.

BACCH. (*to her WOMEN.*) It is not for nothing that Laches now desires to speak with me; and, i' faith, I am not very far from mistaken in making a guess what it is he wants me for.

LACH. (*to himself.*) I must take care that I don't, through anger, miss gaining in this quarter what I *otherwise* might, and that I don't do anything which hereafter it would have been better I had not done. I'll accost her. (*Accosts her.*) Bacchis, good Morrow to you!

BACCH. Good Morrow to you, Laches!

LACH. Troth, now, Bacchis, I suppose you somewhat

¹ *But should you like*)—Ver. 725. Donatus observes that Phidippus utters these words with an air of disinclination to be present at the conference; and, indeed, the characters are well sustained, as it would not become him coolly to discourse with a courtesan, whom he supposes to have alienated Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly advise it, as being likely to conduce to the peace of both families.

wonder what can be my reason for sending the lad to fetch you out of doors.

BACCH. Upon my faith, I am even in some anxiety as well, when I reflect what I am, lest the name of my calling should be to my prejudice; for my behaviour I can easily defend.

LACH. If you speak the truth, you will be in no danger, woman, from me, for I am now of that age that it is not meet for me to receive forgiveness for a fault; for that reason do I the more carefully attend to every particular, that I may not act with rashness; for if you now do, or intend to do, that which is proper for deserving *women* to do, it would be unjust for me, in my ignorance, to offer an injury to you, when undeserving of it.

BACCH. On my word, great is the gratitude that I ought to feel towards you for such conduct; for he who, after committing an injury, would excuse himself, would profit me but little. But what is the matter?

LACH. You admit my son, Pamphilus, to your house.

BACCH. Ah!

LACH. Just let me speak: before he was married to this woman, I tolerated your amour. Stay! I have not yet said to you what I intended. He has now got a wife: look out for another person more to be depended on, while you have time to deliberate; for neither will he be of this mind all his life, nor, i' faith, will you be *always* of your present age.

BACCH. Who is it says this?

LACH. His mother-in-law.

BACCH. What! that I—

LACH. That you *do*: and she has taken away her daughter, and for that reason, has wished secretly to destroy the child that has been born.

BACCH. Did I know any other means whereby I might be enabled to establish my credit with you, more solemn than an oath, I would, Laches, assure you of this, that I have kept Pamphilus at a distance¹ from me ever since he took a wife.

¹ Kept Pamphilus at a distance)—Ver. 752. Colman observes, how are we to reconcile this with the words of Parmeno at the beginning of the Play, where he says that Pamphilus visited Bacchis daily; and he enquires whether we are to suppose that Bacchis, who behaves so candidly in every other instance, wantonly perjures herself in this, or that the Poet, by a strange infatuation attending him in this Play, contradicts

LACH. You are very good. But, pray, do you know what I would prefer that you should do?

BACCH. What? Tell me.

LACH. Go in-doors there (*pointing to the house of PHIDIP-
PUS*) to the women, and make the same promise, on oath, to them; satisfy their minds, and clear yourself from this charge.

BACCH. I will do *so*; although, i' faith, if it had been any other woman of this calling, she would not have done so, I am quite sure; present herself before a married woman for such a purpose! But I do not wish your son to be suspected on an unfounded report, nor appear inconstant, undeservedly, to you, to whom he by no means ought; for he has deserved of me, that, so far as I am able, I should do him a service.

LACH. Your language has rendered me quite friendly and well disposed towards you; but not only did they think *so*—I too believed it. Now that I have found you quite different from what I had expected, take care that you still continue the same—make use of my friendship as you please; if otherwise—; but I will forbear, that you may not hear anything unkind from me. But this one thing I recommend you—make trial what sort of a friend I am, or what I can effect *as such*, rather than *what as* an enemy.

SCENE IX.

Enter PHIDIPPUS and a NURSE.

PHID. (*to the NURSE.*) Nothing at my house will I suffer you to be in want of; but whatever is requisite shall be supplied *you* in abundance. Still, when you are well fed and well drenched, do take care that the child has enough. (*The NURSE goes into his house.*)

LACH. (*to BACCHIS.*) My son's father-in-law, I see, is coming; he is bringing a nurse for the child. (*Accosting him.*) Phidippus, Bacchis swears most solemnly.

PHID. Is this she?

himself? To this it may be answered, that as Bacchis appears to be so scrupulous in other instances, it is credible that, notwithstanding his visits, she may not have allowed him to share her embraces.

LACH. It is.

PHID. Upon my faith, those women don't fear the Gods ; and I don't think that the Gods care about them.

BACCH. (*pointing to her ATTENDANTS.*) I will give you up my female servants ; with my full permission, examine them with any tortures you please. The business at present is this : I must make his wife return home to Pamphilus ; should I effect that, I shall not regret its being reported that I have been the only one to do what other courtesans avoid doing.¹

LACH. We find, Phidippus, that our wives have been unjustly suspected² by us in this matter. Let us now try her still further ; for if your wife discovers that she has given credence to a false charge, she will dismiss her resentment ; but if my son is also angry, by reason of the circumstance that his wife has been brought to bed without his knowledge, that is a trifle : his anger on that account will speedily subside. Assuredly in this matter, there is nothing so bad as to be deserving of a separation.

PHID. I sincerely wish it may be so.

LACH. Examine *her* ; here she is ; she herself will satisfy you.

PHID. Why do you tell me these things ? *Is it* because you have not already heard what my feelings are with regard to this matter, Laches ? Do you only satisfy their minds.

¹ *Other courtesans avoid doing*)—Ver. 777. Colman has the following quotation from Donatus: “Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great success. In this Comedy, he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good step-mother and an honest courtesan ; but at the same time he so carefully assigns their motives of action, that by him alone everything seems reconcileable to truth and nature ; for this is just the opposite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all Poets, ‘to paint good matrons and wicked courtesans.’” Perhaps the same good feeling prompted Terence, in showing that a mother-in-law and a courtesan could be capable of acting with good and disinterested feelings, which caused Cumberland to write his Play of “The Jew,” to combat the popular prejudice against that persecuted class, by showing, in the character of Sheva, that a Jew might possibly be a virtuous man.

² *Have been unjustly suspected*) — Ver. 778. The words here employed are also capable of meaning, if an active sense is given to “suspectas,” “our wives have entertained wrong suspicions ;” but the sense above given seems preferable, as being the meaning of the passage.

LACH. Troth now, Bacchis, I do entreat that what you have promised me you will do.

BACCH. Would you wish me, then, to go in about this business?

LACH. Go, and satisfy their minds, so as to make them believe it.

BACCH. I'll go: although, upon my word, I am quite sure that my presence will be disagreeable to them, for a married woman is the enemy of a mistress, when she has been separated from her husband.

LACH. But they will be your friends, when they know the reason of your coming.

PHID. And I promise that they shall be your friends, when they know the fact; for you will release them from their mistake, and yourself, at the same time, from suspicion.

BACCH. Wretched me! I'm ashamed *to meet* Philumena.
(To her ATTENDANTS.) Do you both follow me into the house.
(Goes into the house with PHIDIPPUS and her ATTENDANTS.)

LACH. *(to himself.)* What is there that I could more wish for, than what I see has happened to this woman? To gain favour without loss to myself, and to benefit myself at *the same time*. For if now it is the fact that she has really withdrawn from Pamphilus, she knows that by that step she has acquired honour and reputation: she returns the favour to him, and, by the same means, attaches us as friends to herself. *(Goes into the house.)*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter PARMENO, moving along with difficulty.

PAR. *(to himself.)* Upon my faith, my master does assuredly think my labour of little value; to have sent me for nothing, where I have been sitting the whole day to no purpose, waiting at the citadel for Callidemides, his landlord at Myconos. And so, while sitting there to-day, *like a fool*, as each person came by, I accosted him:—"Young man, just tell me, pray, are you a Myconian?" "I am not."

"But is your name Callidemides?" "No." "Have you any former guest here named Pamphilus?" All said, "No; and I don't believe that there is any such person." At last, i' faith, I was quite ashamed, and went away. But how is it I see Bacchis coming out of our neighbour's? What business can she have there?

SCENE II.

Enter BACCHIS, from the house of PHIDIPPUS.

BACCH. Parmeno, you make your appearance opportunely; n with all speed¹ to Pamphilus.

PAR. Why thither?

BACCH. Say that I entreat him to come.

PAR. To your house?

BACCH. No; to Philumena.

PAR. What's the matter?

BACCH. Nothing that concerns you; so cease to make enquiry.

PAR. Am I to say nothing else?

BACCH. Yes; that Myrrhina has recognised that ring as her daughter's, which he formerly gave me.

PAR. I understand—is that all?

BACCH. That's all. He will be here directly he has heard this from you. But do you linger?

PAR. Far from it, indeed; for I've not had the opportunity given me to-day; so much with running and walking about have I wasted the whole day. (*Goes into the house of LACHES.*)

SCENE III.

BACCHIS, alone.

BACCH. What great joy have I caused for Pamphilus by my coming to-day! How many blessings have I brought him! and from how many sorrows have I rescued him! A son

¹ *Run with all speed*)—Ver. 809. Donatus remarks, that Parmeno is drawn as being of a lazy and inquisitive character; and that Terence, therefore, humorously contrives to keep him always on the move, and in total ignorance of what is going on.

I save for him, when it was nearly perishing through the agency of these *women* and of *himself*: a wife, whom he thought that he must cast off for ever, I restore to *him*: from the suspicion that he lay under with his father and Phidippus, I have cleared him. This ring, in fact, was the cause of these discoveries being made. For I remember, that about ten months ago, at an early hour of night, he came running home to my house, out of breath, without a companion, and surcharged with wine,¹ with this ring *in his hand*. I felt alarmed immediately: "My *Pamphilus*," I said, "prithee, my dear, why thus breathless, or where did you get that ring?—tell me!" He *began* to pretend that he was thinking of something else. When I saw *that*, I began to suspect I know not what, *and* to press him still more to tell me. The fellow confessed that he had ravished *some female*, he knew not whom, in the street; and said, that while she was struggling, he had taken that ring away from her. *Myrrhina* here recognized it just now, while I had it on my finger. She asked whence it came: I told her all the story. Hence the discovery has been made, that it was *Philumena* ravished by him, and that this new-born child is his. I am overjoyed that this happiness has befallen him through my agency; although other courtesans would not have similar feelings; nor, indeed, is it to our interest that any lover should find pleasure in matrimony. But, i' faith, I never, for the sake of gain, will give my mind to base actions. So long as I had the opportunity, I found him to be kind, easy, and good-natured. This marriage has fallen out unluckily for me,—that I confess to be the fact. But, upon my word, I do think that I have done nothing for it to befall me deservedly. It is but reasonable to endure inconveniences from one from whom I have received so many benefits.

¹ *Surcharged with wine*)—Ver. 824. Cooke has this remark here: "I suppose that this is the best excuse the Poet could make for the young gentleman's being guilty of felony and rape at the same time. In this speech, the incident is related on which the catastrophe of the Play turns, which incident is a very barbarous one, and attended with more than one absurdity, though it is the occasion of an agreeable discovery."

SCENE IV.

Enter PAMPHILUS and PARMENO, from the house of LACHES, on the other side of the stage.

PAM. Once more, take care, will you, my dear Parmeno, that you have brought me a faithful and distinct account, so as not to allure me for a short time to indulge in these transient joys.

PAR. I have taken care.

PAM. For certain?

PAR. For certain.

PAM. I am quite a God, if it is so!

PAR. You'll find it true.

PAM. Just stay, will you; I fear that I'm believing one thing, and you are telling another.

PAR. I am staying.

PAM. I think you said to this effect—that Myrrhina had discovered that Bacchis has her ring.

PAR. It is the fact.

PAM. The one I formerly gave to her; and she has desired you to tell me this: is such the fact?

PAR. Such is so, I tell you.

PAM. Who is there happier than I, and, in fact, more full of joyousness? What am I to present you for these tidings? What?—what? I know not.

PAR. But I know.

PAM. What?

PAR. Why, nothing; for neither in the tidings nor in myself do I know of there being any advantage to you.

PAM. What! am I to suffer you, who have caused me, when dead, to be restored from the shades to life—to leave me unrewarded? Oh, you deem me too thankless! But look—I see Bacchis standing before the door; she's waiting for me, I suppose; I'll accost her.

BACCH. Save you, Pamphilus!

PAM. Oh Bacchis! Oh my Bacchis—my preserver!

BACCH. It is a fortunate thing, and gives me great delight.

PAM. By your actions, you give me reason to believe you, and so much do you retain your former charming qualities,

that wherever you go, the meeting with you, your company, your conversation, always give pleasure.

BACCH. And you, upon my word, possess your former manners and disposition; so much so that not a single man living is more engaging than you.

PAM. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha ! do you *tell* me so ?

BACCH. You had reason, Pamphilus, for being so fond of your wife. For never before to-day did I set eyes upon her, so as to know her: she seems a very gentle person.

PAM. Tell the truth.

BACCH. So may the Gods bless me, Pamphilus !

PAM. Tell me, have you as yet told any of these matters to my father ?

BACCH. Not a word.

PAM. Nor is there need, in fact; therefore keep it a secret: I don't wish it to be the case here as it is in the Comedies,¹ where everything is known to everybody. Here, these who ought to know, know already; but those who ought not to know, shall neither hear of it nor know it.

BACCH. Nay more, I will give you a *proof* why you may suppose that this may be the more easily concealed. Myrrhina has told Phidippus to this effect—that she has given credit to my oath, and that, in consequence, in her eyes you are exculpated.

PAM. Most excellent; and I trust that this matter will turn out according to our wishes.

PAR. Master, may I not be allowed to know from you what is the good that I have done to-day, or what it is you are talking about ?

PAM. You may not.

¹ *In the Comedies*) — Ver. 867. Madame Dacier observes on this passage: "Terence here, with reason, endeavours to make the most of a circumstance peculiar to his Play. In other Comedies, everybody, Actors as well as Spectators, are at last equally acquainted with the whole intrigue and catastrophe, and it would even be a defect in the plot were there any obscurity remaining. But Terence, like a true genius, makes himself superior to rules, and adds new beauties to his piece by forsaking them. His reasons for concealing from part of the personages of the Drama the principal incident of the plot, are so plausible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending against manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the Play."

PAR. Still I suspect. “I *restore* him, when dead, from the shades below.”¹ In what way?

PAM. You don’t know, Parmeno, how much you have benefited me to-day, and from what troubles you have extricated me.

PAR. Nay, but indeed I do know: and I did not do it without design.

PAM. I know that well enough (*ironically*).

BACCH. Could Parmeno, from negligence, omit anything that ought to be done?

PAM. Follow me in, Parmeno.

PAR. I’ll follow; for my part, I have done more good to-day, without knowing it, than ever *I did*, knowingly, in all my life. (*Coming forward.*) Grant us your applause.²

¹ *From the shades below*)—Ver. 876. Parmeno says this, while pondering upon the meaning of all that is going on, and therby expresses his impatience to become acquainted with it. He therefore repeats what Pamphilus has before said in the twelfth line of the present Act, about his having been restored from death to life by his agency.

² *Your applause*)—Ver. 881. We may here remark, that the *Hecyra* is the only one of the Plays of Terence with a single plot.

PHORMIO; OR THE SCHEMING PARASITE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEMIPHO,¹ } Aged Athenians, brothers.
CHREMES,² }

ANTIPHO,³ son of Demipho.

PHÆDRIA,⁴ son of Chremes.

PHORMIO,⁵ a Parasite.

GETA,⁶ servant of Demipho.

DAVUS,⁷ a servant.

HEGIO,⁸

CRATINUS,⁹ } Advocates.

CRITO,¹⁰

DORIO,¹¹ a Procurer.

NAUSISTRATA,¹² the wife of Chremes.

SOPHRONA,¹³ the nurse of Phanium.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of DEMIPHO, CHREMES, and DORIO.

¹ From *δῆμος*, “the people,” and *φῶς*, “light.”

² See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

³ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Eunuchus*.

⁴ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Eunuchus*.

⁵ From *φορμὸς*, “an osier basket.”

⁶ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Adelphi*.

⁷ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

⁸ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Adelphi*.

⁹ From *κρατὸς*, “strength.”

¹⁰ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Andria*.

¹¹ From Doris, his country, a part of Caria.

¹² From *ναῦς*, “a ship,” and *στρατὸς*, “an army.”

¹³ See the Dramatis Personæ of the *Eunuchus*.

THE SUBJECT.

CHREMES and DEMIPHO are two aged Athenians, brothers. Nausistrata, the wife of Chremes, is a wealthy woman, possessed of large estates in the island of Lemnos. Chremes, who goes thither yearly to receive the rents, meets with a poor woman there, whom he secretly marries, and has by her a daughter, called Phanium: while engaged in this intrigue, Chremes passes at Lemnos by the name of Stilpho. By his wife, Nausistrata, at Athens, Chremes has a son, named Phaedria, and his brother has a son, named Antipho. Phanium having now arrived at her fifteenth year, the two brothers privately agree that she shall be brought to Athens and married to Antipho. For this purpose, Chremes goes to Lemnos, while Demipho is obliged to take a journey to Cilicia. On departing, they leave their sons in the care of Geta, one of Demipho's servants. Shortly afterwards, Phaedria falls in love with a Music-girl, but, from want of means, is unable to purchase her from her owner. In the meantime, the Lemnian wife of Chremes, urged by poverty, embarks for Athens, whither she arrives with her daughter and her nurse. Here they inquire for Stilpho, but in vain, as they cannot find any one of that name. Shortly after, the mother dies, and Antipho, seeing Phanium by accident, falls in love with her. Being wishful to marry her, he applies to Phormio, a Parasite, for his advice. The latter hits upon the following scheme: there being a law at Athens, which obliges the next-of-kin to female orphans, either to marry them or give them a portion, the Parasite pretends that he is a friend of Phanium, and insists that Antipho is her nearest relation, and is consequently bound to marry her. Antipho is summoned before a court of justice, and it being previously arranged, allows judgment to be given against himself, and immediately marries Phanium. Shortly after, the old men return upon the same day, and are much vexed, the one on finding that his son has married a woman without a fortune, the other that he has lost the opportunity of getting his daughter advantageously married. In the meantime, Phaedria being necessitated to raise some money to purchase the Music-girl, Geta and Phormio arrange that the former shall pretend to the old man, that Phormio has consented to take back the woman whom Antipho has married, if Demipho will give her a portion of thirty minæ. Demipho borrows the money of Chremes, and pays it to Phormio, who hands it over to Phaedria, and Phaedria to Dorio, for his mistress. At this conjuncture, it becomes known who Phanium really is, and the old men are delighted to find that Antipho has married the very person they wished. They attempt, however, to get back the thirty minæ from Phormio, and proceed to threats and violence. On this, Phormio, who has accidentally learnt the intrigue of Chremes with the woman of Lemnos, exposes him, and relates the whole story to his wife, Nausistrata; on which she censures her husband for his bad conduct, and the Play concludes with her thanks to Phormio for his information.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Roman Games,¹ L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula being Curule AEdiles. L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to a base and a treble flute. It is wholly from the Greek, *being the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus*. It was represented four times,² C. Fannius and M. Valerius being Consuls.³

¹ *The Roman Games*)—The “ludi Romani,” or “Roman Games,” were first established by Ancus Marcius, and were celebrated in the month of September.

² *Four times*)—The numerals signifying “four,” Donatus takes to mean that this was the fourth Play composed by Terence; it is, however, more generally supposed that the meaning is, that it was acted four times in one year.

³ *Being Consuls*)—M. Valerius Messala and C. Fannius Strabo were Consuls in the year from the Building of the City 591, and B.C. 167.

PHORMIO; OR, THE SCHEMING PARASITE.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

SMIPHO, the brother of Chremes, has gone abroad, his son Antipho being left at Athens. Chremes has secretly a wife and a daughter at Lemnos, another wife at Athens, and an only son, who loves a Music-girl. The mother arrives at Athens from Lemnos, *and there dies*. The girl, her orphan daughter, (Chremes being away,) arranges the funeral. After Antipho has fallen in love with her when seen there, through the aid of the Parasite he receives her as his wife. His father and Chremes, having *now* returned, *begin* to be enraged. Afterwards they give thirty minæ to the Parasite, that he may take her *as his own wife*. With this money the Music-girl is bought *for Phædria*. Antipho *then* keeps his wife, who has been recognized by his uncle.

THE PROLOGUE.

SINCE the old Poet¹ cannot withdraw *our* bard from his pursuits and reduce him to indolence, he endeavours, by invectives, to deter him from writing: for he is wont to say to this effect,—that the Plays which he has hitherto composed are poor in their language, and of meagre style; because he has nowhere described a frantic youth as seeing a hind in flight, and the hounds pursuing; while he implores² *and*

¹ *Since the old Poet*)—Ver. 1. He alludes to his old enemy, Luscus Lavinius, who is mentioned in all his Prologues, except those to the *Hecyra*.

² *While one implored*)—Ver. 8. “Et eam plorare, orare ut subveniat sibi.” This is probably in allusion to some absurd passage in one of the Plays of Lavinius. It is generally supposed to mean, that the stag implores the young man; but as the youth is mad, the absurdity of the passage is heightened if we suppose that he implores the stag, and, in the moment of its own danger, entreats it to come to his own assistance; as certainly the Latin will admit of that interpretation.—Ovid has a somewhat similar passage in the Pontic Epistles, B. ii. Ep. ii. l. 39: “The hind that, in its terror, is flying from the savage dogs, hesitates not to trust itself to the neighbouring house.”

PHOR. (*to himself.*) I think that will do.

GETA. Do help us.

PHOR. (*with alacrity.*) Let the old gentleman come; all my plans are now ready prepared in my mind.

GETA. What will you do?

PHOR. What would you have me? But that Phanium may continue *with him*, and that I may clear Antipho from this charge, and turn upon myself¹ all the wrath of the old gentleman?

GETA. O brave and kind man! But, Phormio, I often dread lest this courage may end in the stocks at last.²

PHOR. Oh, by no means; I've made trial, and have already pondered on the paths for my feet. How many men before to-day do you suppose I have beaten, even to death, strangers as well as citizens: the better I understand it, the oftener I try it. Just tell me, look you, did you ever hear of an action of damages being brought against me?

GETA. How is that?

PHOR. Because the net is never spread for the hawk or the kite, that do us the mischief; it is spread for those that do us none: because in the last there is profit, while with the others it is labour lost. For persons, out of whom anything can be got, there's risk from others; they know that I've got nothing. You will say: "They will take you,³ when sentenced, into their house;" they have no wish to maintain a devouring fellow; and, in my opinion, they are wise, if for an injury they are unwilling to return the highest benefit.

¹ *Turn upon myself*) — Ver. 323. Donatus observes that in this Scene, Terence exhibits the lower order of Parasites, who ingratiate themselves by sharping and roguery, as in the Eunuchus he describes Parasites of a higher rank, and of a newer species, who obtained their ends by flattery.

² *In the stocks at last*) — Ver. 325. "In nervum crumpat denique." There are several interpretations suggested for these words. Some think they allude to the drawing of a bow till it breaks; but they are more generally thought to imply termination in corporal punishment. "Nervus" is supposed to have been the name of a kind of stocks used in torturing slaves, and so called from being formed, in part at least, of the sinews of animals.

³ *They will take you*) — Ver. 334. At Rome, insolvent debtors became the slaves of their creditors till their debts were paid.

GETA. It's impossible that sufficient thanks can be returned you by him for your kindness.

PHOR. Why no; no person can return thanks sufficient to his patron¹ for his kindness. For you to take your place *at table* at free cost,² anointed and just washed at the bath, with your mind at ease, whereas he is devoured with the care and expense: while everything is being done to give you delight, he is being vexed at heart; you are laughing away, first to drink,³ take the higher place; a banquet full of doubts⁴ is placed before you—

GETA. What is the meaning of that expression?

PHOR. When you are in doubt which in especial to partake of. When you enter upon a consideration how delicious these things are, and how costly they are, the person who provides them, must you not account him a very God—neither more nor less?

GETA. The old man is coming; take care what you are about; the first onset is the fiercest; if you stand that, then, afterwards, you may play just as you please. (*They retire to a distance.*)

SCENE II.

Enter, at a distance, DEMIPHO, HEGIO, CRATINUS, and CRITO, following him.

DEM. Well now—did you ever hear of an injury being done to any person in a more affronting manner than this has to me? Assist me, I do beg of you.

GETA. (apart.) He's in a passion.

¹ *To his patron*)—Ver. 338. “Regi.” The Parasites were in the habit of calling their patron “Rex,” their “King.”

² *At free cost*)—Ver. 339. “Asymbolum.” Without having paid his “symbola,” or “club,” for the entertainment. Donatus informs us that the whole of this passage is borrowed from one of Ennius, which is still preserved.

³ *First to drink*)—Ver. 342. To be the first to drink, and to take the higher place on the couch when eating, was the privilege of the most honoured guests, who usually bathed, and were then anointed before the repast.

⁴ *Banquet full of doubts*)—Ver. 342. “Cœna dubia.” Horace, who borrows many of his phrases from Terence, uses the same expression.

PHOR. (*apart.*) Do you mind your cue; I'll rouse him just now. (*Stepping forward and crying aloud.*) Oh immortal Gods! does Demipho deny that Phanium here is related to him?

GETA. He does deny it.

DEM. (*to his friends.*) I believe it is the very man I was speaking about. Follow me. (*They all come forward.*)

PHOR. (*to Geta.*) And that he knows who her father was?

GETA. He does deny it.

PHOR. And that he knows who Stilpho was?

GETA. He does deny it.

PHOR. Because the poor thing was left destitute, her father is disowned; she herself is slighted: see what avarice does.

GETA. (*in a loud voice.*) If you are going to accuse my master of avarice, you shall hear what you won't like.

DEM. Oh, the impudence of the fellow! Does he come on purpose to accuse me?

PHOR. For really, I have no reason why I should be offended at the young man, if he did not know him; since that person, when growing aged and poor, and supporting himself by his labour, generally confined himself to the country; there he had a piece of land from my father to cultivate; full oft, in the meantime, did the old man tell me that this kinsman of his neglected him: but what a man? The very best I ever saw in all my life.

GETA. (*in a loud voice.*) Look to yourself as well as to him, how you speak.

PHOR. (*with affected indignation.*) Away, to utter perdition, with you. For if I had not formed such an opinion of him, I should never have incurred such enmity with your family on her account, whom he now slighted in such an ungenerous manner.

GETA. (*aloud.*) What, do you persist in speaking abusively of my master in his absence, you most abominable fellow?

PHOR. Why, it's just what he deserves.

GETA. (*aloud.*) Say you so, you gaol-bird?

DEM. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

GETA. (*aloud.*) A plunderer of people's property—a perverter of the laws!

DEM. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

PHOR. (*apart, in a low voice.*) Answer him.

GETA. Who is it? (*Looking round.*) Oh! —

DEM. Hold your peace.

GETA. He has never left off uttering abuse against you behind your back, unworthy of you, and *just* befitting himself.

DEM. Well now, have done. (*Addressing PHORMIO.*) Young man, in the first place, with your good leave, I ask you this, if you may possibly be pleased to give me an answer: explain to me who this friend of yours was, that you speak of, and how he said that he was related to me.

PHOR. (*sneeringly.*) You are fishing it out, just as if you didn't know.

DEM. I, know?

PHOR. Yes.

DEM. I say I do not; you, who affirm it, recall it to my recollection.

PHOR. Come now, didn't you know your own cousin-german?

DEM. You torture me to death; tell me his name.

PHOR. His name?

DEM. Of course. (*PHORMIO hesitates.*) Why are you silent now?

PHOR. (*aside.*) Heavens, I'm undone; I've forgot the name.

DEM. Well, what do you say?

PHOR. (*aside, to GETA.*) Geta, if you recollect the name I told you a short time since, prompt me. (*Aloud, to DEMIPHO.*) Well then, I shan't tell you; as if you didn't know, you come to pump me.

DEM. I, come to pump you, indeed?

GETA. (*whispering to PHORMIO.*) Stilpho.

PHOR. But, after all, what matters that to me? It is Stilpho.

DEM. Whom did you say?

PHOR. Stilpho, I tell you; you knew him.

DEM. I neither know him, nor had I ever any relation of that name.

PHOR. Say you so? Are you not ashamed of this? But if he had left you ten talents —

DEM. May the Gods confound you!

PHOR. You'd have been the first, from memory, to trace

your line of kindred, even as far back as from grandfather and great-grandfather.

DEM. Very likely what you say. In that case, when I had undertaken it, I should have shown how she was related to me; do you do the same: tell me, how is she related to me?

GETA. Well done, my *master*, that's right! (*Threateningly to PHORMIO.*) Hark you, take you care.

PHOR. I've already made the matter quite plain where I ought, before the judges; besides, if it was untrue, why didn't your son disprove it?

DEM. Do you talk about my son to me? Of whose folly there is no speaking in the language it deserves. 21

PHOR. Then do you, who are so wise, go to the magistrates, that for you they may give a second decision in the same cause, since you reign alone¹ *here*, and are the only man allowed to get a second trial in the same cause.

DFM. Although wrong has been done me, still, however, rather than engage in litigation, or listen to you, just as though she had been my relation, *as* the law orders one to find her a portion, rid me of her, *and* take five minæ.

PHOR. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant individual!

DEM. Well! am I asking anything unfair? Or am I not to obtain even this, which is my right at common law?

PHOR. Pray, really is it so, that when you have abused her like a courtesan, the law orders you to pay her hire and pack her off? Or is it the fact, that in order that a citizen may bring no disgrace upon herself through poverty, she has been ordered to be given to her nearest relative, to pass her life with him alone? *A thing* which you mean to prevent.

DEM. Yes, to her nearest relative, indeed; but why to us, or on what ground?

PHOR. Well, well, a thing tried, they say, you can't try over *again*.

DEM. Not try it? On the contrary, I shall not desist until I have gone through with it.

PHOR. You are trifling.

DEM. Only let me alone *for that*.

¹ *Since you reign alone*)—Ver. 605. This is a remark well put into the mouth of an Athenian, as the public were very jealous of any person becoming paramount to the laws, and to prevent it, were frequently guilty of the most odious oppression.

PHOR. In short, Demipho, I have nothing to do with you; your son has been cast, *and* not you; for your time of life for marrying has now gone by.

DEM. Consider that it is he that says to you all I now say, or else assuredly, together with this wife *of his*, I'll be forbidding him the house.

GETA. (*aside.*) He's in a passion.

PHOR. You'll be acting more considerately.

DEM. Are you so resolved, you unlucky fellow, to do me all the mischief you can?

PHOR. (*aside, to GETA.*) He's afraid of us, although he's so careful to conceal it.

GETA. (*aside, to PHORMIO.*) Your beginning has turned out well.

PHOR. But if, on the contrary, you endure what must be endured, you'll be doing what's worthy of you, so that we may be on friendly terms.

DEM. (*indignantly.*) What, I seek your friendship, or have any wish to see or hear you?

PHOR. If you can agree with her, you will have some one to cheer up your old age; *just* consider your time of life.

DEM. Let her cheer up yourself; keep her to yourself.

PHOR. Really, do moderate your passion.

DEM. Mark what I say. There have been words enough already; if you don't make haste to fetch away the woman, I shall turn her out: I have said it, Phormio.

PHOR. If you use her in any other manner than is befitting a free-born woman, I shall be bringing a swingeing action against you: I have said it, Demipho. (*To GETA.*) Hark you, if there should be any occasion for me, I shall be at home.

GETA. (*apart.*) I understand you. (*Exit PHORMIO.*)

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO, HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO, and GETA.

DEM. What care and anxiety my son does bring upon me, by entangling himself and me in this same marriage! And he doesn't *so much as* come into my sight, that at least I might know what he says about this matter, or what his

sentiments are. (*To GETA.*) Be off, go see whether he has returned home or not by this.

GETA. I will. (*Goes into the house.*)

DEM. (*to the ASSISTANTS.*) You see how the case stands. What am I to do? Tell *me*, Hegio.

HEG. What, I? I think Cratinus *ought*, if it seems good to you.

DEM. Tell *me*, Cratinus.

CRAT. What, do you wish me to speak? I should like you to do what is most for your advantage; it is my opinion, that what this son of yours has done in your absence, in law and justice ought to be annulled; and that you'll obtain redress. That's my opinion.

DEM. Say now, Hegio.

HEG. I believe that he has spoken with due deliberation; but it is the fact, "as many men, so many minds;"¹ every one his own way. It doesn't appear to me that what has been done by law can be revoked; and it is wrong to attempt it.

DEM. Speak, Crito.

CRIT. I am of opinion, that we must deliberate further;² it is a matter of importance.

HEG. Do you want anything further with us?

DEM. You have done very well. (*Exeunt ASSISTANTS.*) I am much more at a loss³ than before.

¹ *So many minds*)—Ver. 454. "Quot homines, tot sententiae." This is a famous adage. One similar to the succeeding one is found in the Second Eclogue of Virgil, l. 65: "Trahit sua quemque voluptas," exactly equivalent to our saying, "Every man to his taste."

² *Must deliberate further*)—Ver. 457. "Amplius deliberandum." This is probably a satirical allusion to the judicial system of procrastination, which, by the Romans, was called "ampliatio." When the judges could not come to a satisfactory conclusion about a cause, they signified it by the letters *N. L.* (for "non liquet," "it is not clear"), and put off the suit for a rehearing.

³ *Much more at a loss*)—Ver. 459. See the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, where advocates or assistants are introduced among the *Dramatis Personæ*. Colman has the following remarks on this quaint passage: "I believe there is no Scene in Comedy more highly seasoned with the *ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comic, and it is worked up with all that simplicity and chastity so peculiar to the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himself in twenty little conceits on this occasion; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely surpasses, as true humour, all the drolleries which, perhaps, even those great masters

Re-enter GETA, from the house.

GETA. They say that he has not come back.

DEM. I must wait for my brother. The advice that he gives me about this matter, I shall follow. I'll go make enquiry at the harbour, when he is to come back. (*Exit.*)

GETA. And I'll go look for Antipho, that he may learn what has passed here. But look, I see him coming this way, just in the very nick of time.

SCENE IV.

Enter ANTIPHO, at a distance.

ANT. (*to himself.*) Indeed, Antipho, in many ways you are to be blamed for these feelings; to have thus run away, and entrusted your existence to the protection of other people. Did you suppose that others would give more attention to your interests than your own self? For, however other matters stood, certainly you should have thought of her whom you have now at home, that she might not suffer any harm in consequence of her confiding in you, whose hopes and resources, poor thing, are all now centred in yourself alone.

GETA. (*coming forward.*) Why really, master, we have for some time been censuring you here in your absence, for having *thus* gone away.

ANT. You are the very person I was looking for.

GETA. But still, we were not a bit the more remiss on that account.

ANT. Tell me, I beg of you, in what posture are my interests and fortunes. Has my father any suspicion?

GETA. Not any at present.

ANT. Is there still any hope?

GETA. I don't know.

ANT. Alas!

of Comedy, Plautus or Molière, might have been tempted to throw out. It is the highest art of a Dramatic Author, on some occasions, to leave a good deal to the Actor; and it has been remarked by Heinsius and others, that Terence was particularly attentive to this circumstance."

GETA. But Phædria has not neglected to use his endeavours in your behalf.

ANT. He did nothing new.

GETA. Then Phormio, too, in this matter, just as in everything else, showed himself a man of energy.

ANT. What did he do?

GETA. With his words he silenced the old man, who was very angry.

ANT. Well done, Phormio!

GETA. I, too, *did* all I could.

ANT. My dear Geta, I love you all.

GETA. The commencement is just in this position, as I tell you: matters, at present, are going on smoothly, and your father intends to wait for your uncle, till he arrives.

ANT. Why him?

GETA. He said he was wishful to act by his advice, in all that relates to this business.

ANT. How greatly now, Geta, I do dread my uncle's safe arrival! For, according to his single sentence, from what I hear, I am to live or die.

GETA. Here comes Phædria.

ANT. Where is he, pray?

GETA. See, he's coming from his place of exercise.¹

SCENE V.

Enter from DORIO's house, DORIO, followed by PHÆDRIA.

PHÆD. Prithee, hear me, Dorio.

DOR. I'll not hear you.

PHÆD. Only a moment.

DOR. Let me alone.

PHÆD. Do hear what I have to say.

DOR. Why really I am tired of hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

PHÆD. But now, I have something to tell you that you'll hear with pleasure.

¹ *From his place of exercise*)—Ver. 484. “Palæstra.” He alludes to the Procurer's house under this name.

GOR. Speak then; I'm listening.

PHÆD. Can I not prevail on you to wait for only three days? Whither are you going now?

GOR. I was wondering if you had anything new to offer.

ANT. (apart, to GETA.) I'm afraid for this Procurer, lest—

GETA. (apart, to ANTIPO.) Something may befall his own safety.¹

PHÆD. You don't believe me?

GOR. You guess right.

PHÆD. But if I pledge my word.

GOR. Nonsense!

PHÆD. You will have reason to say that this kindness was well laid out by you on interest.

GOR. Stuff!

PHÆD. Believe me, you will be glad you did so; upon my faith, it is the truth.

GOR. *Mere* dreams!

PHÆD. Do but try; the time is not long.

GOR. The same story over again.

PHÆD. You *will be* my kinsman, my father, my friend; you—

GOR. Now, do prate on.

PHÆD. For you to be of a disposition so harsh and inexorable, that neither by pity nor by entreaties can you be softened!

GOR. For you to be of a disposition so unreasonable and so unconscionable, Phædria, that you can be talking me over with fine words,² and be for amusing yourself with what's my property for nothing!

ANT. (apart, to GETA.) I am sorry for him.

PHÆD. (aside.) Alas! I feel it to be too true.

GETA. (apart, to ANTIPO.) How well each keeps up to his character!

¹ *Befall his own safety*)—Ver. 490. Overhearing Phædria earnest and determined, and the Procurer obstinate and inflexible, Antipho and Geta join in apprehending that the brutality of the latter may provoke Phædria to some act of violence.

² *With fine words*)—Ver. 499. “Phaleratis dictis.” “Phaleræ” were, properly, the silver ornaments with which horses were decked out, and being only for show, and not for use, gave rise to this saying. “Ductes” was an obscene word, and not likely to be used by any but such characters as Dorio.

PHÆD. (*to himself.*) And would that this misfortune had not befallen me at a time when Antipho was occupied with other cares as well.

ANT. (*coming forward.*) Ah Phædria, why, what is the matter?

PHÆD. O most fortunate Antipho!

ANT. What, I?

PHÆD. To have in your possession the object of your love, and have no occasion to encounter such a nuisance as this.

ANT. What I, in my possession? Why yes, as the saying is, I've got a wolf by the ears;¹ for I neither know how to get rid of her, nor yet how to keep her.

DOR. That's just my case with regard to him (*pointing to PHÆDRIA*).

ANT. (*to DORIO.*) Aye, aye, don't you show too little of the Procurer. (*To PHÆDRIA.*) What has he been doing?

PHÆD. What, he? Acting the part of a most inhuman fellow; been and sold my Pamphila.

GETA. What! Sold her?

ANT. Sold her, say you?

PHÆD. Sold her.

DOR. (*ironically.*) What a shocking crime—a wench bought with one's own money!

PHÆD. I cannot prevail upon him to wait for me the next three days, and *so far* break off the bargain with the person, while I get the money from my friends, which has been promised *me*; if I don't give it him then, let him not wait a single hour longer.

DOR. Very good.

ANT. It's not a long time that he asks, Dorio; do let him prevail upon you; he'll pay you twofold for having acted to him thus obligingly.

DOR. *Mere* words!

ANT. Will you allow Pamphila to be carried away from this place? *And* then, besides, can you possibly allow their love to be severed asunder?

DOR. Neither I nor you *cause* that.

¹ *A wolf by the ears*)—Ver. 505. A proverbial expression which, according to Suetonius, was frequently in the mouth of Tiberius Cæsar.

GETA. May all the Gods grant you what you are deserving of !

DOR. I have borne with you for several months quite against my inclination ; promising *and* whimpering, and *yet* bringing nothing ; now, on the other hand, I have found one to pay, and not be snivelling ; give place to your betters.

ANT. I'faith, there surely was a day named, if I remember right, for you to pay him.

PHÆD. *It* is the fact.

DOR. Do I deny it ?

ANT. Is that *day* past, then ?

DOR. No ; but this one has come before it.

ANT. Are you not ashamed of your perfidy ?

DOR. Not at all, so long as it is for my interest.

GETA. Dunghill !

PHÆD. Dorio, is it right, pray, for you to act thus ?

DOR. It is my way ; if I suit you, make use of me.

ANT. Do you try to trifle with him (*pointing to PHÆDRIA*) in this manner ?

DOR. Why really, on the contrary, Antipho, it's he trifling with me, for he knew me to be a person of this sort ; I supposed him to be quite a different man ; he has deceived me ; I'm not a bit different to him from what I was *before*. But however that may be, I'll yet do this ; the captain has said, that to-morrow morning he will pay me the money ; if you bring it me before that, Phædria, I'll follow my rule, that he is the first served who is the first to pay. Farewell ! (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VI.

PHÆDRIA, ANTIPHO, and GETA.

PHÆD. What am I to do ? Wretch that I am ! where am I now in this emergency to raise the money for him, *I*, who am worse than *nothing* ? If it had been possible for these three days to be obtained of him, it was promised me *by then*.

ANT. Geta, shall we suffer him to continue thus wretched, when he so lately assisted me in the kind way you were mentioning ? On the contrary, why not, as there's need of it, try to do him a kindness in return ?

GETA. For my part, I'm sure it is *but* fair.

ANT. Come then, you are the only man able to serve him.

GETA. What can I do?

ANT. Procure the money.

GETA. I wish I could; but where *it is to come* from—tell me that.

ANT. My father has come home.

GETA. I know; but what of that?

ANT. Oh, a word to the wise¹ is quite enough.

GETA. Is that it, then?

ANT. Just so.

GETA. Upon my faith, you really do give me fine advice; out upon you! Ought I not to be heartily glad, if I meet with no mishap through your marriage, but what, in addition to that, you must now bid me, for his sake, to be seeking risk upon risk?

ANT. 'Tis true what he says.

PHÆD. What! am I a stranger to you, Geta?

GETA. I don't consider *you so*. But is it so trifling a matter that the old gentleman is now vexed with us all, that we must provoke him still more, and leave no room for entreaty?

PHÆD. Is another man to take her away from before my eyes to some unknown spot? Alas! speak to me then, Antipho, and look upon me while you have the opportunity, and while I'm present.

ANT. Why so, or what are you going to do? Pray, tell me.

PHÆD. To whatever part of the world she is borne away, I'm determined to follow her or to perish.

GETA. May the Gods prosper your design! Cautiously's the word, however.

ANT. (to GETA.) Do see if you can give him any assistance at all.

GETA. Any at all—how?

ANT. Pray, do try, that he mayn't be doing something that we may afterwards be more or less sorry for, Géta.

GETA. I'm considering. (He pauses.) He's all safe, so far as I can guess: but still, I'm afraid of mischief.

¹ *A word to the wise*)—Ver. 540. "Dictum sapienti sat est." The same proverb is found in the Persa of Plautus, l. 736.

ANT. Don't be afraid: together with you, we'll share good and bad.

GETA. (to PHÆDRIA.) How much money do you want? Tell me.

PHÆD. Only thirty minæ.

GETA. Thirty? Heyday! she's monstrous dear, Phædria.

PHÆD. Indeed, she's very cheap.

GETA. Well, well, I'll get them for you.

PHÆD. Oh the dear man! (They both fall to hugging GETA.)

GETA. Take yourselves off. (Shakes them off.)

PHÆD. There's need for them directly.

GETA. You shall have them directly; but I must have Phormio for my assistant in this business.

ANT. He's quite ready; right boldly lay on him any load you like, he'll bear it: he, in especial, is a friend to his friend.

GETA. Let's go to him at once then.

ANT. Will you have any occasion for my assistance?

GETA. None; but be off home, and comfort that poor thing, who I am sure is now in-doors almost dead with fear. Do you linger?

ANT. There's nothing I could do with so much pleasure. (Goes into the house of DEMIPHO.)

PHÆD. What way will you manage this?

GETA. I'll tell you on the road; first thing, betake yourself off. (Exeunt)

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO and CHREMES.

DEM. Well, have you brought your daughter with you, Chremes, for whom you went to Lemnos?

CHREM. No.

DEM. Why not?

CHREM. When her mother found that I stayed here longer than usual, and at the same time the age of the girl did not

suit with my delays, they told me that she, with all her family, set out in search of me.

DEM. Pray, then, why did you stay there so long, when you had heard of this?

CHREM. Why, faith, a malady detained me.

DEM. From what cause? Or what *was it?*

CHREM. Do you ask me? Old age itself is a malady. However, I heard that they had arrived safe, from the captain who brought them.

DEM. Have you heard, Chremes, what has happened to my son, in my absence?

CHREM. 'Tis that, in fact, that has embarrassed me in my plans. For if I offer my daughter in marriage to any person that's a stranger, it must all be told how and by whom I had her. You I knew to be fully as faithful to me as I am to myself; if a stranger shall think fit to be connected with me by marriage, he will hold his tongue, just as long as good terms exist between us: but if he takes a dislike to me, he'll be knowing more than it's proper he should know. I am afraid, too, lest my wife should, by some means, come to know of it; if that is the case, it *only* remains for me to shake myself¹ and leave the house; for I'm the only one I can rely on at home.²

DEM. I know it is so, and that circumstance is a cause of anxiety to me; and I shall never cease trying, until I've made good what I promised you.

SCENE II.

*Enter GETA, on the other side of the stage, not seeing
DEMIPHO or CHREMES.*

GETA. (*to himself.*) I never saw a more cunning fellow than this Phormio. I came to the fellow to tell him that

¹ *To shake myself*)—Ver. 585. “Me exutiam.” In reference to the custom of the Greeks, and the Eastern nations, of shaking their clothes at the door of any house which they were going to leave.

² *Rely on at home*)—Ver. 586. “Nam ego meorum solus sum meus.” He means that he is the only person in his house friendly to himself, inasmuch as his wife, from her wealth, has supreme power over the domestics, in whom he himself can place no trust.

money was needed, and by what means it might be procured. Hardly had I said one half, when he understood me; he was quite delighted; complimented me; asked where the old man was; gave thanks to the Gods that an opportunity was afforded him for showing himself no less a friend to Phædria than to Antipho: I bade the fellow wait for me at the Forum; whither I would bring the old gentleman. But see, here's the very man (*catching sight of the Old Man*). Who is the further one? Heyday, Phædria's father has got back! still, brute beast that I am, what was I afraid of? Is it because two are presented instead of one for me to dupe? I deem it preferable to enjoy a twofold hope. I'll try for it from him from whom I first intended: if he gives it me, well and good; if I can make nothing of him, then I'll attack this new comer.

SCENE III.

Enter ANTIPHO from the house, behind at a distance.

ANT. (*to himself.*) I'm expecting every moment that Geta will be here. But I see my uncle standing close by, with my father. Ah me! how much I fear what influence his return may have upon my father!

GETA. (*to himself.*) I'll accost them. (*Goes up to them.*) O welcome to you, our *neighbour* Chremes.

CHREM. Save you, Geta.

GETA. I'm delighted to see you safe returned.

CHREM. I believe you.

GETA. How go matters?

CHREM. Many changes here upon my arrival, as usually the case.

GETA. True; have you heard what has happened to Antipho?

CHREM. All.

GETA. (*to DEMIPPO.*) What, have you told him? Disgraceful conduct, Chremes, thus to be imposed on.

DEM. It was about that I was talking to him just now.

GETA. But really, on carefully reflecting upon this matter I think I have found a remedy.

fall to my lot; if any one touches the fourth, woe to him."

Thus did unscrupulousness seize upon the whole ^{itself.}

FABLE VI.

THE FROGS' COMPLAINT AGAINST THE ^{the latter} SUN.

Æsop, on seeing the pompous wedding of a thief, ^{whis,} the his neighbour, immediately began to relate the ^{fo} of them story: ^{nounced}

Once on a time, when the Sun was thinking of ^{tst} what wife,¹ the Frogs sent forth their clamour to the stars. ^{hat you} turbed by their croakings, Jupiter asked the cause of ^{their} complaints. Then *said* one of the inhabitants of the pool: "As it is, by himself he parches up all the standing waters, and compels us unfortunates to languish and die in ^{our} scorched abode. What is to become of us, if he beget children?"

FABLE VII.

THE FOX AND THE TRAGIC MASK.

A Fox, by chance, casting his eyes on a Tragic Mask. "Ah," said she, "great as is its beauty, still it has no brains."

the Lion plead twice upon the same title, to represent more strongly by what unjust claims men in power often invade the property of another."

¹ *Taking a wife*)—Ver. 3. It has been suggested by Brotier and Desbillons, that in this Fable Phædrus covertly alludes to the marriage which was contemplated by Livia, or Livilla, the daughter of the elder Drusus and Antonia, and the wife of her first-cousin, the younger Drusus, with the infamous Sejanus, the minister and favourite of Tiberius, after having, with his assistance, removed her husband by poison. In such case, the Frogs will represent the Roman people, the Sun Sejanus, who had greatly oppressed them, and by Jupiter, Tiberius will be meant.

² *Has no brains*)—Ver. 2. To make the sense of this remark of the Fox the more intelligible, we must bear in mind that the ancient masks covered the whole head, and sometimes extended down to the shoulders; consequently, their resemblance to the human head was much more striking than in the masks of the present day.

money is meant for those to whom fortune has granted Hardi and renown, leaving them void of common sense. quite man

was a
Phædr

the Fox THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

see, her

is the who expects a recompense for his services from the back ! ast commits a twofold mistake; first, because he assists Is it be deserving, and in the next place, because he cannot dupe ? while he is yet safe.

for it is one that he had swallowed stuck in the jaws of a

Thereupon, overcome by extreme pain, he began to tempt all and sundry by great rewards to extract the cause of misery. At length, on his taking an oath, a Crane was prevailed on, and, trusting the length of her neck to his throat, she wrought, with danger to herself, a cure for the Wolf.

When she demanded the promised reward for this service,

"are an ungrateful one," replied the Wolf, "to have taken
me in safety out of my mouth, and then to ask for a

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GETA. True; have
Antipho ?

CHREM. All.

GETA. (to DEMIPPO.) V.
graceful conduct, Chremes, I
DEM. It was about that I
GETA. But really, on careful
I think I have found a remedy.

FABLE VIII.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

FABLE IX.

THE WOLF AND THE HARE.

"Care," is a word of less
a person by way of assistance or
ridicule, as with us
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FABLE X.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

Whoever has once become notorious by base fraud, even if he speaks the truth, gains no belief. To this, a short Fable of Æsop bears witness.

A Wolf indicted a Fox upon a charge of theft; the latter denied that she was amenable to the charge. Upon this, the Ape sat as judge between them; and when each of them had pleaded his cause, the Ape is said to have pronounced *this* sentence: "You, *Wolf*, appear not to have lost what you demand; I believe that you, *Fox*, have stolen what you *so* speciously deny.

FABLE XI.

THE ASS AND THE LION HUNTING.

A dastard, who in his talk brags of his prowess, and is devoid of courage,¹ imposes upon strangers, but is the jest of all who know him.

A Lion having resolved to hunt in company with an Ass, concealed him in a thicket, and at the same time enjoined him to frighten the wild beasts with his voice, to which they were unused, while he himself was to catch them as they fled. Upon this, Long-ears, with all his might, suddenly raised a cry, and terrified the beasts with *this* new cause of astonishment.² While, in their alarm, they are flying to the well-known outlets, they are overpowered by the dread onset of the Lion; who, after he was wearied with slaughter, called forth the Ass *from his retreat*, and bade him cease his clamour. On this the other, in his insolence, *inquired*: "What think you of the assistance given by my voice?" "Excellent!" said the *Lion*, "so much so, that if I had not been acquainted with your spirit and your race, I should have fled in alarm like *the rest*."

¹ *Devoid of courage*)—Ver. 1. Burmann suggests, with great probability, that Phædrus had here in mind those braggart warriors, who have been so well described by Plautus and Terence, under the characters of Pyrgopolynices and Thraso.

² *This new cause of astonishment*) Ver. 8.—Never having heard the voice of an ass in the forests before

FABLE XII.

THE STAG AT THE STREAM.

This story shows that what you contemn is often found of more utility than what you load with praises.

A Stag, when he had drunk at a stream, stood still, and gazed upon his likeness in the water. While there, in admiration, he was praising his branching horns, and finding fault with the extreme thinness of his legs, suddenly roused by the cries of the huntsmen, he took to flight over the plain, and with nimble course escaped the dogs. Then a wood received the beast ; in which, being entangled and caught by his horns, the dogs began to tear him to pieces with savage bites. While dying, he is said to have uttered these words : “Oh, how unhappy am I, who now too late find out how useful to me were the things that I despised ; and what sorrow the things I used to praise, have caused me.”

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND THE RAVEN.

He who is delighted at being flattered with artful words, *generally* pays the ignominious penalty of a late repentance.

As a Raven, perched in a lofty tree, was about to eat a piece of cheese, stolen from a window,¹ a Fox espied him, and thereupon began thus to speak : “O Raven, what a glossiness there is upon those feathers of yours ! What grace you carry in your shape and air ! If you had a voice, no bird whatever would be superior to you.” On this, the other, while, in his folly, attempting to show off his voice, let fall the cheese from his mouth, which the crafty Fox with greedy teeth instantly snatched up. Then, too late, the Raven, thus, in his stupidity overreached, heaved a bitter sigh.

By this story² it is shown, how much ingenuity avails, and how wisdom is always an overmatch for strength.

¹ *From a window*)—Ver. 3. Burmann suggests that the window of a house in which articles of food were exposed for sale, is probably meant.

² *By this story*)—Ver. 13. Heinsius thinks this line and the next to be spurious ; because, though Phædrus sometimes at the beginning

FABLE XIV.

THE COBBLER TURNED PHYSICIAN.

A bungling Cobbler, broken down by want, having begun to practise physic in a strange place, and selling his antidote¹ under a feigned name, gained some reputation for himself by his delusive speeches.

Upon this, the King of the city, who lay ill, being afflicted with a severe malady, asked for a cup, for the purpose of trying him ; and then pouring water into it, and pretending that he was mixing poison with the fellow's antidote, ordered him to drink it off, *in consideration of* a stated reward. Through fear of death, the cobbler then confessed that not by any skill in the medical art, but through the stupidity of the public, he had gained his reputation. The King, having summoned a council, thus remarked : "What think you of the extent of your madness, when you do not hesitate to trust your lives² to one to whom no one would trust his feet to be fitted with shoes ?"

This, I should say with good reason, is aimed at those through whose folly impudence makes a profit.

FABLE XV.

THE ASS AND THE OLD SHEPHERD.

In a change of government, the poor change nothing beyond the name of their master. That this is the fact this little Fable shows.

mentions the design of his Fable, he seldom does so at the end. In this conjecture he is followed by Bentley, Sanadon, and many others of the learned.

¹ *Selling his antidote*)—Ver. 3. "Antidotum" probably means a universal remedy, capable of curing all natural diseases, as well as neutralizing the effects of poison.

² *Trust your lives*)—Ver. 15. He seems to pun upon the word "capita," as meaning not only "the life," but "the head," in contradistinction to "the feet," mentioned in the next line. As in l. 2 we find that he came to a place where he was not known, we must suppose that the Cobbler confessed to the King his former calling.

A timorous Old Man was feeding an Ass in a meadow. Frightened by a sudden alarm of the enemy, he tried to persuade the Ass to fly, lest they should be taken prisoners. But he leisurely replied: "Pray, do you suppose that the conqueror will place double panniers upon me?" The Old Man said, "No." "Then what matters it to me, so long as I have to carry my panniers, whom I serve?"

FABLE XVI.

THE STAG, THE SHEEP, AND THE WOLF.

When a rogue offers his name as surety in a doubtful case, he has no design to act straight-forwardly, but is looking to mischief.

A Stag asked a Sheep for a measure¹ of wheat, a Wolf being his surety. The other, however, suspecting fraud, replied: "The Wolf has always been in the habit of plundering and absconding; you, of rushing out of sight with rapid flight: where am I to look for you both when the day comes?"²

FABLE XVII.

THE SHEEP, THE DOG, AND THE WOLF.

Liars generally³ pay the penalty of their guilt.

A Dog, who was a false accuser, having demanded of a Sheep a loaf of bread, which he affirmed he had entrusted to her charge; a Wolf, summoned as a witness, affirmed that not only one was owing but ten. Condemned on false testimony, the Sheep had to pay what she did not owe. A few days after, the Sheep saw the Wolf lying in a pit. "This," said she, "is the reward of villainy, sent by the Gods."

¹ For a measure)—Ver. 3. Properly "modius;" the principal dry measure of the Romans. It was equal to one-third of the amphora, and therefore to nearly two gallons English.

² Day comes)—Ver. 6. "Quum dies aveniat," a law term, signifying "when the day of payment comes."

³ Liars generally)—Ver. 1. It is supposed by some that this Fable is levelled against the informers who infested Rome in the days of Tiberius.

FABLE XVIII.
THE WOMAN IN LABOUR.

No one returns with good will to the place which has done him a mischief..

Her months completed,¹ a Woman in labour lay upon the ground, uttering woful moans. Her Husband entreated her to lay her body on the bed, where she might with more ease deposit her ripe burden. "I feel far from confident," said she, "that my pains can end in the place where they originated."

FABLE XIX.
THE BITCH AND HER WHELPs.

The fair words of a wicked man are fraught with treachery, and the subjoined lines warn us to shun them.

A Bitch, ready to whelp,² having entreated another that she might give birth to her offspring in her kennel, easily obtained the favour. Afterwards, on the other asking for her place back again, she renewed her entreaties, earnestly begging for a short time, until she might be enabled to lead forth her whelps when they had gained sufficient strength. This time being also expired, *the other* began more urgently to press for her abode: "If," said *the tenant*, "you can be a match for me and my litter, I will depart from the place."

FABLE XX.
THE HUNGRY DOGS.

An ill-judged project is not only without effect, but also lures mortals to their destruction.

¹ *Her months completed*)—Ver. 2. Plutarch relates this, not as a Fable, but as a true narrative.

² *Ready to whelp*)—Ver. 3. Justin, B. I., c. 3, mentions this Fable with some little variation, as being related by a Ligurian to Comanus, the son of King Nannus, who had granted (about B.C. 540) some land to the Phœceans for the foundation of the city of Massilia; signifying thereby that the natives would be quickly dispossessed by the newcomers.

Some Dogs espied a raw hide sunk in a river. In order that they might more easily get it out and devour it, they fell to drinking up the water; they burst, however, and perished before they could reach what they sought.

FARLE XXI.

THE AGED LION, THE WILD BOAR, THE BULL, AND THE ASS.

Whoever has fallen from a previous high estate, is in his calamity the butt even of cowards.

As a Lion, worn out with years, and deserted by his strength, lay drawing his last breath, a Wild Boar came up to him, with flashing tusks,¹ and with a blow revenged an old affront. Next, with hostile horns, a Bull pierced the body of his foe. An Ass, on seeing the wild beast maltreated with impunity, tore up his forehead with his heels. On this, expiring, he said: "I have borne, with indignation, the insults of the brave; but in being inevitably forced to bear with you, disgrace to nature! I seem to die a double death."

FABLE XXII.

THE MAN AND THE WEASEL.

A Weasel, on being caught by a Man, wishing to escape impending death: "Pray," said she, "do spare me, for 'tis I who keep your house clear of troublesome mice." The Man made answer: "If you did so for my sake, it would be a reason for thanking you, and I should have granted you the pardon you entreat. But, inasmuch as you do your best that you may enjoy the scraps which they would have gnawed, and devour the mice as well, don't think of placing your pretended services to my account;" and so saying, he put the wicked *creature* to death.

¹ *With flashing tusks*)—Ver. 5. "Fulmineus," "lightning-like," is an epithet given by Ovid and Statius also, to the tusks of the wild boar; probably by reason of their sharpness and the impetuosity of the blow inflicted thereby. Scheffer suggests that they were so called from their white appearance among the black hair of the boar's head.

Those persons ought to recognize this as applicable to themselves, whose object is private advantage, and who boast to the unthinking of an unreal merit.

FABLE XXIII.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

The man who becomes liberal all of a sudden, gratifies the foolish, but for the wary spreads his toils in vain.

A Thief one night threw a crust of bread to a Dog, to try whether he could be gained by the proffered victuals: "Hark you," said the Dog, "do you think to stop my tongue so that I may not bark for my master's property? You are greatly mistaken. For this sudden liberality bids me be on the watch, that you may not profit by my neglect."

FABLE XXIV.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

The needy man, while affecting to imitate the powerful, comes to ruin.

Once on a time, a Frog espied an Ox in a meadow, and moved with envy at his vast bulk, puffed out her wrinkled skin, and then asked her young ones whether she was bigger than the Ox. They said "No." Again, with still greater efforts, she distended her skin, and in like manner enquired which was the bigger:¹ they said: "The Ox." At last, while, full of indignation, she tried, with all her might, to puff herself out, she burst her body on the spot.

FABLE XXV.

THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

Those who give bad advice to discreet persons, both lose their pains, and are laughed to scorn.

¹ Which was the bigger)—Ver. 8. "Quis major esset. Illi dixerunt Bovem." Bentley censures this line, and thinks it spurious. In good Latin, he says "uter" would occupy the place of "quis," and "bo-vem" would be replaced by "bos."

It has been related,¹ that Dogs drink at the river Nile running along, that they may not be seized by the Crocodiles. Accordingly, a Dog having begun to drink while running along, a Crocodile thus addressed him : “ Lap as leisurely as you like; drink on; come nearer, and don’t be afraid,” said he. The other *replied* : “ Egad, I would do so with all my heart, did I not know that you are eager for my flesh.”

FABLE XXVI.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

Harm should be done to no man; but if any one do an injury, this Fable shows that he may be visited with a like return.

A Fox is said to have given a Stork the first invitation to a banquet, and to have placed before her some thin broth in a flat dish, of which the hungry Stork could in no way get a taste. Having invited the Fox in return, she set *before him* a narrow-mouthed jar,² full of minced meat:³ and, thrusting her beak into it, satisfied herself, *while* she tormented her guest with hunger; who, after having in vain licked the neck of the jar, as we have heard, thus addressed the foreign bird:⁴ “ Every one is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example.”

¹ *It has been related*)—Ver. 3. Pliny, in his Natural History, B. viii. c. 40, and Aelian, in his Various and Natural Histories, relate the same fact as to the dogs drinking of the Nile. “ To treat a thing, as the dogs do the Nile,” was a common proverb with the ancients, signifying to do it superficially; corresponding with our homely saying, “ To give it a lick and a promise.” Macrobius, in the Saturnalia, B. i. c. 2, mentions a story, that after the defeat at Mutina, when enquiry was made as to what had become of Antony, one of his servants made answer: “ He has done what the dogs do in Egypt, he drank and ran away.”

² *Of minced meat*)—Ver. 7. “ *Intritus cibus*,” is thought here to signify a peculiar dish, consisting of bread soaked in milk, cheese, garlic, and other herbs.

³ *Narrow-mouthed jar*)—Ver. 8. The “ *lagena*,” or “ *lagona*,” was a long-necked bottle or flagon, made of earth, and much used for keeping wine or fruit.

⁴ *The foreign bird*)—Ver. 11. Alluding probably to the migratory habits of the stork, or the fact of her being especially a native of Egypt.

FABLE XXVII.

THE DOG, THE TREASURE, AND THE VULTURE.

This Fable may be applied to the avaricious, and to those, who, born to a humble lot, affect to be called rich.

Grubbing up human bones,¹ a Dog met with a Treasure; and, because he had offended the Gods the Manes,² a desire for riches was inspired in him, that so he might pay the penalty due to the holy character of the place. Accordingly, while he was watching over the gold, forgetful of food, he was starved to death; on which a Vulture, standing over him, is reported to have said: "O Dog, you justly meet your death, who, begotten at a cross-road, and bred up on a dunghill, have suddenly coveted regal wealth."

FABLE XXVIII.

THE FOX AND THE EAGLE.

Men, however high in station, ought to be on their guard against the lowly; because, to ready address, revenge lies near at hand.

An Eagle one day carried off the whelps of a Fox, and placed them in *her* nest before her young ones, for them to tear in pieces as food. The mother, following her, began to entreat that she would not cause such sorrow to her miserable *suppliant*. The other despised her, as being safe in the very situation of the spot. The Fox snatched from an altar a burning torch, and surrounded the whole tree with flames, intending to mingle anguish to her foe with the loss.

¹ *Human bones*)—Ver. 3. This plainly refers to the custom which prevailed among the ancients, of burying golden ornaments, and even money, with the dead; which at length was practised to such an excess, that at Rome the custom was forbidden by law. It was probably practised to a great extent by the people of Etruria; if we may judge from the discoveries of golden ornaments frequently made in their tombs.

² *Gods the Manes*)—Ver. 4. Perhaps by "Deos Manes" are meant the good and bad Genii of the deceased.

of her offspring. The Eagle, that she might rescue her young ones from the peril of death, in a suppliant manner restored to the Fox her whelps in safety.

FABLE XXIX.

THE ASS DERIDING THE BOAR.

Fools often, while trying to raise a silly laugh, provoke others by gross affronts, and cause serious danger to themselves.

An Ass meeting a Boar: "Good Morrow to you, brother," says he. The other indignantly rejects the salutation, and enquires why he thinks proper to utter such an untruth. The Ass, with legs¹ crouching down, replies: "If you deny that you are like me, at all events I have something very like your snout." The Boar, just on the point of making a fierce attack, suppressed his rage, and said: "Revenge were easy for me, but I decline to be defiled with such dastardly blood.

FABLE XXX.

THE FROGS FRIGHTENED AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULLS.

When the powerful² are at variance, the lowly are the sufferers.

A Frog, viewing from a marsh, a combat of some Bulls: "Alas!" said she, "what terrible destruction is threatening us." Being asked by another why she said so, as the Bulls were contending for the sovereignty of the herd, and passed their lives afar from them: "Their habitation is at a distance," said she, and they are of a different kind; still, he who is expelled from the sovereignty of the meadow, will take

¹ *The ass, with legs*)—Ver. 7. This line is somewhat modified in the translation.

² *When the powerful*)—Ver. 1. This is similar to the line of Horace, "Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

to flight, *and* come to the secret hiding-places in the fens, and trample and crush us with his hard hoof. Thus does their fury concern our safety."

FABLE XXXI.

THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS.

He who entrusts himself to the protection of a wicked man, while he seeks assistance, meets with destruction.

Some Pigeons, having often escaped from a Kite, and by their swiftness of wing avoided death, the spoiler had recourse to stratagem, and by a crafty device of this nature, deceived the harmless race. "Why do you prefer to live a life of anxiety, rather than conclude a treaty, and make me *your* king, who can ensure your safety from every injury?" They, putting confidence in him, entrusted themselves to the Kite, who, on obtaining the sovereignty, began to devour them one by one, and to exercise authority with his cruel talons. Then said one of those that were left: "Deservedly are we smitten."

BOOK II.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE plan of *Æsop* is confined to instruction by examples; nor by Fables is anything else¹ aimed at than that the errors of mortals may be corrected, and persevering industry² exert itself. Whatever the playful invention, therefore, of the narrator, so long as it pleases the ear, and answers its purpose, it is recommended by its merits, not by the Author's name.

For my part, I will with all care follow the method of the sage;³ but if I should think fit to insert something⁴ of my own, that variety of subjects may gratify the taste, I trust, Reader, you will take it in good part; provided that my brevity be a fair return for such a favour: of which, that my praises may not be verbose, listen to the reason why you ought to deny the covetous, and even to offer to the modest that for which they have not asked.

¹ *Is anything else*)—Ver. 2. Burmann thinks that the object of the Author in this Prologue is to defend himself against the censures of those who might blame him for not keeping to his purpose, mentioned in the Prologue of the First Book, of adhering to the fabulous matter used by *Æsop*, but mixing up with such stories narratives of events that had happened in his own time.

² *Persevering industry*)—Ver. 5. “Diligens industria.” An industry or ingenuity that exerts itself in trying to discover the meaning of his Fables.

³ *Of the sage*)—Ver. 8. Meaning *Æsop*.

⁴ *To insert something*)—Ver. 9. He probably alludes to such contemporary narratives as are found in Fable v. of the present Book; in Fable x. of the Third; in B. IV., Fables v., xxi., xxiv.; and B. V. Fables i., v., vii.

FABLE I.

THE LION, THE ROBBER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

While a Lion was standing over a Bullock, which he had brought to the ground, a Robber came up, and demanded a share. "I would give it you," said *the Lion*, "were you not in the habit of taking without leave;" and so repulsed the rogue. By chance, a harmless Traveller was led to the same spot, and on seeing the wild beast, retraced his steps; on which the Lion kindly said to him: "You have nothing to fear; boldly take the share which is due to your modesty." Then having divided the carcase, he sought the woods, that he might make room for the Man.

A very excellent example, and worthy of all praise; but covetousness is rich and modesty in want.¹

FABLE II.

THE TWO WOMEN OF DIFFERENT AGES BELOVED BY THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

That the men, under all circumstances, are preyed upon by the women, whether they love or are beloved, *this truly we learn from examples.*

A Woman, not devoid of grace, held enthralled a certain Man of middle age,² concealing her years by the arts of the toilet: a lovely Young creature, too, had captivated the heart of the same person. Both, as they were desirous to appear of the same age with him, began, each in her turn, to pluck out the hair of the Man. While he imagined that

¹ *Modesty in want*)—Ver. 12. Martial has a similar passage, B. iv., Epig. 9:—

"Semper eris pauper, si pauper es, *Emiliane*,
Dantur opes nulli nunc nisi divitibus."

² *Of middle age*)—Ver 8. It has been a matter of doubt among Commentators to which "ætatis mediæ" applies—the man or the woman. But as she is called "anus," "an Old Woman," in the last line, it is most probable that the man is meant.

he was made trim by the care of the women, he suddenly found himself bald ; for the Young Woman had entirely pulled out the white hairs, the Old Woman the black ones.

FABLE III.

THE MAN AND THE DOG.

A Man, torn by the bite of a savage Dog, threw a piece of bread, dipt in his blood, to the offender ; a thing that he had heard was a remedy for the wound. Then said *Æsop* : “Don’t do this before many dogs, lest they devour us alive, when they know that such is the reward of guilt.”

The success of the wicked is a temptation to many.

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE WILD SOW.

An Eagle had made her nest at the top of an oak ; a Cat who had found a hole in the middle, had kitted *there* ; a Sow, a dweller in the woods, had laid her offspring at the bottom. Then thus does the Cat with deceit and wicked malice, destroy the community so formed by accident. She mounts up to the nest of the Bird : “Destruction,” says she, “is preparing for you, perhaps, too, for wretched me ; for as you see, the Sow, digging up the earth every day, is insidiously trying to overthrow the oak, that she may easily seize our progeny on the ground.” Having *thus* spread terror, and bewildered *the Eagle’s* senses, the Cat creeps down to the lair of the bristly Sow : “In great danger,” says she, “are your offspring ; for as soon as you go out to forage with your young litter, the Eagle is ready to snatch away from you your little pigs.” Having filled this place likewise with alarm, she cunningly hides herself in her safe hole. Thence she wanders forth on tiptoe by night, and having filled herself and her offspring with food, she looks out all day long, pretending alarm. Fearing the downfall, the Eagle sits still in the branches ; to avoid the attack of the spoiler, the Sow stirs not abroad. Why make a long story ?

They perished through hunger, with their young ones, and afforded the Cat and her kittens an ample repast.

Silly credulity may take this as a proof how much evil a double-tongued man may often contrive.

FABLE V.

CÆSAR TO THE CHAMBERLAIN.

There is a certain set of busybodies at Rome, hurriedly running to and fro, busily engaged in idleness, out of breath about nothing at all, with much ado doing nothing, a trouble to themselves, and most annoying to others. It is my object, by a true story, to reform this race, if indeed I can: it is worth your while to attend.

Tiberius Cæsar, when on his way to Naples, came to his country-seat at Misenum,¹ which, placed by the hand of Lucullus on the summit of the heights, beholds the Sicilian sea in the distance, and that of Etruria close at hand. One of the highly girt Chamberlains,² whose tunic of Pelusian linen was nicely smoothed from his shoulders downwards, with hanging fringes, while his master was walking through the pleasant shrubberies, began with bustling officiousness to sprinkle³ the parched ground with a wooden watering-pot; but only got laughed at. Thence, by short cuts *to him*

¹ *Country-seat at Misenum*)—Ver. 8. This villa was situate on Cape Misenum, a promontory of Campania, near Baiae and Cumæ, so called from Misenus, the trumpeter of Æneas, who was said to have been buried there. The villa was originally built by C. Marius, and was bought by Cornelia, and then by Lucullus, who either rebuilt it or added extensively to it.

² *Of the chamberlains*)—Ver. 11. The “atrienses” were a superior class of the domestic slaves. It was their duty to take charge of the “atrium,” or hall; to escort visitors or clients, and to explain to strangers all matters connected with the pictures, statues, and other decorations of the house.

³ *To sprinkle*)—Ver. 16. Burmann suggests that this duty did not belong to the “atriensis,” who would consequently think that his courteous politeness would on that account be still more pleasing to the Emperor.

well known, he runs before into another walk,¹ laying the dust. Cæsar takes notice of the fellow, and discerns his object. Just as he is supposing that there is some extraordinary good fortune in store for him: "Come hither," says his master; on which he skips up to him, quickened by the joyous hope of a sure reward. Then, in a jesting tone, thus spoke the mighty majesty of the prince: "You have not profited much; your labour is all in vain; manumission stands at a much higher price with me."²

FABLE VI.

THE EAGLE, THE CROW, AND THE TORTOISE.

No one is sufficiently armed against the powerful; but if a wicked adviser joins them, nothing can withstand such a combination of violence and unscrupulousness.³

An Eagle carried a Tortoise aloft, who had hidden her body in her horny abode, and in her concealment could not, while thus sheltered, be injured in any way. A Crow came through the air, and flying near, exclaimed: "You really have carried off a rich prize in your talons; but if I don't instruct you what you must do, in vain will you tire yourself with the heavy weight." A share being promised her, she persuades the Eagle to dash the hard shell from the lofty stars upon a rock, that, it being broken to pieces, she may easily feed upon the meat. Induced by her words, the Eagle attends to her suggestion, and at the same time gives a large share of the banquet to her instructress. 1

¹ *Another walk*)—Ver. 18. The "xystus" was a level piece of ground, in front of a portico, divided into flower-beds of various shapes by borders of box.

² *Much higher price*)—Ver. 25. He alludes to the Roman mode of manumission, or setting the slaves at liberty. Before the master presented the slave to the Quæstor, to have the "vindicta," or lictor's rod, laid on him, he turned him round and gave him a blow on the face. In the word "veneunt," "sell," there is a reference to the purchase of their liberty by the slaves, which was often effected by means of their "peculium," or savings.

³ Literally: Whatever violence and unscrupulousness attack, comes

Thus she who had been protected by the bounty of nature, being an unequal match for the two, perished by an unhappy fate.

FABLE VII.

THE MULES AND THE ROBBERS.

Laden with burdens, two Mules were travelling along; the one was carrying baskets¹ with money, the other sacks distended with store of barley. The former, rich with his burden, goes exulting along, with neck erect, and tossing to-and-fro upon his throat *his* clear-toned bell.² his companion follows, with quiet and easy step. Suddenly some Robbers rush from ambush upon them, and amid the slaughter³ pierce the Mule with a sword, and carry off the money; the valueless barley they neglect. While, then, the one despoiled was bewailing their mishaps: "For my part," says the other, "I am glad I was thought so little of; for I have lost nothing, nor have I received hurt by a wound."

According to the moral of this Fable, poverty is safe; great riches are liable to danger.

FABLE VIII.

THE STAG AND THE OXEN.

A Stag, aroused from his woodland lair, to avoid impending death threatened by huntsmen, repaired with blind fear to the nearest farm-house, and hid himself in an ox-stall close at hand. Upon this, an Ox said to him, as he concealed himself: "Why, what do you mean, unhappy one, in thus rushing of your own accord upon

¹ *Carrying baskets*)—Ver. 2. "Fisci" were baskets made of twigs, or panniers, in which the Romans kept and carried about sums of money. Being used especially in the Roman treasury, the word in time came to signify the money itself. Hence our word "fiscal."

² *Clear-toned bell*)—Ver. 5. Scheffer and Gronovius think that the bell was used, as in some countries at the present day, for the purpose of warning those who came in an opposite direction to make room where the path was narrow.

³ *Amid the slaughter*)—Ver. 8. He alludes no doubt to the murder of the men conducting the mules by the Robbers.

destruction, and trusting your life to the abode of man?" To this he suppliantly replied: "Do you only spare me; the moment an opportunity is given I will again rush forth." Night in her turn takes the place of day; the Neat-herd brings fodder, but yet sees him not. All the farm servants pass and repass every now and then; no one perceives him; even the Steward passes by, nor does he observe anything. Upon this, the stag, in his joy, began to return thanks to the Oxen who had kept so still, because they had afforded him hospitality in the hour of adversity. One of them made answer: "We really do wish you well; but if he, who has a hundred eyes, should come, your life will be placed in great peril." In the meanwhile the Master himself comes back from dinner; and having lately seen the Oxen in bad condition, comes up to the rack: "Why," says he, "is there so little fodder? Is litter scarce? What great trouble is it to remove those spiders' webs?"¹ While he is prying into every corner, he perceives too the branching horns of the Stag, and having summoned the household, he orders him to be killed, and carries off the prize.

This Fable signifies that the master sees better than any one else in his own affairs.

THE EPILOGUE.

The Athenians erected a statue to the genius of *Æsop*, and placed him, though a slave, upon an everlasting pedestal, that all might know that the way to fame is open to all, and that glory is not awarded to birth but to merit. Since another² has prevented me from being the first, I have

¹ *Those spiders' webs*)—Ver. 23. The mode of clearing away the spider webs may be seen described in the beginning of the "Stichus" of Plautus.

² *Since another*)—Ver. 5. He probably refers to *Æsop*: though Heinsius thinks that he refers to C. Mecænas Melissus, mentioned by Ovid, in his Pontic Epistles, B. iv., El. xvi., l. 30, a freedman of Mecænas, who compiled a book of jests partly from the works of *Æsop*. Burmann, however, ridicules this supposition.

made it my object, a thing which still lay in my power, that he should not be the only one. Nor is this envy, but emulation ; and if Latium shall favour my efforts, she will have still more *authors* whom she may match with Greece. *But* if jealousy shall attempt to detract from my labours, still it shall not deprive me of the consciousness of deserving praise. If my attempts reach your ears, and *your* taste relishes *these* Fables, as being composed with skill, *my* success *then* banishes every complaint. But if, on the contrary, my learned labours fall into the hands of those whom a perverse nature has brought to the light of day, and *who* are unable to do anything except carp at their betters, I shall endure my unhappy destiny¹ with strength of mind, until Fortune is ashamed of her own injustice.

¹ *Unhappy destiny*)—Ver. 17. The words “fatale exitium” have been considered as being here inappropriately used. It is very doubtful whether the last part of this Epilogue is genuine.

BOOK III.

THE PROLOGUE.

To EUTYCHUS.

If you have a desire, Eutychus, to read the little books of Phædrus, you must keep yourself disengaged from business, that your mind, at liberty, may relish the meaning of the lines. "But," you say, "my genius is not of such great value, that a moment of time should be lost *for it* to my own pursuits." There is no reason then why that should be touched by your hands which is not suited for ears so engaged. Perhaps you will say, "some holidays will come,"² which

¹ *Eutychus*)—Ver. 2. It is not known with certainty who this Eutychus was to whom he addresses himself. It has been suggested that he is the same person who is mentioned by Josephus, *Antiq. B. xix.*, c. 4, as flourishing at the Court of Caligula, and who had previously been a charioteer and inspector of buildings at the stables of Claudius. He is also supposed, from the words of the Epilogue of this Book, line 20—26, to have held more than one public office. It has been suggested that he was the freedman of the Emperor Claudius or Augustus, an inscription having been found in the tomb of the freedmen of the latter to C. Julius Eutychus. But it is hardly probable that he is the person meant; as there is little doubt that Phædrus wrote the present Book of Fables long after the time of Augustus. Indeed it has been suggested by some that he wrote it as late as the reign of Caligula.

³ *Some 'holidays'*)—Ver. 8. The Romans had three kinds of public "feriæ," or holidays, which all belonged to the "dies nefasti," or days on which no public business could be done. These were the "feriæ stativæ," "conceptivæ," and "imperativæ." The first were held regularly, and on stated days set forth in the Calendar. To these belonged the Lupercalia, Carmentalia, and Agonalia. The "conceptivæ," or "conceptæ," were moveable feasts held at certain seasons in every year, but not on fixed days; the times for holding them being annually appointed

will invite me to study with mind unbent." Will you *rather*, I ask you, read worthless ditties,¹ than bestow attention upon your domestic concerns, give moments to your friends, your leisure to your wife, relax your mind, and refresh your body, in order that you may return more efficiently to your wonted duties? You must change your purpose and your mode of life, if you have thoughts of crossing the threshold of the Muses. I, whom my mother brought forth on the Pierian hill,² upon which hallowed Mnemosyne, nine times fruitful, bore the choir of Muses to thundering Jove: although I was born almost in the very school itself, and have entirely erased *all* care for acquiring wealth from my breast, and with the approval of many have applied myself to these pursuits, am still with difficulty received into the choir of *the Poets*. What do you imagine must be the lot of him who seeks, with ceaseless vigilance, to amass great wealth, preferring the sweets of gain to the labours of learning?

But now, come of it what may (as Sinon said³ when he by the magistrates or priests. Among these were the "feriæ Latinæ," Sementivæ, Paganalia, and Compitalia. The "feræ imperativæ" were appointed to be held on certain emergencies by order of the Consuls, Prætors, and Dictators; and were in general held to avert national calamities or to celebrate great victories.

¹ *Worthless ditties*)—Ver. 10. "Nænia" were, properly, the improvised songs that were sung at funerals by the hired mourners, who were generally females. From their trivial nature, the word came to be generally applied to all worthless ditties, and under this name Phædrus, with all humility, alludes to his Fables.

² *On the Pierian Hill*)—Ver. 17. Judging from this passage it would appear that Phædrus was a Macedonian by birth, and not, as more generally stated, a Thracian. Pieria was a country on the south-east coast of Macedonia, through which ran a ridge of mountains, a part of which were called Pieria, or the Pierian mountain. The inhabitants are celebrated in the early history of the music and poesy of Greece, as their country was one of the earliest seats of the worship of the Muses, and Orpheus was said to have been buried there. It is most probable that Phædrus was carried away in slavery to Rome in his early years, and that he remembered but little of his native country.

³ *As Sinon said*)—Ver. 27. He here alludes to the words of Sinon, the Grecian spy, when brought before Priam, in the Second Book of Virgil, 77-78:—

"Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcumque fatebor
Vera, inquit—

was brought before the King of Dardania), I will trace a third book with the pen of *Æsop*, and dedicate it to you, in acknowledgment of your honor and your goodness.¹ If you read it, I shall rejoice; but if otherwise, at least posterity will have something with which to amuse themselves.

Now will I explain in a few words why Fabulous narrative was invented. Slavery,² subject to the will of another, because it did not dare to say what it wished, couched its sentiments in Fables, and by pleasing fictions eluded censure. In place of its foot-path I have made a road, and have invented more than it left, selecting some points to my own misfortune.³ But if any other than Sejanus⁴ had been the informer, if any other the witness, if any other the judge, in fine, I should confess myself deserving of such severe woes; nor should I soothe my sorrow with these expedients. If any one shall make erroneous surmises, and apply to himself what is applicable to all in common, he will absurdly expose the secret convictions of his mind. And still, to him I would hold myself excused; for it is no intention of mine to point at individuals, but to describe life itself and the manners of mankind. Perhaps some one will say, that I undertake a

Others, again, suppose that this was a proverbial expression in general use at Rome. It is not improbable that it may have become so on being adopted from the work of Virgil: "Come what may of it, as Sinon said."

¹ *And your goodness*)—Ver. 30. "Honori et meritis dedicam illum tuis." We learn from ancient inscriptions that this was a customary formula in dedications.

² *Slavery*)—Ver. 34. He probably alludes to *Æsop's* state of slavery, in the service of the philosopher Xanthus.

³ *To my own misfortune*)—Ver. 40. He evidently alludes to some misfortune which has befallen him in consequence of having alluded in his work to the events of his own times. It has been suggested that he fell under the displeasure of Tiberius and his minister Sejanus, in consequence of the covert allusions made to them in Fables II and VI in the First Book. This question is, however, involved in impenetrable obscurity.

⁴ *Than Sejanus*)—Ver. 4₂. He means that *Ælius Sejanus* had acted against him as both informer, witness, and judge; but that had an honest man condemned him to the sufferings he then experienced, he should not have complained. The nature of the punishment here alluded to is not known.

weighty task. If *Æsop* of Phrygia, if *Anacharsis* of Scythia could, by their genius, found a lasting fame, why should I who am more nearly related to learned Greece, forsake in sluggish indolence the glories of my country? especially as the Thracian race numbers its own authors, and Apollo was the parent of *Linus*, a Muse of *Orpheus*, who with his song moved rocks and tamed wild beasts, and held the current of *Hebrus* in sweet suspense. Away then, envy! nor lament in vain, because to me the customary fame is due.

I have urged you to read *these lines*; I beg that you will give me your sincere opinion² of them with *your* well-known candour.

FABLE I.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CASK.

An Old Woman espied a Cask,³ which had been drained to the dregs, lying on the ground, and which still spread forth from its ennobled shell a delightful smell of the Falernian lees.⁴ After she had greedily snuffed it up her nostrils with all her might; “O delicious fragrance,” said

¹ *Anacharsis of Scythia*)—Ver. 52. A Scythian philosopher, and supposed contemporary of *Æsop*. He came to Athens in pursuit of knowledge while Solon was the lawgiver of that city. He is said to have written works on legislation and the art of war.

² *Nearer to learned Greece*)—Ver. 54. Alluding to Pieria, the place of his birth. The people of Pieria were supposed to have been of Thracian origin.

³ *A cask*)—Ver. 1. “*Amphoram*.” Properly, the “*amphora*,” or earthen vessel with two handles, in which wine was usually kept.

⁴ *Falernian Lees*)—Ver. 2. The Falernian wine held the second rank in estimation among the Romans. The territory where it was grown commenced at the “*Pons Campanus*,” and extended from the Massic Hills to the river *Vulturnus*. Pliny mentions three kinds, the rough, the sweet, and the thin. It is supposed to have been of an amber colour, and of considerable strength. It is the custom to write the age of the wine and the vintage on the “*amphora*,” or cask.

⁵ *O, delicious fragrance*)—Ver. 5. “*Anima*,” most probably applies to the savour or smell of the wine; though some Commentators have thought that she addresses the cask as “*anima*,” meaning “O dear soul;” others, that she speaks of the wine as being the soul of life;

she, "how good I should say were your former contents, when the remains of them are such!"

What this refers to let him say who knows me.¹

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER AND THE SHEPHERD.

Repayment in kind is generally made by those who are despised.

A Panther² had once inadvertently fallen into a pit. The rustics saw her; some belaboured her with sticks, others pelted her with stones; while some, on the other hand, moved with compassion, seeing that she must die even though no one should hurt her, threw her some bread to sustain existence. Night comes on apace; homeward they go without concern, making sure of finding her dead on the following day. She, however, after having recruited her failing strength, with a swift bound effected her escape from the pit, and with hurried pace hastened to her den. A few days intervening, she sallies forth, slaughters the flocks, kills the shepherds themselves, and laying waste every side, rages with unbridled fury. Upon this those who had shown mercy to the beast, while Walchius seems to think that she is addressing her own soul, which is quite cheered by the fumes.

¹ *Who knows me*)—Ver. 7. Burmann thinks that the author covertly hints here at the habits of the Emperor Tiberius in his old age, who still hankered after those vicious indulgences which had been his main pursuits in his former days; or else that the Poet simply refers to human life, in the same spirit in which Seneca, Ep. lvii., calls old age, "fæx vitæ," "the lees of life." Others again suppose that Phædrus alludes to his own old age, and means that those who knew him when this Fable was written, may judge from their present acquaintance with him what he must have been in his younger days. Heinsius thinks that it refers to the present state of servitude of Phædrus, compared with his former liberty; but, if he was manumitted, as generally supposed by Augustus, and this Fable was not written till after the death of Sejanus, that cannot be the case.

² *A Panther*)—Ver. 2. Some have suggested, Burmann and Guyetus in the number, that by the Panther is meant Tiberius, who, during his banishment to the isle of Rhodes, occupied himself in studying how to wreak his vengeance upon his enemies at Rome, and, with the fury of the Panther, as soon as he had the opportunity, glutted his vengeance. This notion, however, seems more ingenious than well founded.

alarmed for their safety, made no demur to the loss of their flocks, and begged only for their lives. But she *thus answered them*: “I remember him who attacked me with stones, and him who gave me bread; lay aside your fears; I return as an enemy to those *only* who injured me.”

FABLE III.]

ÆSOP AND THE FARMER.

One taught by experience is proverbially said to be more quick-witted than a wizard, but the reason is not told; which, now for the first time, shall be made known by my Fable.

The ewes of a certain Man who reared flocks, brought forth lambs with human heads. Dreadfully alarmed at the prodigy, he runs full of concern to the soothsayers. One answers that it bears reference to the life of the owner, and that the danger must be averted with a victim. Another, no wiser, affirms that it is meant that his wife is an adulteress, and his children are spurious; but that it can be atoned for by a victim of greater age.¹ Why enlarge? They all differ in opinions, and greatly aggravate the anxiety of the Man. Æsop being at hand, a sage of nice discernment, whom nature could never deceive *by appearances*, remarked:—“If you wish, Farmer, to take due precautions against *this* portent, find wives for your shepherds.”²

FABLE IV.

THE BUTCHER AND THE APE.

A man seeing an Ape hanging up at a Butcher’s among the rest of his commodities and provisions, enquired how it might taste;³ on which the Butcher, joking, replied: “Just as the head is, such, I warrant, is the taste.”

¹ *Of greater age*)—Ver. 11. “Majori hostiæ;” probably, a sheep of two years old instead of a lamb.

² *For your shepherds*)—Ver. 17. Plutarch introduces Thales in his “Convivium Sapientium,” as telling a somewhat similar story. Phædrus might, with better grace, have omitted this so-called Fable.

³ *How it might taste*)—Ver. 3. The Butcher puns upon the twofold

This I deem to be said more facetiously than correctly; for on the one hand I have often found the good-looking to be very knaves, and on the other I have known many with ugly features to be most worthy men.

FABLE V.

ÆSOP AND THE INSOLENT MAN.

Success leads many astray to their ruin.

An Insolent Fellow threw a stone at Æsop. "Well done," said he, and then gave him a penny, thus continuing: "Upon my faith I have got no more, but I will show you where you can get some; see, yonder comes a rich and influential man; throw a stone at him in the same way, and you will receive a due reward." The other, being persuaded, did as he was advised. His daring impudence, however, was disappointed of its hope, for, being seized, he paid the penalty on the cross.¹

FABLE VI.

THE FLY AND THE MULE.

A Fly sat on the pole of a chariot, and rebuking the Mule: "How slow you are," said she; "will you not go faster? Take care that I don't prick your neck with my sting." The Mule made answer: "I am not moved by your words, but I fear him who, sitting on the next seat, guides my yoke² with his pliant whip, and governs my mouth with the foam-meaning of "sapiō," "to taste of," or "have a flavour," and "to be wise." The customer uses the word in the former sense, while the Butcher answers it in the latter, and perhaps in the former as well; "Such as the head is," pointing to it, "I'll warrant the wisdom of the animal to be;" the words at the same time bearing the meaning of, "It has an ape's head, and therefore it can only taste like the head of an ape." "Sapor" ordinarily means "flavour," or "taste;" but Cicero uses it in the signification of wisdom or genius. Many other significations of this passage have been suggested by the various Editors.

¹ *On the cross*)—Ver. 10. The cross was especially used as an instrument of punishment for malefactors of low station, and, as we see here, sometimes on very trivial occasions.

² *Guides my yoke*)—Ver. 6. "Jugum meum;" meaning, "me who bear the yoke."

covered reins. Therefore, cease your frivolous impertinence, for I well know when to go at a gentle pace, and when to run."

In this Fable, he may be deservedly ridiculed, who, without *any* strength, gives utterance to vain threats.

FABLE VII.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

I will shew in a few words how sweet is Liberty.

A Wolf, quite starved with hunger, chanced to meet a well-fed Dog, and as they stopped to salute each other, "Pray," said the *Wolf*, how is it that you are so sleek? or on what food have you made so much flesh? I, who am far stronger, am perishing with hunger." The Dog frankly replied: "You may enjoy the same condition, if you can render the like service to your master." "What is it?" said the other. "To be the guardian of his threshold, and to protect the house from thieves at night." "I am quite ready for that," said the *Wolf*; "at present I have to endure snow and showers, dragging on a wretched existence in the woods. How much more pleasant for me to be living under a roof, and, at my ease, to be stuffed with plenty of victuals." "Come along, then, with me," said the *Dog*. As they were going along, the *Wolf* observed the neck of the *Dog*, where it was worn with the chain. "Whence comes this, my friend?" "Oh, it is nothing."¹ "Do tell me, though." "Because I appear to be fierce, they fasten me up in the daytime, that I may be quiet when it is light, and watch when night comes; unchained at midnight, I wander wherever I please. Bread is brought me without my asking; from his own table my master gives me bones; the servants throw me bits, and whatever dainties each person leaves; thus, without trouble *on my part*, is my belly filled." "Well, if you have a mind to go anywhere, are you at liberty?" "Certainly not," replied the *Dog*. "Then, Dog, enjoy what you boast of; I would not be a king, to lose my liberty."

¹ *It is nothing*)—Ver. 17. "Nihil est." This was a form of expression used when they wished to cut short any disagreeable question, to which they did not think fit to give a direct answer.

FABLE VIII.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

Warned by this lesson, often examine yourself.

A certain Man had a very ugly Daughter, and also a Son, remarkable for his handsome features. These, diverting themselves, as children do, chanced to look into a mirror, as it lay upon their mother's chair.¹ He praises his own good looks; she is vexed, and cannot endure the raillery of her boasting brother, construing everything (and how could she do otherwise?) as a reproach *against herself*. Accordingly, off she runs to her Father, to be avenged *on him* in her turn, and with great rancour, makes a charge against the Son, how that he, though a male, has been meddling with a thing that belongs to the women. Embracing them both, kissing them, and dividing his tender affection between the two, he said: "I wish you both to use the mirror every day: you, that you may not spoil your beauty by vicious conduct; you, that you may make amends by your virtues for your looks."

FABLE IX.

SOCRATES TO HIS FRIENDS.

The name of a friend is common; but fidelity is rarely found.

Socrates having laid for himself the foundation of a small house (a man, whose death I would not decline, if I could acquire *similar* fame, and *like him* I could yield to envy, if I might be but acquitted² when ashes); one of the people, no

¹ *Their mother's chair*)—Ver. 4. The “cathedra” was properly a soft or easy chair used in the “gynæcæa,” or women’s apartments. These were of various forms and sizes, and had backs to them; it was considered effeminate for the male sex to use them. “Sellæ” was the name of seats common to both sexes. The use of the “speculum,” or mirror, was also confined to the female sex; indeed, even Pallas or Minerva was represented as shunning its use, as only befitting her more voluptuous fellow-goddess, Venus.

² *I might be acquitted*)—Ver. 4. He alludes to the fate of Socrates,

matter who, *amongst such passing remarks* as are usual in these cases, asked : “Why do you, so famed as you are, build so small a house?”

“I only wish,” he replied, “I could fill it with real friends.”

FABLE X.

THE POET, ON BELIEVING, AND NOT BELIEVING.

It is dangerous alike to believe or to disbelieve. Of either fact, I will briefly lay before you an instance.

Hippolytus met his death,¹ because his step-mother was believed : because Cassandra was not believed, Troy fell. Therefore, we ought to examine strictly into the truth of a matter, rather than *suffer* an erroneous impression to pervert our judgment. But, that I may not weaken *this truth* by referring to fabulous antiquity, I will relate to you a thing that happened within my own memory.

A certain married Man, who was very fond of his Wife, having now provided the white toga² for his Son, was privately taken aside by his Freedman, who hoped that he should be substituted as his next heir, *and* who, after telling many lies about the youth, and still more about the misconduct of the chaste Wife, added, what he knew would especially grieve one so fond, that a gallant was in the habit of paying her visits, and that the honor of his house was stained with base adultery. Enraged at the supposed guilt of his Wife, the husband pretended a journey to his country-house, and privately stayed behind in town ; then at night he suddenly entered at the door, making straight to his Wife’s apartment, who, after he was put to death by his countrymen, was publicly pronounced to be innocent, and a statue was erected in his honour.

¹ *Met his death*)—Ver. 3. The story of Hippolytus, who met his death in consequence of the treachery of his step-mother Phædra, is related at length in the Play of Euripides of that name, and in the Fifteenth Book of Ovid’s Metamorphoses. The fate of Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, who in vain prophesied the fall of Troy, is related in the Second Book of the Æneid, l. 246, *et seq.*

² *The white toga*)—Ver. 10. The “toga prætexta,” or Consular robe, was worn by the male children of the Romans till their sixteenth year ; when they assumed the ordinary “toga,” which was called “pura,” because it had no purple border, and was entirely white.

in which the mother had ordered her son to sleep, keeping a strict eye over his ripening years. While they are seeking for a light, while the servants are hurrying to and fro, unable to restrain the violence of his raging passion, he approaches the bed, and feels a head in the dark. When he finds the hair cut close,¹ he plunges his sword into *the sleeper's* breast, caring for nothing, so he but avenge his injury. A light being brought, at the same instant he beholds his son, and his chaste wife sleeping in her apartment; who, fast locked in her first sleep, had heard nothing: on the spot he inflicted punishment on himself for his guilt, and fell upon the sword which a too easy belief had unsheathed. The accusers indicted the woman, and dragged her to Rome, before the *Centumviri*.² Innocent as she was, dark suspicion weighed heavily against her, because she had become possessor of his property: her patrons stand³ and boldly plead the cause of the guiltless woman. The judges then besought the Emperor Augustus that he would aid them in the discharge of their oath, as the intricacy of the case had embarrassed them. After he had dispelled the clouds raised by calumny, and had discovered a sure source of truth⁴: "Let the Freedman," said he, "the cause of the mischief, suffer punishment; but as for her, at the same instant bereft of a son, and deprived of a husband, I deem her to be pitied rather than condemned. If the father of the family had thoroughly enquired into the charge preferred, and had shrewdly sifted the lying

¹ *The hair cut close*)—Ver. 27. This is appropriately introduced, as the hair of youths was allowed to grow long until they had reached the age of manhood, on which it was cut close, and consecrated to the Gods.

² *The Centumviri*)—Ver. 35. The "Centumviri" were a body of 105 officers, whose duty it was to assist the *praetor* in litigated questions. They were sometimes called "judices selecti," or "commissioned judges."

³ *The patrons stand*)—Ver. 37. The patrons stood while pleading the causes of their clients, while the judges sat, as with us.

⁴ *Sure source of truth*)—Ver. 43. It is suggested that the source of information here alluded to was the evidence of the slaves, who had heard their master mention in his last moments the treachery of his freedman. It is not probable that the freedman voluntarily came forward, and declared the truth to Augustus. In l. 39, Augustus is called "Divus," as having been deified after his death. Domitian was the first who was so called during his lifetime.

accusations, he would not, by a dismal crime, have ruined his house from the very foundation."

Let the ear despise nothing, nor yet let it accord implicit belief at once: since not only do those err whom you would be far from suspecting, but those who do not err are *sometimes* falsely and maliciously accused.

This also may be a warning to the simple, not to form a judgment on anything according to the opinion of another; for the different aims of mortals either follow the bias of their goodwill or their prejudice. He *alone* will be correctly estimated *by you*, whom you judge of by personal experience.

These points I have enlarged upon, as by too great brevity I have offended some.

FABLE XI.

THE EUNUCH TO THE ABUSIVE MAN.

A Eunuch had a dispute with a scurrilous fellow, who, in addition to obscene remarks and insolent abuse, reproached him with the misfortune of his mutilated person. "Look you," said the *Eunuch*, "this is the only point as to which I am effectually staggered, forasmuch as I want the evidences of integrity. But why, simpleton, do you charge me with the faults of fortune? That *alone* is really disgraceful to a man, which he has deserved to suffer."¹

FABLE XII.

THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A young Cock, while seeking for food on a dunghill, found a Pearl, and exclaimed: "What a fine thing are you to be lying in *so* unseemly a place. If any one sensible of your value had espied you here, you would long ago have returned to your former brilliancy. And it is I who have

¹ *Deserved to suffer*)—Ver. 7. Though this moral may apply to all misfortunes in general, it is supposed by some of the Commentators that by the insulter some individual notorious for his adulteries was intended to be represented; who consequently merited by law to be reduced to the same situation as the innocent Eunuch.

found you, I to whom food is far preferable! I can be of no use to you or you to me."

This I relate for those who have no relish for me.¹

FABLE XIII.

THE BEES AND THE DRONES, THE WASP SITTING AS JUDGE.

Some Bees had made their combs in a lofty oak. Some lazy Drones asserted that these belonged to them. The cause was brought into court, the Wasp *sitting as judge*; who, being perfectly acquainted with either race, proposed to the two parties these terms: "Your shape is not unlike, and your colour is similar; so that the affair clearly and fairly becomes a matter of doubt. But that my sacred duty may not be at fault through insufficiency of knowledge, *each of you* take hives, and pour your productions into the waxen cells; that from the flavour of the honey and the shape of the comb, the maker of them, about which the present dispute exists, may be evident." The Drones decline; the proposal pleases the Bees. Upon this, the Wasp pronounces sentence to the following effect: "It is evident who cannot, and who did, make *them*; wherefore, to the Bees I restore the fruits of their labours."

This Fable I should have passed by in silence, if the Drones had not refused the proposed stipulation.²

FABLE XIV.

ÆSOP AT PLAY.

An Athenian seeing Æsop in a crowd of boys at play with nuts,³ stopped and laughed at him for a madman. As

¹ *Have no relish for me*)—Ver. 8. From this passage we may infer either that Phædrus himself had many censurers at Rome, or that the people in general were not admirers of Fables.

² *The proposed stipulation*)—Ver. 17. It has been suggested that Phædrus here alludes to some who had laid claim to the authorship of his Fables, and had refused a challenge given by him, such as that here given to the Drones, to test the correctness of their assertions.

³ *At play with nuts*)—Ver. 2. It is thought by Schwabe that Phædrus

soon as the Sage,—a laugher at others rather than one to be laughed at,—perceived this, he placed an unstrung bow in the middle of the road : “Hark you, wise man,” said he, “unriddle what I have done.” The people gather round. The man torments his invention a long time, but cannot make out the reason of the proposed question. At last he gives up. Upon this, the victorious Philosopher says: “You will soon break the bow, if you always keep it bent; but if you loosen it, it will be fit for use when you want it.”

Thus ought recreation sometimes to be given to the mind, that it may return to you better fitted for thought.

FABLE XV.

THE DOG TO THE LAMB.

A Dog said to a Lamb¹ bleating among some She-Goats: “Simpleton, you are mistaken; your mother is not here;” and pointed out some Sheep at a distance, in a flock by themselves. “I am not looking for her,” said the Lamb, “who, when she thinks fit, conceives, then carries her unknown burden for a certain number of months, and at last empties out the fallen bundle; but for her who, presenting her udder, nourishes me, and deprives her young ones of milk that I may not go without.” “Still,” said the Dog, “she ought to be preferred who brought you forth.” “Not at all: how was she to know whether I should be born black or white?² However, wrote this Fable in defence of his early patron Augustus, against those who censured him for the levity of his conduct in his old age, as we learn from Suetonius that he amused himself with fishing, playing with dice, pebbles, or nuts with boys.—For some account of Roman games with nuts, see “The Walnut-tree,” a fragment of Ovid, in vol. iii. p. 491, of Bohn’s Translation of that author.

¹ To a Lamb)—Ver. 1. Burmann suggests that this Fable is levelled against the cruelty of parents, who were much in the habit of exposing their children, who were consequently far from indebted to them. Schwabe conjectures that the system of employing wet-nurses is intended here to be censured.

² Black or white)—Ver. 10. This, though disregarded by the mother, would be of importance to him, as the black lambs were first selected for sacrifice.

suppose she did know ; seeing I was born a male, truly she conferred a great obligation on me in giving me birth, that I might expect the butcher every hour. Why should she, who had no power in engendering me, be preferred to her who took pity on me as I lay, and of her own accord shewed me a welcome affection ? It is kindness makes parents, not the ordinary course of *Nature*."

By these lines the author meant to show that men are averse to fixed rules, but are won by kind services.

FABLE XVI.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE OWL.

He who does not conform to courtesy, mostly pays the penalty of his superciliousness.

A Grasshopper was making a chirping that was disagreeable to an Owl, who was wont to seek her living in the dark, and in the day-time to take her rest in a hollow tree. She was asked to cease her noise, but she began much more loudly to send forth her note ; entreaties urged again only set her on still more. The Owl, when she saw she had no remedy, and that her words were slighted, attacked the chitterer with this stratagem : "As your song, which one might take for the tones of Apollo's lyre, will not allow me to go to sleep, I have a mind to drink some nectar which Pallas lately gave me ;¹ if you do not object, come, let us drink together." The other, who was parched with thirst, as soon as she found her voice complimented, eagerly flew up. The Owl, coming forth from her hollow, seized the trembling thing, and put her to death.

Thus what she had refused when alive, she gave when dead.

¹ *Pallas lately gave me*)—Ver. 13. The Owl was sacred to Pallas.

FABLE XVII.

THE TREES UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE GODS.

The Gods¹ in days of yore made choice of such Trees as they wished to be under their protection. The Oak pleased Jupiter, the Myrtle Venus, the Laurel Phœbus, the Pine Cybele, the lofty Poplar Hercules. Minerva, wondering why they had chosen the barren ones, enquired the reason. Jupiter answered: "That we may not seem to sell the honor for the fruit." "Now, so heaven help me,"¹ said she, "let any one say what he likes, but the Olive is more pleasing to me on account of its fruit." Then said the Father of the Gods and the Creator of men: "O daughter, it is with justice that you are called wise by all; unless what we do is useful, vain is our glory."²

This little Fable admonishes us to do nothing that is not profitable.

FABLE XVIII.

THE PEACOCK TO JUNO.

A Peacock came to Juno, complaining sadly that she had not given to him the song of the Nightingale; that it was the admiration of every ear, while he himself was laughed

¹ *So heaven help me*)—Ver. 8. "Mehercule," literally "By Hercules." This was a form of oath used generally by men, and Phœdrus has been censured for here putting it in the mouth of Minerva. Some Commentators also think that he is guilty of a slight anachronism in using the name of Hercules here to give emphasis to an asseveration; but there does not appear to be any ground for so thinking, as the choice must, of course, be supposed to have been made after his death and deification. In the Amphitryon of Plautus, Mercury is represented as swearing by Hercules before that God was born.

² *Vain is our glory*)—Ver. 12. "Nisi utile est quod facimus, stulta est gloria." This line is said to have been found copied on a marble stone, as part of a sepulchral inscription, at Alba Julia or Weissenburg, in Transylvania.

at the very instant he raised his voice. The Goddess, console him, replied : " But you surpass the *nightingale* beauty, you surpass *him* in size ; the brilliancy of the emerald shines upon your neck ; and you unfold a tail begemm'd with painted plumage." " Wherefore *give* me," he retorte " a beauty that is dumb, if I am surpassed in voice ?" " I the will of the Fates," said she, " have your respectiv' qualities been assigned ; beauty to you, strength to the Eagle, melody to the Nightingale, to the Raven presage unpropitious omens to the Crow ; all of *these* are contente with their own endowments."

Covet not that which has not been granted you, lest your baffled hopes sink down to *useless* repinings.

FABLE XIX.

ÆSOP'S ANSWER TO THE INQUISITIVE MAN.

When Æsop was the only servant of his master, he was ordered to prepare dinner earlier than usual. Accordingly he went round to several houses, seeking for fire,¹ and at last found a place at which to light his lantern. Then as he had made a rather long circuit, he shortened the way back, for he went home straight through the Forum. There a certain Busybody in the crowd said to him : " Æsop, why with a light at mid-day ?" " I'm in search of a man,"² said he ; and went hastily homewards.

If the inquistive fellow reflected on this *answer*, he must have perceived that the sage did not deem him a man, who could so unseasonably rally him when busy.

¹ *Seeking for fire*)—Ver. 3. Fire was kindled in general by being kept smouldering in a log under the ashes, from day to day, for culinary purposes ; or else it was begged from a neighbour, as we learn from the Aulularia of Plautus, A. I., Sc. ii., l. 12 *et seq.* ; and so generally was this done that we find it stated in the Trinummus, A. II., sc. ii., l. 53, that it was the custom not to refuse fire when asked for even to an enemy.

² *In search of a man*)—Ver 9. Meaning that he did not deem the enquirer to be a man. The same story is told in Diogenes Laertius, of Diogenes the Cynic.

EPILOGUE.¹

There are yet remaining *Fables* for me to write, but I purposely abstain ; first, that I may not seem troublesome to you, whom a multiplicity of matters distract ; and next, that, if perchance any other person is desirous to make a like attempt, he may still have something left to do ; although there is so abundant a stock of matter that an artist will be wanting to the work, not work to the artist. I request that you will give the reward to my brevity which you promised ; make good your word. For life each day is nearer unto death ; and the greater the time that is wasted in delays, the less the advantage that will accrue to me. If you dispatch the matter quickly, the more lasting will be *my* enjoyment ; the sooner I receive *your favours*, the longer shall I have the benefit *thereof*. While there are yet some remnants of a wearied life,² there is room for *your* goodness ; in aftertimes your kindness will in vain endeavour to aid me, infirm with old age ; for then I shall have ceased to be able to enjoy your kindness, and death, close at hand, will be claiming its due. I deem it foolish to address my entreaties to you, when your compassion is so ready,, spontaneously, to render assistance. A criminal has often gained pardon by confessing ; how much more reasonably ought it to be granted to the innocent ? It is your province³ now to judge of *my cause* ; it will fall

¹ This and the following Prologue seem better suited to their present places than to the close of the Fourth Book, where in most of the editions they appear.

² *Of a wearied life*)—Ver. 15. It is impossible to say with any certainty to what he refers ; but the most probable conjecture is that he has again got into trouble through his compositions, and is begging Eutychus, in some public capacity, immediately to give a favourable decision in his behalf. That “*Languens ævum*” means a life worn out with misfortune, and does not refer to himself as sinking, in want, under old age, is evident from the next line. It has been conjectured by some that Phædrus wrote these lines in prison, where he had been thrown through the malice of his enemies.

³ *It is your province*)—Ver. 24. He is supposed to allude to some judicial position held by Eutychus, which he would have to vacate at the end of a year, and be succeeded by others, probably not so favourably disposed to himself.

to others by-and-by ; and again by a like revolution, the turn of others will come. Pronounce the sentence, as religion—as your oath permits ; and give me reason to rejoice in your decision. My feelings have passed the limits they had proposed ; but the mind is with difficulty restrained, which, conscious of unsullied integrity, is exposed to the insults of spiteful men. “Who are they ?” you will ask : they will be seen in time. For my part, so long as I shall continue in my senses, I shall take care to recollect that “it is a dangerous thing for a man of humble birth to murmur in public.”¹

¹ *To murmur in public*)—Ver. 33. “Palam mutire plebeio piaculum est.” These words are quoted from the Telephus of Ennius.

BOOK IV.

PROLOGUE.

To PARTICULO.

When I had determined to put an end to my labours, with the view that there might be material enough *left* for others, in my mind I silently condemned *my* resolve. For even if there is any one desirous of the like fame, how will he guess what it is I have omitted,¹ so as to wish to hand down that same to posterity; since each man has a turn of thinking of his own, and a tone peculiar to himself. It was not, therefore, *any* fickleness, but assured grounds, that set me upon writing *again*. Wherefore, Particulo,² as you are amused by Fables (which I will style “Æsopian,” not “those of *Æsop*;” for whereas he published but few, I have brought out a great many, employing the old style, but with modern subjects), now at your leisure you shall peruse a Fourth Book. If envy shall choose to carp at it, so long as it cannot imitate,³ why let it carp. I have gained glory *enough*, in that you, and *others* like to you, have quoted *my* words in your writings, and have thought me worthy of being long remembered. Why should I stand in need of the applause of the illiterate?

¹ *I have omitted*)—Ver. 5. “Divinabit” seems preferable here to “damnabit,” or “demonstrabit,” the other readings; and Burmann is probably right in supposing that he means to say that many of the Æsopian fables had not yet been used by him, and though others may make use of them as bearing a general moral, they will not be able so well as himself to point their moral in reference to individuals or classes, in consequence of his advantage in having already adapted many of them to the censure of particular vices.

² *Particulo*)—Ver. 10. Of Particulo nothing whatever is known, except that he was a freedman.

³ *Cannot imitate*)—Ver. 16. Gronovius thinks that he alludes to the Greek proverb “Μωμεῖσθαι ράδιον ἢ μιμεῖσθαι.” “Tis easier to blame than to imitate.”

FABLE I.

THE ASS AND THE PRIESTS OF CYBELE.

He who has been born to ill luck, not only passes an unhappy life, but even after death the cruel rigour of destiny pursues him.

The Galli, *priests* of Cybele,¹ were in the habit, on their begging excursions, of leading about an Ass, to carry their burdens. When he was dead with fatigue and blows, his hide being stripped off, they made themselves tambourines² therewith. Afterwards, on being asked by some one what they had done with their favourite, they answered in these words: "He fancied that after death he would rest in quiet; but see, dead as he is, fresh blows are heaped upon him."

FABLE II.

THE WEASEL AND THE MICE.

This way of writing seems to you facetious; and no doubt, while we have nothing of more importance, we do sport with the pen. But examine these Fables with attention, *and* what useful lessons will you find *concealed* under them! Things are not always what they seem; first appearances deceive many: few minds understand what skill has hidden in an inmost corner. That I may not appear to have said this without reason, I will add a Fable about the Weasel and the Mice.

A Weasel, worn out with years and old age, being unable to overtake the active Mice, rolled herself in flour, and threw herself carelessly along in a dark spot. A Mouse, thinking her food, jumped upon her, and, being caught, was put to death:

¹ *Priests of Cybele*)—Ver. 4. During the Festival of Cybele, the Galli or eunuch-priests of the Goddess went about with an image of her seated on an ass, and beating a tambourine, for the purpose of making a collection to defray the expenses of the worship. They were called by the Greeks *μητραγύρται*, "Collectors for the Mother." See the *Fasti* of Ovid, B. iv., l. 350, vol. i., p. 149, of Bohn's Translation.

² *Tambourines*)—Ver. 7. "The tympana," which were almost exactly similar to our tambourines, were covered with the skin of asses or of oxen, and were beaten with the hand or a small stick.

another in like manner perished, and then a third. Some others having followed, an *old* brindled fellow came, who had escaped snares and mouse-traps full oft ; and viewing from afar the stratagem of the crafty foe: "So fare you well," said he, "you that are lying there, as you are flour."

FABLE III.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

Urged by hunger, a Fox, leaping with all her might, tried to reach a cluster of Grapes upon a lofty vine. When *she found* she could not reach them, she left them, saying: "They are not ripe yet; I don't like to eat them while sour."

Those who disparage what they cannot perform, ought to apply this lesson to themselves.

FABLE IV.

THE HORSE AND THE WILD BOAR.

While a Wild Boar was wallowing, he muddied the shallow water, at which a Horse had been in the habit of quenching his thirst. Upon this, a disagreement arose. The Horse,² enraged with the beast, sought the aid of man, and, raising him on his back, returned against the foe. After the Horseman, hurling his javelins, had slain the *Boar*, he is said to have spoken thus: "I am glad that I gave assistance at your entreaties, for I have captured a prey, and have learned how useful you are;" and so compelled him, unwilling as he was, to submit to the rein. Then said the *Horse*, sorrowing: "Fool that I am! while seeking to revenge a trifling matter, I have met with slavery."

This Fable will admonish the passionate, that it is better to be injured with impunity, than to put ourselves in the power of another.

¹ *So fare you well*)—Ver. 21. "Sic valeas."—"Fare you well, if you are flour, which you are not. I wish you luck as much as I believe you are what you pretend to be, *i. e.*, not at all."

² *The horse*)—Ver. 3. "Sonipes," literally "sounding-hoof." This was a name commonly given to the horse by the Romans. Lucan repeatedly calls a war-horse by this epithet.

FABLE V.

ÆSOP INTERPRETING A WILL.

I will show to posterity, by a short story, that there is often more merit in one man than in a multitude.

A Person, at his death, left three Daughters; one handsome, and hunting for the men with her eyes; the second, an industrious spinner of wool,¹ frugal, and fond of a country life; the third, given to wine, and very ugly. Now the old man made their Mother his heir, on this condition, that she should distribute his whole fortune equally among the three, but in such a manner that they should not possess or enjoy what was given them; and further, that as soon as they should cease to have the property which they had received, they should pay over to their Mother a hundred thousand sesterces. The rumour spreads all over Athens. The anxious Mother consults the learned in the law. No one can explain in what way they are not to possess what has been given, or have the enjoyment of it; and then again, in what way those who have received nothing, are to pay money. After a long time had been wasted, and still the meaning of the will could not be understood, the Parent, disregarding the strict letter of the law, consulted equity.² For the Wanton, she sets aside the garments, female trinkets, silver bathing-vessels, eunuchs, and beardless boys: for the Worker in wool, the fields, cattle, farm, labourers, oxen, beasts of burden, and implements of husbandry: for the Drinker, a store-room,³ well stocked with casks of old

¹ *Spinner of wool*)—Ver. 5. “Lanificam.” Working in wool was the constant employment of the more industrious among the females of the higher class. Ovid, in the Fasti, Book ii., l. 742, represents Lucretia as being found thus employed by her husband and Tarquinius. The Emperor Augustus refused to wear any clothes that were not woven by the females of his family.

² *Consulted equity*)—Ver. 20. This seems to be the meaning of “fidem advocare:” but the passage has caused considerable difficulty to the Commentators.

³ *A store-room*)—Ver. 25. The “apotheca” was a place in the upper part of the house, in which the Romans frequently placed the amphoræ in which their wine was stored. It was situate above the “fumarium,” as the smoke was thought to heighten the flavour of the wine.

wine, a finely finished house,¹ and delightful gardens. When she was intending to distribute what was thus set apart for each, and the public approved, who knew them well; Æsop suddenly stood up in the midst of the multitude, and *exclaimed*: “O! if consciousness remained to their buried father, how would he grieve that the people of Athens are unable to interpret his will!”

On this, being questioned, he explained the error of them all: “The house and the furniture, with the fine gardens, and the old wines, give to the Worker in wool, so fond of a country life. The clothes, the pearls, the attendants, and other things, make over to her who spends her life in luxury. The fields, the vines, and the flocks, with the shepherds, present to the Wanton. Not one will be able to retain possession of what is alien to her taste. The Ungainly one will sell her wardrobe to procure wine; the Wanton will part with the lands to procure fine clothes; and she who delights in cattle, and attends to her spinning, will get rid of her luxurious abode at any price. Thus, no one will possess what was given, and they will pay to their Mother the sum named from the price of the things, which each of them has sold.”

Thus did the sagacity of one man find out what had baffled the superficial enquiries of many.

FABLE VI.

THE BATTLE OF THE MICE AND THE WEASELS.

When the Mice, overcome by the army of the Weasels, (whose History is painted in *our* taverns²), took to flight, and crowded in trepidation about their narrow lurking-holes, with difficulty getting in, they managed, however, to escape death.

¹ *A finely finished house*)—Ver. 26. “*Politam*” probably refers to the care with which the houses of the opulent in cities were smoothed by the workman’s art. According to some Commentators, however, “*domus polita*” here means “a house furnished with every luxury.”

² *In our taverns*)—Ver. 2. We learn from Horace and other ancient writers, that it was the custom to paint comic subjects on the walls of the taverns; and similar subjects have been found painted on walls at Pompeii.

Their Leaders, who had fastened horns to their heads, in order that they might have a conspicuous sign for *their* troops to follow in battle, stuck fast at the entrance, and were captured by the enemy. The victor, sacrificing them with greedy teeth, plunged them into the Tartarean recesses of his capacious paunch.

Whenever a people is reduced to the last extremity, the high position of its chiefs is in danger; the humble commonalty easily finds safety in obscurity.

FABLE VII.

THE POET'S DEFENCE AGAINST THE CENSURERS OF HIS FABLES.

You, fastidious *critic*, who carp at my writings, and disdain to read trifles of this kind, endure with some small patience this little book, while I smooth down the severity of your brow, and *Æsop* comes forward in a new and more lofty style.¹

Would that the pine had never fallen on the summits of Pelion² under the Thessalian axe! and that Argus had never, with the aid of Pallas, invented a way boldly to meet certain death, *in the* ship which, to the destruction of Greeks and Barbarians, first laid open the bays of the inhospitable Euxine. For both had the house of the proud *Æetes* to lament it, and the realms of Pelias³ fell by the guilt of Medea, who, after concealing by various methods the cruelty of her disposition, there effected her escape, by means of the limbs⁴ of

¹ *More lofty style*)—Ver. 5. “*Cothurnis*,” literally “the buskins of Tragedy.”

² *Summits of Pelion*)—Ver 6. The ship *Argo* was said to have been built of wood grown on Mount Pelion. The author alludes to the expedition of Jason to Colchis to fetch thence the Golden Fleece.

³ *The realms of Pelias*)—Ver. 13. He alludes to the death of Pelias, King of Thessaly, through the schemes of Medea, daughter of *Æetes*, King of Colchis, at the hands of his own daughters. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B. vii. l. 297, *et seq.*

⁴ *Limbs of her brother*)—Ver. 15. When, on her flight with Jason, *Æetes* pursued his daughter Medea, she, having taken with her her brother Absyrtus, in order to retard her father in the pursuit, cut her brother in pieces, and scattered his limbs in the way. Thus, while the father was employed in gathering the limbs of his son, Medea made her escape. The place where this happened was thence said to have had

her brother, *and* here embrued the hands of the daughters of Pelias in their father's blood.

What think you of this? "This, too, is mere folly," say you, "and is an untrue story; for long before this, Minos, of more ancient date, subjected the *Ægæan* seas with his fleet, and by seasonable correction, punished *piratical* attacks." What then can I possibly do for you, my Cato of a Reader, if neither Fables¹ nor Tragic Stories suit your taste? Do not be too severe upon *all* literary men, lest they repay you the injury with interest.

This is said to those who are over-squeamish in their folly, and, to gain a reputation for wisdom, would censure heaven itself.

FABLE VIII.

THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

Let him who with greedy teeth attacks one who can bite harder, consider himself described in this Fable.

A Viper came² into a smith's workshop; *and* while on the search whether there was anything fit to eat, fastened her teeth upon a File. That, however, disdainfully exclaimed: "Why, fool, do you try to wound me with your teeth, who am in the habit of gnawing asunder every kind of iron?"

FABLE IX.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

As soon as a crafty man has fallen into danger, he seeks to make his escape by the sacrifice of another.

the name of Tomi; and to this place Ovid was banished by Augustus. See the Story related in the *Tristia* of Ovid, B. iii. El. ix.

¹ *If neither Fables*)—Ver. 22. By "fabellæ," he probably means *Æsopian* fables, while by "fabulæ," the more lofty stories of tragedy are meant. By "Cato," he means a censorious or over-scrupulous reader.

² *A Viper entered*)—Ver. 3. Lokman, the Arabian Fabulist, has the same fable; but there a Cat plays the part of the Viper.

A Fox, through inadvertence, having fallen into a well,¹ and being closed in by the sides which were too high for him to get out, a Goat parched with thirst came to the same spot, and asked whether the water was good, and in plenty. The other, vising a stratagem, replied: "Come down, my friend: suck the goodness of the water, that my pleasure in drinking cannot be satisfied." Longbeard descended; then the Fox mounting on his high horns, escaped from the well, and left the Goat to stick fast in the enclosed mud.

FABLE X. OF THE VICES OF MEN.

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of Wallets: the one filled with our own vices, he has placed at our backs, the other, heavy with those of others, he has hung before.

From this circumstance, we are not able to see our own faults: but as soon as others make a slip, we are ready to censure.

FABLE XI. A THIEF PILLAGING THE ALTAR OF JUPITER

A Thief lighted his Lamp at the altar of Jupiter, and then plundered it by the help of its own light. Just as he was taking his departure, laden with the results of his sacrilege, the Holy Place suddenly sent forth these words: "Although these were the gifts of the wicked, and to me abominable, so much so that I care not to be spoiled of them, still, profane man, thou shalt pay the penalty with thy life, when hereafter, the day of punishment, appointed by fate, arrives. But, that our fire, by means of which piety worships the awful Gods, may not afford its light to crime, I forbid that henceforth there shall be any such interchange of light." Accordingly, to this day, it is neither lawful for a lamp to be lighted at the fire of the Gods, nor yet a sacrifice kindled from a lamp.²

¹ *Fallen into a well*)—Ver. 3. Some of the Commentators think that Tiberius and Sejanus are pointed at in this Fable.

² *From a lamp*)—Ver. 13. The ancients were compelled to light sacrifices to the Gods from torches, and not with fire from a lamp.

No other than he who invented this Fable, could explain how many useful lessons it affords. In the first place, it teaches that those whom you yourself have brought up, may often be found the most hostile to you: then again, it shows that crimes are punished not through the wrath of the Gods, but at the time appointed by the Fates: lastly, it warns the good to use nothing in common with the wicked.

FABLE XII.
THE EVILS OF WEALTH.
HERCULES and PLUTUS.

Riches are deservedly despised by a man of worth,¹ because a well-stored chest intercepts praise from its true objects.

When Hercules was received into heaven as the reward of his virtues, and saluted in turn the Gods who were congratulating him, on Plutus approaching, who is the child of Fortune, he turned away his eyes. His father, Jupiter, enquired the reason: "I hate him," says he, "because he is the friend of the wicked, and at the same time corrupts all by presenting the temptation of gain."

FABLE XIII.
THE LION REIGNING.

Nothing is more advantageous to a man than to speak the truth; a maxim that ought indeed to be approved of by all; but still sincerity is frequently impelled to its own destruction.

The Lion having made himself king of the wild beasts, and wishing to acquire the reputation of equity, abandoned his former course of *rapine*, and, content among them More usually a fire was kept constantly burning in the temple for the purpose.

¹ *A man of worth*)—Ver. 1. It has been suggested that by "forti viro," Phædrus means a military man. The word "fortis" seems rather here to mean "of real worth," or "of strong mind." Some of ancient authors make Plutus to be the son of Ceres and Jarius.

with a moderate supply of food, distributed hallowed justice with incorruptible fidelity. But after second thoughts began to prevail¹ * * * * * * * * * * * *

(The rest is lost).

FABLE XIV.

PROMETHEUS.

* * * * * * *

A fictione veretri linguam mulieris,
Affinitatem traxit inde obscenitas.
Rogavit alter, tribadas et molles mares
Quæ ratio procreasset? Exposuit senex.
Idem Prometheus auctor vulgi fictilis
(Qui simul offendit ad fortunam, frangitur,)
Naturæ partes, veste quas celat pudor,
Quum separatim toto finxisset die,
Aptare mox ut posset corporibus suis,
Ad cœnam est invitatus subito a Libero;
Ubi irrigatus multo venas nectare
Sero domum est reversus titubanti pede.
Tum semisomno corde et errore ebrio,
Applicuit virginale generi masculo,
Et masculina membra applicuit fæminis;
Ita nunc libido pravo fruitur gaudio.

FABLE XV.

THE SHE-GOATS AND THEIR BEARDS.

The She-Goats² having obtained of Jupiter the favour of a

¹ *Began to prevail*)—Ver. 9. The remainder of this Fable is lost. It is supposed to have been torn out of the MS. of the writings of Phædrus by some pious monk, who, objecting to the following Fable, destroyed the leaf which contained the latter part of the present one, as well as some part of the next. Orellius considers the lines ending with “obscenitas” as the fragment of a Fable distinct from the succeeding lines.

² *The She-Goats*)—Ver. 1. This Fable is thought by some to bear reference to the interference of Livia in affairs of state.

beard, the He-Goats, full of concern, began to be indignant that the females rivalled them in their dignity. "Suffer them," said *the God*, "to enjoy their empty honours, and to use the badge that belongs to your rank, so long as they are not sharers in your courage."

This Fable teaches you to bear that those who are inferior to you in merit should be like you in outside appearances.

FABLE XVI.

THE PILOT AND THE MARINERS.

On a certain man complaining of his *adverse* fortune, Æsop, for the purpose of consoling him, invented *this Fable*.

A ship which had been tossed by a fierce tempest (while the passengers were all in tears, and filled with apprehensions of death) on the day suddenly changing to a serene aspect, began to be borne along in safety upon the buoyant waves, and to inspire the mariners with an excess of gladness. On this, the Pilot, who had been rendered wise by experience, *remarked*: "We ought to be moderate in our joy, and to complain with caution; for the whole of life is a mixture of grief and joy."

FABLE XVII.

THE EMBASSY OF THE DOGS TO JUPITER.

The Dogs once sent¹ Ambassadors to Jupiter, to entreat of him a happier lot in life, and that he would deliver them from the insulting treatment of man, who gave them bread mixed with bran, and satisfied their most urgent hunger with filthy offal. The ambassadors set out, *but* with no hasty steps, while snuffing with their nostrils for food in every filth. Being summoned, they fail to make their appearance. After some difficulty Mercury finds them at last, and brings them

¹ *The Dogs once sent*)—Ver. 1. It is supposed that in this singular Fable, Phœdrus ridicules, in a covert manner, some of the prevailing superstitions of his day, or else that he satirizes Tiberius and Sejanus, while the Dogs signify the Roman people.

up in confusion. As soon, however, as they saw the countenance of mighty Jove, in their fright they bewrayed the whole palace. Out they go, driven away with sticks ; but great Jove forbade that they should be sent back. *The Dogs*, wondering that their Ambassadors did not return, and suspecting that they had committed something disgraceful, after a while ordered others to be appointed to aid them. Rumour soon betrayed the former Ambassadors. Dreading that something of a similar nature may happen a second time, they stuff the Dogs behind with perfumes, and plenty of them. They give their directions ; the Ambassadors are dispatched ; at once they take their departure. They beg for an audience, and forthwith obtain it. Then did the most mighty Father of the Gods take his seat *on his throne*, and brandish his thunders ; all things began to shake. The Dogs in alarm, so sudden was the crash, in a moment let fall the perfumes with their dung. All cry out, that the affront must be avenged. *But* before proceeding to punishment, thus spoke Jupiter :—“ It is not for a King to send Ambassadors away, nor is it a difficult matter to inflict a proper punishment on the offence ; but by way of judgment this is the reward you shall have. I don’t forbid their return, but they shall be famished with hunger, lest they be not able to keep their stomachs in order.. And as for those who sent such despicable Ambassadors as you, they shall never be free from the insults of man.”

And so it is,¹ that even now *the Dogs* of the present day are in expectation of their Ambassadors. When one of them sees a strange *Dog* appear, he snuffs at his tail.

FABLE XVIII.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

He who gives relief to the wicked has to repent it before long.

A Man took up a Snake stiffened with frost, and warmed

¹ *And so it is*)—Ver. 35. This and the next line are regarded by many as spurious : indeed Hare is disinclined to believe that this Fable was written by Phædrus at all.

her in his bosom, being compassionate to his own undoing ; for when she had recovered, she instantly killed the Man. On another one asking her the reason of *this* crime, she made answer : "That people may learn not to assist the wicked."¹

FABLE XIX.

THE FOX AND THE DRAGON.

While a Fox, digging a lair, was throwing out the earth, and making deeper and more numerous burrows, she came to the farthest recesses of a Dragon's den,² who was watching some treasure hidden there. As soon as *the Fox* perceived him, *she began* :—" In the first place, I beg that you will pardon my unintentional *intrusion* ; and next, as you see clearly enough that gold is not suited to my mode of life, have the goodness to answer me : what profit do you derive from this toil, or what is the reward, so great that you should be deprived of sleep, and pass your life in darkness ?" "None *at all*," replied the other ; " but this *task* has been assigned me by supreme Jove." " Then you neither take *anything* for yourself, nor give to another ?" " Such is the will of the Fates." " Don't be angry *then*, if I say frankly : the man is born under the displeasure of the Gods who is like you."

As you must go to that place to which *others* have gone before, why in the blindness of your mind do you torment your wretched existence ? To you I address myself, Miser, joy of your heir,³ who rob the Gods of their incense, yourself of food ; who hear with sorrow the musical sound of the lyre ; whom the joyous notes of the pipes torment ;

¹ *Not to assist the wicked*)—Ver. 5. It has been remarked that Phædrus here deviates from nature, in making the Serpent give a bad character of itself. Those who think that Phædrus wrote after the time of Tiberius, suggest that Caligula is represented by the snake, who wreaked his cruelty on his former benefactors, Macro and Ennia.

² *Of a Dragon's den*)—Ver. 3. In former times, when riches were more commonly buried in the earth, it was perhaps found convenient to encourage a superstitious notion, which was very prevalent, that they were guarded by watchful Dragons.

³ *Joy of your heir*)—Ver. 18. That is to say, in his death.

from whom the price of provisions extorts a groan;¹ who, while adding some farthings to your estate, offend heaven by your sordid perjuries; who are for cutting down² every expense at your funeral, for fear Libitina³ should be at all a gainer at the expense of your property.

FABLE XX.

PHÆDRUS.

Although malice may dissemble for the present, I am still perfectly aware what judgment it will think proper to arrive at. Whatever it shall *here* deem worthy *to be transmitted* to posterity, it will say belongs to *Æsop*; if it shall be not so well pleased with any portion, it will, for any wager, contend that the same was composed by me. One who thus thinks, I would refute once for all by *this* my answer: whether this work is silly, or whether it is worthy of praise, he was the inventor: my hand has brought it to perfection. But let us pursue our purpose in the order we proposed.

FABLE XXI.

THE SHIPWRECK OF SIMONIDES.

A learned man has always a fund of riches in himself.

Simonides, who wrote *such* excellent *lyric* poems, the more easily to support his poverty, began to make a tour of the celebrated cities of Asia, singing the praises of victors for such reward as he might receive. After he had become enriched by this kind of gain, he resolved to return to his

¹ *Extorts a groan*)—Ver. 22. So in the Aulularia of Plautus, Act II. Sc. viii. the miser Euclio is represented as groaning over the high price of provisions.

² *Cutting down*)—Ver. 25. In his will.

³ *Lest Libitina*)—Ver. 26. The “pollinctores,” or “undertakers,” kept their biers and other implements required at funerals, at the Temple of the Goddess Libitina.

native land by sea; (for he was born, it is said, in the island of Ceos¹). *Accordingly* he embarked in a ship, which a dreadful tempest, together with its own rottenness, caused to founder at sea. Some gathered together their girdles,² others their precious effects, *which formed* the support of their existence. One who was over inquisitive, *remarked*: “Are you going to save none of your property, Simonides?” He made reply: “All my *possessions* are about me.” A few *only* made their escape by swimming, for the majority, being weighed down by their burdens, perished. Some thieves make their appearance, and seize what each person has saved, leaving them naked. Clazomene, an ancient city, chanced to be near; to which the shipwrecked persons repaired. Here a person devoted to the pursuits of literature, who had often read the lines of Simonides, and was a very great admirer of him though he had never seen him, knowing from his very language *who he was*, received him with the greatest pleasure into his house, and furnished him with clothes, money, and attendants. The others *meanwhile* were carrying about their pictures,³ begging for victuals. Simonides chanced to meet them; and, as soon as he saw them, remarked: “I told you that all my property was about me; what you endeavoured to save is lost.”

FABLE XXII.

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR.

A Mountain⁴ was in labour, sending forth dreadful groans,

¹ *In the island of Ceos*)—Ver. 28. The poet Simonides was born at Iulis, a city of the isle of Ceos, one of the Cyclades, in the Egæan Sea.

² *Their girdles*)—Ver. 11. Among the ancients, the zones or girdles were sometimes used for the purpose of keeping money there; while sometimes purses were carried suspended from them.

³ *Carrying about their pictures*)—Ver. 24. It was the custom for shipwrecked persons to go about soliciting charity with a painting suspended from the neck, representing their calamity; much in the fashion which we sometimes see followed at the present day.

⁴ *A Mountain*)—Ver. 1. Tachos, King of Egypt, is said by Plutarch to have said to Agesilaüs, King of Sparta, when he came to his assist-

and there was in the districts the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a Mouse.

This is designed for you, who, when you have threatened great things, produce nothing.

FABLE XXIII.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

An Ant and a Fly were contending with great warmth which was of the greater importance. The Fly was the first to begin : “Can you possibly compare with my endowments? When a sacrifice is made, I am the first to taste of the entrails that belong to the Gods. I pass my time among the altars, I wander through all the temples ; soon as I have espied it, I seat myself on the head of a king ; and I taste of the chaste kisses of matrons. I labour not, and yet enjoy the nicest of things : what like to this, *good rustic*, falls to your lot ?” “Eating with the Gods,” said the Ant, “is certainly a thing to be boasted of; but by him who is invited, not him who is loathed as *an intruder*. You talk about kings and the kisses of matrons. While I am carefully heaping up a stock of grain for winter, I see you feeding on filth about the walls. You frequent the altars ; yes, and are driven away as often as you come. You labour not; therefore it is that you have nothing when you stand in need of it. And, further, you boast about what modesty ought to conceal. You tease me in summer ; when winter comes you are silent. While the cold is shrivelling you up and putting you to death, a well-stored abode harbours me. Surely I have now pulled down your pride enough.”

A Fable of this nature distinctly points out the characters of those who set themselves off with unfounded praises, and of those whose virtues gain solid fame.

ance : “The mountain has been in labour, Jupiter has been in alarm, but it has brought forth a mouse,” alluding to the diminutive stature of Agesilaus ; who contented himself with replying, in answer to this rude remark : “One day I shall appear to you even to be a lion.”

FABLE XXIV.

SIMONIDES PRESERVED BY THE GODS.

I have said, above, how greatly learning is esteemed among men: I will now hand down to posterity how great is the honor paid to it by the Gods.

Simonides, the very same of whom I have *before* made mention, agreed, at a fixed price, to write a panegyric for a certain Pugilist,¹ who had been victorious: *accordingly* he sought retirement. As the meagreness of his subject cramped his imagination, he used, according to general custom, the license of the Poet, and introduced the twin stars of Leda,² citing them as an example of similar honours. He finished the Poem according to contract, but received *only* a third part of the sum agreed upon. On his demanding the rest: "They," said he, "will give it you whose praises occupy *the other* two-thirds; but, that I may feel convinced that you have not departed in anger, promise to dine with me, *as* I intend to-day to invite my kinsmen, in the number of whom I reckon you. Although defrauded, and smarting under the injury, in order that he might not, by parting on bad terms, break off all friendly intercourse, he promised that he would. At the hour named he returned, *and* took his place at table. The banquet shone joyously with its cups; the house resounded with gladness, amid vast preparations, when, on a sudden, two young men, covered with dust, and dripping with perspiration, their bodies of more than human form, requested one of the servants to call Simonides to them, *and say* that it was of consequence to him to make no delay. The man, quite confused, called forth Simonides; *and* hardly had he put one foot out of the banqueting room, when suddenly the fall of the ceiling crushed the rest, and no young men were to be seen at the gate.

¹ *A certain Pugilist*)—Ver. 5. "Pyctæ," from the Greek πυκτῆς, a "boxer," or "pugilist," Latinized.

² *Twin stars of Leda*)—Ver. 9. Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Leda.

When the circumstances of the story I have told were made known, all were persuaded that the personal intervention of the Divinities had saved the Poet's life by way of reward.

EPILOGUE.

There are still remaining many things which I might say, and there is a copious abundance of subjects; but *though* witticisms, well-timed, are pleasing; out of place, they disgust. Wherefore, most upright Particulo (a name destined to live in my writings, so long as a value shall continue to be set upon the Latin literature), if *you like not* my genius, at least approve my brevity, which has the more just claim to be commended, seeing how wearisome Poets *usually* are.¹

¹ *Usually are*)—Ver. 9. Orellius introduces this after Fable V in the Fifth Book.

BOOK V.

PROLOGUE.

If I shall anywhere insert the name of *Æsop*, to whom I have already rendered every *honor* that was his due, know that it is for the sake of *his* authority, just as some statuaries do in our day, who obtain a much greater price for their productions, if they inscribe the name of *Praxiteles* on their marbles, and *Myron*¹ on their polished silver. *Therefore* let *these* Fables obtain a hearing. Carping envy more readily favours the works of antiquity than those of the present day. But now I turn to a Fable, with a moral to the purpose.

FABLE I.

DEMETRIUS AND MENANDER.

Demetrius,¹ who was called *Phalereus*, unjustly took possession of the sovereignty of Athens. The mob, according to their usual practice, rush from all quarters vying with each other, and cheer him, and wish him joy. Even the

¹ *And Myron*)—Ver. 7. Myron was a famous sculptor, statuary, and engraver, of Greece. He was a native of *Eleutheræ*, in Boeotia, and according to *Petronius Arbiter*, died in extreme poverty.

² *Called Phalereus*)—Ver. 1. Demetrius *Phalereus*, the statesman, philosopher, and ruler of Athens, was so called from the Attic demus, or borough of *Phalerus*, where he was born. He died in exile in Egypt, according to some accounts, of the bite of a serpent. There seems no good reason for giving to his rule over the Athenians the epithet of “*improbum*,” found in the next line, although in the latter years of his government he gave himself up in a great measure to sensual pursuits.

chief men kiss the hand by which they are oppressed, while they silently lament the sad vicissitudes of fortune. Moreover, those who live in retirement, and take their ease, come creeping in last of all, that their absence may not injure them. Among these Menander, famous¹ for his Comedies (which Demetrius, who did not know him, had read, and had admired the genius of the man), perfumed with unguents, and clad in a flowing robe, came with a mincing and languid step. As soon as the Tyrant caught sight of him at the end of the train: "What effeminate wretch," said he, "is this, who presumes to come into my presence?" Those near him made answer: "This is Menander the Poet." Changed in an instant, he exclaimed: "A more agreeable looking man could not possibly exist."

FABLE II.

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE ROBBER.

Two Soldiers having fallen in with a Robber, one fled, while the other stood his ground, and defended himself with a stout right-hand. The Robber slain, his cowardly companion comes running up, and draws his sword; then throwing back his travelling cloak,² says: "Let's have him;" "I'll take care he shall soon know whom he attacks." On this, he who had vanquished *the robber* made answer: "I wish you had seconded me just now at least with those words; I should have been still more emboldened, believing them true; now keep your sword quiet, as well as your silly tongue, that you may be able to deceive others who don't know you. I, who have experienced with what speed you take to your heels, know full well that no dependence is to be placed upon your valour."

This story may be applied to him who is courageous in prosperity, in times of danger takes to flight.

¹ *Menander, famous*)—Ver. 9. Menander, the inventor of the New Comedy. Some of the Comedies of Terence are Translations from his works.

² *His travelling cloak*)—Ver. 5. The "pænula" was a travelling-cloak made of leather or wool, with a hood attached to it, to cover the head.

FABLE III.

THE BALD MAN AND THE FLY.

A Fly bit the bare pate of a Bald Man ; who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the Fly jeeringly : “ You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death ; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury ? ” *The Man* made answer : “ I am easily reconciled to myself, because I know that there was no intention of doing harm. But you, worthless insect, and one of a contemptible race, who take a delight in drinking human blood, I could wish to destroy you, even at a heavier penalty.”

This Fable teaches that pardon is to be granted to him who errs through mistake. But him who is designedly mischievous, I deem to be deserving of *any* punishment.

FABLE IV.

THE MAN AND THE ASS.

A Man having sacrificed a young boar to the god Hercules, to whom he owed performance of a vow *made* for the preservation of his health, ordered the remains of the barley to be set for the Ass. But he refused to *touch it*, and said : “ I would most willingly accept your food, if he who had been fed upon it had not had his throat cut.”

Warned by the significance of this Fable, I have always been careful to avoid the gain that exposed to hazard. “ But,” say you, “ those who have got riches by rapine, are *still* in possession of them.” Come, then, let us enumerate those, who, being detected, have come to a bad end ; you will find that those *so* punished constitute a great majority.

Rashness brings luck to a few, misfortune to most.

FABLE V.

THE BUFFOON AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Men are in the habit of erring through prejudice ; and

while they stand up in defence of their erroneous notions, *are wont* to be driven by plain facts to confession of their mistakes.

A rich Man, about to entertain the people with grand shows, invited all, by the promise of a reward, to exhibit whatever new piece of ingenuity any one could. The Performers came to the contest for fame, among whom a Buffoon, well known for his drollery, said that he had a kind of entertainment which had never yet been brought out at *any* theatre. The rumour, spreading, brought together the *whole* city ; and the places, empty shortly before, sufficed not for the multitude. But as soon as he appeared on the stage, alone, *and* without any apparatus, any stage-assistants, the very intensesness of expectation produced silence. Suddenly, he dropped down his head towards his bosom, and so well did he imitate the voice of a pig with his own, that they concluded there was a real one under his cloak, and ordered it to be shaken out. This being done, as soon as they found that nothing was discovered, they loaded the Man with many praises, and bestowed upon him the greatest applause.

A Countryman seeing this take place : “ Egad,” said he, “ he shan’t surpass me ;” and immediately gave out that he would do the same thing still better on the following day. A still greater crowd assembled. Prejudice had already taken possession of their minds, and they took their seats, determined to deride, and not as *unbiased* spectators. Both Performers come forth. First, the Buffoon grunts away, and excites their applause, and awaken their acclamations. Next, the Countryman, pretending that he concealed a pig beneath his clothes (which, in fact, he did ; but quite unsuspected, because they had found none about the other), twitched the ear of the real *pig*, which he was concealing, and with the pain forced from it its natural cry. The people shouted with one voice that the Buffoon had given a much more exact imitation, and ordered the Countryman to be driven from the stage. On this, he produced the pig itself from the folds of his cloak, and convicting them of their disgraceful mistake by a manifest proof : “ Look,” said *he*, “ this shows what sort of judges you are.”

FABLE VI.

THE TWO BALD MEN.

A Bald Man chanced to find a comb in the public road. Another, equally destitute of hair, came up: "Come," said he, "shares, whatever it is you have found." The other showed the booty, and added withal: "The will of the Gods has favoured us, but through the malignity of fate, we have found, as the saying is, a coal instead of a treasure."

This complaint befits him whom hope has disappointed.

FABLE VII.

PRINCEPS, THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

When a weak mind, beguiled by frivolous applause, has once given way to insolent self-sufficiency, *such* foolish vanity is easily exposed to ridicule.

Princeps, the Flute-player, was pretty well known, being accustomed to accompany Bathyllus¹ with his music on the stage. It chanced that, at a representation, I don't well remember what it was, while the flying-machine² was being whirled along, he fell heavily, through inadvertence, and broke his left leg, when he would much rather have parted with two right ones.³ He was picked up and carried to his house groaning aloud. Some months pass by before his cure is completed. As is the way with the spectators, for *they are* a merry race, the man began to be missed, by

¹ *Accompany Bathyllus*)—Ver. 5. He alludes to Bathyllus, the favourite and freedman of Mæcenas, and who brought to perfection pantomimic dancing at Rome.

² *Flying-machine*)—Ver. 7. The "pegma" was a piece of machinery used on the stage for the purpose of aiding the ascents and descents of the Gods there represented.

³ *Losing two right ones*)—Ver. 9. The Poet puns on the twofold meanings of the word "tibia," which signifies the main bone of the leg, and a pipe or flute. These pipes were right-handed or left-handed, probably varying in tone, two being played at a time. Explained at length, the pun means, "Princeps broke his left leg, when he could have better afforded to break two right-handed pipes."

whose blasts the vigour of the dancer was wont to be kept at full stretch.

A certain Nobleman was about to exhibit a show, just when Princeps was beginning to walk abroad. With a present and entreaties he prevailed upon him merely to present himself on the day of the show. When the day came a rumour about the Flute-player ran through the theatre. Some affirmed that he was dead, some that he would appear before them without delay. The curtain falling,¹ the thunders rolled,² and the Gods conversed in the usual form. At this moment the Chorus struck up a song unknown to him who had so recently returned; of which the burthen was this: “Rejoice, Rome, in security, for your prince [Princeps] is well.” All rise with one consent and applaud. The Flute-player kisses hands, and imagines that his friends are congratulating him. The Equestrian order perceive the ridiculous mistake, and with loud laughter encore the song. It is repeated. My man now throws himself sprawling at full length upon the stage.³ Ridiculing him, the Knights applaud; while the people fancy he is only asking for a chaplet. When, however, the reality came to be known throughout all the tiers, Princeps, his leg bound up with a snow-white fillet, clad in snow-white tunic, and snow-white shoes,⁴ while pluming himself on the honors really paid to the Deified House,⁵ was thrust out headlong by common consent.

¹ *The curtain falling*)—Ver. 23. The “aulæum,” or stage-curtain, called also “siparium,” was a piece of tapestry stretched on a frame, which, rising before the stage, concealed it till the actors appeared. Instead of drawing up this curtain to discover the stage and actors, according to the present practice, it was depressed when the play began, and fell beneath the level of the stage: whence “aulæa premuntur” or “mittuntur,” “the curtain is dropped,” meant that the play had begun.

² *The thunders rolled*)—Ver. 23. This thunder was made by the noise of rolling stones in copper vessels.

³ *Upon the stage*)—Ver. 32. The “pulpitum” was properly an elevated place on the proscenium, or space between the scene and the orchestra.

⁴ *Snow-white shoes*)—Ver. 37. We learn from Ovid and other authors that white shoes were solely worn by the female sex.

⁵ *To the Deified house*)—Ver. 38. Taking to himself the honor that belonged to the house of Augustus, which was worshipped with Divine honors.

FABLE VIII.

THE EMBLEM OF OPPORTUNITY.

A Bald Man, balancing on a razor's edge, fleet of foot, his forehead covered with hair,¹ his body naked—if you have caught him, hold him fast; when he has once escaped, not Jupiter himself can overtake him: he is the emblem how shortlived is Opportunity.

The ancients devised such a portraiture of Time, *to signify* that slothful delay should not hinder the execution of our purposes.

FABLE IX.

THE BULL AND THE CALF.

When a Bull was struggling with his horns in a narrow passage, and could hardly effect an entrance to the manger, a Calf began to point out in what way he might turn himself: “Hush,” said the Bull, “I knew that before you were born.”

Let him who would instruct a wiser man, consider *this as* said to himself.

FABLE X.

THE HUNTSMAN AND THE DOG.

A Dog, who had always given satisfaction to his master by his boldness against swift and savage beasts, began to grow feeble under increasing years. On one occasion, being

¹ *His forehead covered with hair*)—Ver. 2. From this figure of Time or Opportunity, Time came to be represented in the middle ages with a tuft of hair on his forehead; whence our common expression “To take time by the forelock,” signifying to make the best of an opportunity.”

urged to the combat with a bristling Boar, he seized him by the ear ; but, through the rottenness of his teeth, let go his prey. Vexed at this, the Huntsman upbraided the Dog. Old Barker¹ replied : “It is not my courage that disappoints you, but my strength. You commend me for what I have been ; and you blame me that I am not *what I was*.

You, Philetus,² may easily perceive why I have written this.

¹ *Old Barker*)—Ver. 7. We may here enumerate the names of this nature, which we find given by Phædrus to various animals : “laniger,” “wool-bearer,” the sheep ; “auritulus,” “long-ears,” the ass ; “sonipes,” “sounding-hoof,” the horse ; “barbatus,” “long-beard,” the goat ; “retorridus,” “brindle,” the mouse ; and “latrans,” “barker,” the dog.

² *Philetus*)—Ver. 10. Of this Philetus nothing certain is known, but he is supposed to have been a freedman of the emperor Claudius.



THE NEW FABLES,

BY SOME ATTRIBUTED TO PHÆDRUS.

FABLE I.

THE APE AND THE FOX.

The Greedy Man is not willing to give even from his superabundance.

AN Ape asked a Fox for a part of her tail, that he might decently cover his naked hinder parts therewith ; but the ill-natured creature *replied* : “ Although it grow *even* longer *than it is*, still I will sooner drag it through mud and brambles, than give you ever so small a part *thereof*.”

¹ *Attributed to Phædrus*)—Cassito and Jannelli, with several other critics, are strongly of opinion that these Fables were written by Phædrus. On a critical examination, however, they will be found to be so dissimilar in style and language from those acknowledged to be by Phædrus, that it is very difficult not to come to the conclusion that they are the work of some more recent writer, of inferior genius, and less pure latinity. They were first published in 1809, at Naples, by Cassito, from a MS. which had belonged to Nicholas Perotti, Archbishop of Sipontum or Manfredonia, at the end of the fifteenth century, and who, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary, was perhaps either the author of them or altered them very materially. They appear in the MSS. in a mutilated condition ; and the lacunæ have been filled up according to the fancy of the successive Editors of the Fables. Those inserted in Gail’s edition have in general been here adopted.

FABLE II.

THE AUTHOR.

We must not require what is unreasonable.

If Nature had¹ formed the human race according to my notions, it would have been far better endowed: for she would have given us every good quality that indulgent Fortune has bestowed on *any animal*: the strength of the Elephant, and the impetuous force of the Lion, the age of the Crow, the majestic port of the fierce Bull, the gentle tractableness of the fleet Horse; and Man should still have had the ingenuity that is peculiarly his own. Jupiter in heaven laughs to himself, no doubt, he who, in his mighty plan, denied these *qualities* to men, lest our audacity should wrest *from him* the sceptre of the world. Contented, therefore, with the gifts of unconquered Jove, let us pass the years of our time allotted by fate, nor attempt more than mortality permits.

FABLE III.

MERCURY AND THE TWO WOMEN.

Another Fable on the same subject.

Once on a time, two Women had given their guest, Mercury, a mean and sordid entertainment; one of the women had a little son in the cradle, while the profession of a Courtesan had its charms for the other. In order, therefore, that he might give a suitable return for their services, when about to depart, and just crossing the threshold, he said: "In me you behold a God; I will give you at once whatever each may wish." The Mother makes her request, and asks that she may immediately see her Son graced with a beard; the Courtesan *requests* that whatever she touches may follow her. Mercury flies away—the women return in-doors: behold

¹ *If nature had*)—Ver. 1. This can hardly be styled a Fable; it is merely an Epilogue or moral lesson.

the infant, with a beard, is crying aloud. The Courtesan happened to laugh heartily at this, on which the humours of the head filled her nostrils, as is often the case. Intending therefore to blow her nose, she seized it with her hand, and drew out its length to the ground; and *thus*, while laughing at another, she became herself a subject for laughter.¹

FABLE IV.

PROMETHEUS AND CUNNING.

On Truth and Falsehood.

When once Prometheus, the framer of a new race, had formed Truth from fine earth, that she might be able to dispense justice among mankind, being suddenly summoned by the messenger of great Jove, he left his workshop in charge of treacherous Cunning, whom he had lately received in apprenticeship. The latter, inflamed by zeal, with clever hand formed an image of similar appearance, corresponding stature, and like in every limb, so far as the time permitted. When nearly the whole had now been wondrously set up, he found he had no clay to make the feet. His master came back, and Cunning, confused by fear at his quick return, sat down in his own place. Prometheus, admiring so strong a resemblance, wished the merit to appear to belong to his own skill, and therefore placed the two images together in the furnace. When they were thoroughly baked, and life had been breathed into them, hallowed Truth moved on with modest gait; but her imperfect copy remained fixed on the spot. Thence the spurious image, the result of the stealthy work, was called Mendacity,² because they say, she has no feet,—an assertion with which I readily agree.

¹ *For laughter*)—Ver. 17. This story savours more of the false wit of the middle ages than of the genius of Phædrus.

² *Was called Mendacity*)—Ver. 21. There is a sort of pun intended upon the word “*menda*,” a blemish.” Because Falsehood was blemished in having no feet, she was called “*mendacium*” or “*mendacity*.” Here the author’s etymology is at fault, as the word “*mendacity*” comes from “*mentior*,” to lie; which is not likely to have been derived from “*menda*.” Besides, Falsehood, whether she has feet or not, generally travels more speedily than Truth.

FABLE V.¹

THE AUTHOR.

Nothing is long concealed.

* * * * Pretended vices are sometimes profitable to men, but still the truth appears in time.

FABLE VI.

THE SIGNIFICATION OF THE PUNISHMENTS OF TARTARUS.

The meaning is to be considered, not the mere words.

The story of Ixion, whirling round upon the wheel, teach us what a rolling thing is fortune. Sisyphus, withimmer labour, pushing the stone up the lofty hill, which ever, labour lost, rolls back from the top, shows that men's miseries are endless. When Tantalus is athirst, standing in the midst of the river, the greedy are described, whom a sufficiency of blessings surrounds, but none can they enjoy. The wicked Danaïds carry water in urns, and cannot fill their pierced vessels; just so, whatever you bestow on luxury, will flow out beneath. Wretched Tityus is stretched over nine acres,¹ presenting for dire punishment a liver that ever grows again: by this it is shown that the greater the extent of land a man possesses, the heavier are his cares. Antiquity purposely wrapped up the truth, in order that the wise might understand—the ignorant remain in error.

¹ *Fable V.*)—This seems to be only a fragment; probably the moral of a Fable now lost.

² *Nine acres*)—Ver. 13. “Jugera.” The “jugerum” was a piece of land 240 feet long by 120 wide.

FABLE VII.

THE AUTHOR.

On the Oracle of Apollo.

Phœbus! who dost inhabit Delphi and the beauteous Parnassus, say what is most useful to us. Why do the locks of the holy prophetess stand erect; the tripods shake; the holy shrines resound; the laurels, too,¹ quiver, and the very day grow pale? Smitten by the Divinity, the Pythia utters *these* words, and the warning of the Delian God instructs the nations: “Practise virtue; pay your vows to the Gods above; defend your country, your parents, your children, *and* your chaste wives with arms; repel the foe with the sword; assist your friends; spare the wretched; favour the good; meet the treacherous face to face; punish offences; chastise the impious; inflict vengeance on those who, by base adultery, defile the marriage couch; beware of the wicked; trust no man too far.” Thus having said, the Maiden falls frenzied to the ground: frenzied, indeed, for what she said, she said in vain.

FABLE VIII.

ÆSOP AND THE AUTHOR.

On a bad Author who praised himself.

A Person had recited² some worthless composition to Æsop, in which he had inordinately bragged about himself. Desirous, therefore, to know what the Sage thought *thereof*: “Does it appear to you,” said he, “that I have been too

¹ *The laurels, too*)—Ver. 5. The “cortina” or oracular shrine was surrounded with laurels; which were said to quiver while the oracles were being pronounced. This is probably the most beautiful portion of these newly-discovered poems. Still, it cannot with propriety be called a Fable.

² *A person had recited*)—Ver. 1. Adry remarks that this is not a Fable, but only an Epigram.

conceited? I have no empty confidence in my own capacity." Worried to death with the execrable volume, *Æsop* replied: "I greatly approve of your bestowing praise on yourself, for it will never be your lot to receive it from another."

FABLE IX.

POMPEIUS MAGNUS AND HIS SOLDIER.

How difficult it is to understand a man.

A Soldier of Pompeius Magnus, a man of huge bulk, by talking mincingly and walking with an affected gait, had acquired the character of an effeminate wretch, *and that* most fully established. Lying in wait by night for the beasts of burden of his General, he drives away the mules *laden* with garments and gold, and a vast weight of silver. A rumour of what has been done gets abroad; the soldier is accused, *and* carried off to the *Prætorium*. On this, Magnus *says to him*: "How say you? Have you dared to rob me, comrade?" The soldier forthwith spits into his left hand, and scatters about the spittle with his fingers. "Even thus, General," says he, "may my eyes drip out, if I have seen or touched *your property*." Then Magnus, a man of easy disposition, orders the false accusers to be sent about their business,¹ and will not believe the man guilty of so great audacity.

Not long afterwards a barbarian, confiding in his strength of hand, challenges one of the Romans. Each man fears to accept the challenge, and the leaders of highest rank mutter *among themselves*. At length, this effeminate wretch in appearance, but Mars in prowess, approached the General, who was seated on his tribunal, and, with a lisping voice, said "May I?"² But Magnus, getting angry, as

¹ *About their business*)—Ver. 13. The words suggested in Orellius, "Indicij falsi auctores propelli jubet," are used here to fill up the lacuna.

² *May I?*)—Ver. 29. "Licit?" meaning: "Do you give me permission to go against the enemy?" The story about the spittle savours of the middle ages.

as well he might, the matter being so serious, ordered him to be turned out. Upon this, an aged man among the Chieftain's friends, *remarked*: "I think it would be better for this person to be exposed to the hazards of Fortune, since in him our loss would be but small, than a valiant man, who, if conquered through *some* mischance, might entail upon you a charge of rashness." Magnus acquiesced, and gave the Soldier permission to go out to meet *the champion*, whose head, to the surprise of the army, he whipped off sooner than you could say it, and returned victorious. Thereupon said Pompeius: "With great pleasure I present you with the soldier's crown, because you have vindicated the honor of the Roman name; nevertheless," said he, "may my eyes drip out" (imitating the unseemly act with which the Soldier had accompanied his oath), "if you did not carry off my property from among the baggage."

FABLE X.

JUNO, VENUS, AND THE HEN.

On the Lustfulness of Women.

When Juno¹ was praising her own chastity, Venus did not lose the opportunity of a joke, and, to show that there was no female equal to herself *in that virtue*, is said to have asked this question of the Hen: "Tell me, will you, with how much food could you be satisfied?" The hen replied: "Whatever you give me will be enough; but still you must let me scratch a bit with my feet." "To keep you from scratching," said *the Goddess*, "is a measure of wheat enough?" "Certainly; indeed it is too much; but still do allow me to scratch." "In fine," said *Venus*, "what do you require, on condition of not scratching at all?" Then at last the hen confessed the weak point in her nature: "Though a *whole* barn were open for me, still scratch I must." Juno is said to have laughed at the joke of Venus, for by the Hen she meant the Female Sex.

¹ *When Juno*)—Ver. 1. This story is both silly and in very bad taste.

FABLE XI.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY AND ÆSOP.

How a bad-tempered Son may be tamed.

A Father of a family had a passionate Son, who, as soon as he had got out of his father's sight, inflicted many a blow upon the servants, and gave loose to the impetuous temper of youth. Æsop consequently told this short story to the old man.

A certain Man was yoking an old Ox along with a Calf; and when the Ox shunning *to bear* the yoke with a neck *so* unfit for it, alleged the failing strength of his years: "You have no reason to fear," said the Countryman, "I don't do this that you may labour, but that you may tame him, who with his heels and horns has made many lame." Just so, unless you always keep your son by you, and by your management restrain his temper, take care that the broils in your house don't increase to a still greater degree. Gentleness is the remedy for a bad temper.¹

FABLE XII.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE VICTOR IN THE GYMNASTIC GAMES.

How Boastfulness may sometimes be checked.

A Philosopher chancing to find the Victor in a gymnastic contest too fond of boasting, asked him whether his adversary had been the stronger man. *To this* the other replied: "Don't mention it; my strength was far greater." "Then, you simpleton," retorted the Philosopher, "what praise do you deserve, if you, being the stronger, have conquered one who was not so powerful? You might perhaps have been tolerated if you had told us that you had conquered one who was your superior in strength."

¹ *Remedy for a bad temper*)—Ver. 15. This doctrine is stated in far too general terms.

FABLE XIII.

THE ASS AND THE LYRE.

How Genius is often wasted through Misfortune.

An Ass espied a Lyre lying in a meadow: he approached and tried the strings with his hoof; they sounded at his touch. "By my faith, a pretty thing," said he; "it happens unfortunately that I am not skilled in the art. If any person of greater skill had found it, he might have charmed my ears with divine notes."

So Genius is often wasted through Misfortune.¹

FABLE XIV.

THE WIDOW AND THE SOLDIER.

The great Inconstancy and Lustfulness of Women.

A certain Woman² had for some years lost her beloved Husband, and had placed his body in a tomb; and as she could by no means be forced from it, and passed her life in mourning at the sepulchre, she obtained a distinguished character for strict chastity. In the meantime, some persons who had plundered the temple of Jupiter suffered the penalty of crucifixion. In order that no one might remove their remains, soldiers were appointed as guards of the dead bodies, close by the monument in which the woman had shut herself up. Some time after, one of the Guards, being thirsty, asked, in the middle of the night, for some water, of a servant-maid, who chanced just then to be assisting her mistress, who was going to rest; for she had been watching by a lamp, and had prolonged her vigils to a late hour. The door being a little open, the Soldier peeps in, and beholds

¹ *Genius often wasted.*)—Ver. 7. It seems to border upon the absurd to speak of an ass losing the opportunity of cultivating his "ingenium." He can hardly with propriety be quoted under any circumstances as a specimen of a "mute inglorious Milton."

² *A certain Woman*)—Ver. 1. This is the story of the Matron of Ephesus, told in a much more interesting manner by Petronius Arbiter.

a Woman, emaciated indeed, but of beauteous features. His smitten heart is immediately inflamed, and he gradually burns with unchaste desires. His crafty shrewdness invents a thousand pretences for seeing her more frequently. Wrought upon by daily intercourse, by degrees she became more complaisant to the stranger, and soon enthralled his heart by a closer tie. While the careful Guard is here passing his nights, a body is missed from one of the crosses. The Soldier in his alarm relates to the Woman what has happened; but the chaste Matron replies: " You have no grounds for fear;" and gives up the body of her Husband to be fastened to the cross, that he may not undergo punishment for his negligence.

Thus did profligacy usurp the place of honour.

FABLE XV.

THE RICH SUITOR AND THE POOR ONE.

Fortune sometimes favours Men beyond their hopes and expectations.

Two Youths were courting a Maiden at the same time; the Rich man got the better of the birth and good looks of the Poor one. When the appointed day for the nuptials had arrived, the woe-begone Lover, because he could not endure his grief, betook himself to some gardens near at hand; a little beyond which, the splendid villa of the Rich man was about to receive the Maiden from her mother's bosom, as his house in the city seemed not to be roomy enough. The marriage procession is arranged, a great crowd flocks to the scene, and Hymenæus gives the marriage torch. Now an Ass, which used to gain a living for the Poor man, was standing at the threshold of a gate; and it so happens the maidens lead him along, that the fatigues of the way may not hurt the tender feet of the Bride. On a sudden, by the pity of Venus, the heavens are swept by winds, the crash of thunder resounds through the firmament, and brings on a rough night with heavy rain; light is withdrawn from their eyes, and at the same moment a storm of hail, spreading in all directions, beats upon them, frightening and

scattering them on all sides, compelling each to seek safety for himself in flight. The Ass runs under the well-known roof close at hand, and with a loud voice gives notice of his presence. The servants run out of doors, behold with admiration the beautiful Maiden, and then go and tell their master. He, seated at table with a few companions, was consoling his passion with repeated draughts. When the news was brought him, exulting with delight, *both* Bacchus and Venus exhorting him, he celebrated his joyous nuptials amid the applauses of his comrades. The bride's parents sought their daughter through the crier, *while* the intended Husband grieved at the loss of his Wife. After what had taken place became known to the public, all agreed in approving of the favour shown by the Gods of heaven.

FABLE XVI.

ÆSOP AND HIS MISTRESS.

How injurious it often is to tell the Truth.

Æsop being in the service of an Ugly Woman, who wasted the whole day in painting herself up, and used fine clothes, pearls, gold, *and* silver, yet found no one who would touch her with a finger: "May I *say* a few words?" said he. "Say on," *she replied*. "Then I think," *said he*, "that you will effect anything you wish, if you lay aside your ornaments." "Do I then seem to you so much preferable by myself?" *said she*. "Why, no; if you don't make presents, your bed will enjoy its repose." "But your sides," she replied, "shan't enjoy their repose,"¹ and ordered the talkative Slave to be flogged. Shortly after a thief took away a silver bracelet. When the Woman was told that it could not be found, full of fury she summoned all *her slaves*, and threatened them with a severe flogging if they did not tell the truth. "Threaten others," said *Æsop*, "indeed you won't trick me, mistress; I was lately beaten with the whip because I told the truth."

¹ *Shan't enjoy their repose*)—Ver. 9. The play upon the word "cessabo," seems redolent of the wit of the middle ages, and not of the days of Phædrus.

FABLE XVII.

A COCK CARRIED IN A LITTER BY CATS.

An extreme feeling of Security often leads Men into Danger.

A Cock had some Cats to carry him in his litter: a Fox on seeing him borne along in this pompous manner, said: "I advise you to be on your guard against treachery, for if you were to examine the countenances of those creatures, you would pronounce that they are carrying a booty, not a burden." As soon as the savage brotherhood¹ began to be hungry, they tore their Master to pieces, and went shares in the proceeds of their guilt.

FABLE XVIII.

THE SOW BRINGING FORTH, AND THE WOLF

We must first make trial of a Man before we entrust ourselves to him.

A Sow was lying and groaning, her travail coming on; a Wolf came running to her aid, and, offering his assistance, said that he could perform the duties of midwife. She, however, understanding the treachery of the wicked animal, rejected the suspicious services of the evil-doer, and said: "If you keep at a greater distance it is enough."

But had she entrusted herself to the perfidious Wolf, she would have had just as much pain to cry for, and her death *into the bargain*.

¹ *Savage brotherhood*)—Ver. 6. "Societas." The brotherhood of litter-carriers, perhaps four or six in number.

FABLE XIX.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE AND ÆSOP.

There is no necessity to add evil to evil.

A Slave, when running away from a Master of severe disposition, met Æsop, to whom he was known as a neighbour : “ Why are you in such a hurry ? ” said Æsop. “ I’ll tell you candidly, father,” said the other, “ for you are worthy to be called by that name, as our sorrows are safely entrusted to you. Stripes are in superabundance; victuals fail : every now and then I am sent to the farm as a slave to the rustics *there*: if he dines at home I am kept standing by him all night, or if he is invited out, I remain until daylight in the street. I have fairly earned my liberty; but with grey hairs I am *still* a slave. If I were conscious to myself of any fault, I should bear this patiently: I never have had a bellyful, and, unhappy that I am, I have to put up with a severe master besides. For these reasons, and *for others* which it would take too long to recount, I have determined to go wherever my feet may carry me.” “ Listen then,” said Æsop; “ When you have committed no fault, you suffer these inconveniences as you say : what if you had offended ? What do you suppose you would *then* have had to suffer ? ”

By such advice he was prevented from running away.

FABLE XX.

THE CHARIOT-HORSE SOLD FOR THE MILL.

Whatever happens, we must bear it with equanimity.

A certain Man withdrew from his chariot a Horse, ennobled by many victories, and sold him for the mill. As he was being led out of doors from the mill-stones to water, he saw his fellows going towards the Circus, to celebrate the joyous contests at the games. With tears starting forth, he

said, "Go on and be happy; celebrate without me the festive day in the race; at the place to which the accursed hand of the thief has dragged me, will I lament my sad fate."

FABLE XXI.

THE HUNGRY BEAR.

Hunger sharpens the wits.

If at any time sustenance is wanting to the Bear in the woods, he runs to the rocky shore, and, grasping a rock, gradually lets down his shaggy thighs into the water; and as soon as the Crabs have stuck to the long hair, betaking himself to shore, the crafty fellow shakes off his sea-spoil, and enjoys the food that he has collected in every quarter. Thus even in Fools does hunger sharpen the wits.

FABLE XXII.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE RAVEN.

Men are very frequently imposed upon by words.

A Man while going through the fields along his solitary path, heard the word "Hail!" whereat he stopped for a moment, but seeing no one, went on his way. Again the same sound saluted him from a hidden spot; encouraged by the hospitable voice, he stopped short, that whoever it was might receive the like civility. When, looking all about, he had remained long in perplexity, and had lost the time in which he might have walked some miles, a Raven showed himself, and hovering above him, continually repeated "Hail!" Then, perceiving that he had been deluded: "Perdition seize you," said he, "most mischievous bird, to have thus delayed me when I was in such a hurry."

¹ *If at any time*)—Ver. 1. This is not a Fable; it is merely an anecdote in natural history, and one not very unlikely to have been true.

FABLE XXIII.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHE-GOAT.

Nothing is secret which shall not be made manifest.¹

A Shepherd had broken² the horn of a She-Goat with his staff, and began to entreat her not to betray him to his Master. "Although unjustly injured," said she, "still, I shall be silent; but the thing itself will proclaim your offence."

FABLE XXIV.

THE SERPENT AND THE LIZARD.

When the Lion's skin fails, the Fox's must be employed; that is to say, when strength fails, we must employ craftiness.

A Serpent chanced to catch a Lizard by the tail; but when she tried to devour it with open throat, it snatched up a little twig that lay close at hand, and, holding it transversely with pertinacious bite, checked the greedy jaws, agape to devour it, by this cleverly contrived impediment. So the Serpent dropped the prey from her mouth unenjoyed

FABLE XXV.

THE CROW AND THE SHEEP.

Many are in the habit of injuring the weak and cringing to the powerful.

An pestilent Crow had taken her seat upon a Sheep; which after carrying her a long time on her back and much against

¹ *Be made manifest*)—Ver. 1. This moral is couched in the same words as St. Luke, viii. 17: "For nothing is secret which shall not be made manifest."

² *A Shepherd had broken*)—Ver. 1. As Adry remarks, this Fable more closely resembles the brevity and elegance of Phædrus.

her inclination, remarked : "If you had done thus to a Dog with his sharp teeth, you would have suffered for it. To this the rascally *Crow* replied : "I despise the defenceless, and I yield to the powerful ; I know whom to vex, and whom to flatter craftily ; by these means I put off my old age for years."

FABLE XXVI.

THE SERVANT AND THE MASTER.

There is no curse more severe than a bad conscience.

A Servant having been guilty¹ of a secret offence in debauching the wife of his master, on the latter coming to know of it, he said, in the presence of those standing by : "Are you quite pleased with yourself? For, when you ought not, you do please yourself ; but not with impunity, for when you ought to be pleased, you cannot be."

FABLE XXVII.

THE HARE AND THE HERDSMAN.

Many are kind in words, faithless at heart.

A Hare was flying from the Huntsman with speedy foot, and being seen by a Herdsman, as she was creeping into a thicket : "By the Gods of heaven, I beg of you," said she, "and by all your hopes, do not betray me, Herdsman ; I have never done any injury to this field.² "Don't be afraid,"

¹ *Having been guilty*)—Ver. 5. Chambry, one of the French Editors, omits this, as unworthy of Phædrus, and Adry pronounces it unintelligible. The meaning of this, which is Jannelli's version, seems to be : "When you ought not to please yourself, you do please yourself, in committing the crime ; but the consequence is that, afterwards, when you ought to feel pleased, in that you have gratified your desires, you cannot, in consequence of your guilty conscience." It is so mutilated, however, that Cassitti, Jannelli, and other Editors give entirely different versions.

² *Injury to this field*)—Ver. 4. The Hare is more an enemy to the flowers in gardens than to the fields. It was probably for this reason that the Romans sacrificed this animal to the Goddess Flora.

the Countryman replied, "remain concealed without apprehension." And now the Huntsman coming up, *enquired*: "Pray, Herdsman, has a Hare come this way?" "She did come, but went off that way to the left;" *he answered*, winking and nodding to the right. The Huntsman in his haste did not understand him, and hurried out of sight.

Then *said* the Herdsman: "Are you not glad that I concealed you?" "I don't deny," said she, "that to your tongue I owe most sincere thanks, and I return them, but I wish you may be deprived of your perfidious eyes."

FABLE XXVIII.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE COURTESAN.

Many things are pleasing which still are not to our advantage.

While a perfidious Courtesan was fawning upon a Youth, and he, though wronged *by her* many a time and oft, still showed himself indulgent to the Woman, the faithless *Creature* thus addressed him: "Though many contend *for me* with *their* gifts, still do I esteem you the most." The Youth, recollecting how many times he had been deceived, replied: "Gladly, my love, do I hear these words; not because you are constant, but because you administer to my pleasures."

FABLE XXIX.

THE BEAVER.

Many would escape, if for the sake of safety they would disregard their comforts.

The Beaver (to which the talkative Greeks have given the name of Castor, thus bestowing upon an animal the name of a God¹—they who boast of the abundance of their epi-

¹ *Name of a God*)—Ver. 3. This pun upon the resemblance of "Castor," the name of the demigod, to "Castor," "a beaver," seems to be a puerile pun; and the remark upon the limited "copia verborum"

thets) when can no longer escape the dogs, is said to bite off his testicles, because he is aware that it is for them he is sought; a thing which I would not deny being done through an instinct granted by the Gods; for as soon as the Huntsman has found the drug, he ceases his pursuit, and calls off the dogs.

If men could manage, so as to be ready to part with what they own, in order to live in safety for the future, there would be no one to devise stratagems to the detriment of the naked body.

FABLE XXX.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE WASP.

Not past but present Fortune must be regarded.

A Butterfly¹ seeing a Wasp flying by: "Oh, sad is our lot," said she, "derived from the depths of hell, from the recesses of which we have received our existence. I, eloquent in peace, brave in battle, most skilled in every art, whatever I once was, behold, light and rotten, and mere ashes do I fly.² You, who were a Mule³ with panniers, hurt whomsoever you

of the Greeks, seems more likely to proceed from the Archbishop of Sipontum than from Phædrus, who was evidently proud of his Grecian origin.

¹ *A Butterfly*)—Ver. 1. This Fable is in a sadly mutilated state, and critics are at a loss to say, with any certainty, what is meant by it. Whether the supposed word in l. 2, "barathris," (if really the correct reading), means the depths of hell, or the inner folds of the leaves in which the Butterfly is enveloped in the chrysalis state, or whether it means something else, will probably always remain a matter of doubt. However, the Fable seems to allude to the prevalent idea, that the soul, when disengaged from the body, took the form of a butterfly. Indeed the Greeks called both the soul and a butterfly by the name of *ψυχη*. There are six or seven different versions of the first five lines.

² *Ashes do I fly*)—Ver. 6. It is just possible that this may allude to the soul being disengaged from the corruption of the body.

³ *Who were a Mule*)—Ver. 7. She would seem here to allude to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It may possibly have been a notion, that as the human soul took the form of a Butterfly, the souls of animals appeared in the shapes of Wasps and Flies.

choose, by fixing your sting in him. The Wasp, too, uttered these words, well suited to her disposition: "Consider not what we were, but what we now are."

FABLE XXXI.

THE GROUND-SWALLOW AND THE FOX.

Confidence is not to be placed in the wicked.

A Bird which the Rustics call a Ground-Swallow (*terranæola*), because it makes its nest in the ground, chanced to meet a wicked Fox, on seeing whom she soared aloft on her wings. "Save you," said the other; "why, pray, do you fly from me, as though I had not abundance of food in the meadows,—crickets, beetles, *and* plenty of locusts. You have nothing to fear, I beg *to assure you*; I love you dearly for your quiet ways, and your harmless life. *The Bird* replied: "You speak very fairly, indeed; however, I am not near you, but up in the air; I shall therefore proceed, and that is the way in which I trust my life to you."

FABLE XXXII.

THE EPILOGUE.¹

Of those who read this book.

Whatever my Muse has here written in sportive mood, both malice and worth equally join in praising; but the latter with candour, while the other is secretly annoyed.

¹ *The Epilogue*)—This appears in reality to be only the Fragment of an Epilogue.

ÆSOPIAN FABLES.¹

THE AUTHORS OF WHICH ARE NOT KNOWN

FABLE I.

THE SICK KITE.

A Kite having been sick for many months, and seeing now there was no longer any hope of his recovery, asked his Mother to go round the sacred places, and make the most earnest vows for his recovery. "I will do so, my Son," said she, "but I am greatly afraid I shall obtain no help; but you, who have polluted every temple and every altar with your ravages, sparing no sacrificial food, what is it you would now have me ask?"

FABLE II.

THE HARES TIRED OF LIFE.

He who cannot endure his own misfortune, let him look at others, and learn patience.

On one occasion, the Hares being scared in the woods by a great noise, cried out, that, on account of their continued alarms, they would end their lives. So they repaired to a certain pond, into which, in their despondency, they were

¹ *Æsopian Fables*)—These *Æsopian Fables* appear much more worthy of the genius of Phædrus than the preceding ones, which have been attributed to him by the Italian Editors. The name of the author or authors of these is unknown; but from the internal evidence, it is not improbable that some may have been composed by Phædrus.

going to throw themselves. Alarmed at their approach, some Frogs fled distractedly into the green sedge. "Oh!" says one of the hares, "there are others too whom fear of misfortune torments. Endure existence as others do."

FABLE III.

JUPITER AND THE FOX.

No fortune conceals baseness of nature.

Jupiter having changed a Fox into a human shape, while she was sitting as a Mistress on a royal throne, she saw a beetle creeping out of a corner, and sprang nimbly towards the well-known prey. The Gods of heaven smiled; the Great Father was ashamed, and expelled the Concubine, repudiated and disgraced, addressing her in these words: "Live on in the manner that you deserve, you, who cannot make a worthy use of my kindness."

FABLE IV.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

This Fable teaches that no one should hurt those of more humble condition.

While a Lion was asleep in a wood, where some Field-Mice were sporting about, one of them by chance leaped upon the Lion as he lay. The Lion awoke and seized the wretched *creature* with a sudden spring. The captive implored pardon and suppliantly confessed his crime, a sin of imprudence. The Monarch, not deeming it a glorious thing to exact vengeance for this, pardoned him and let him go. A few days after, the Lion, while roaming by night, fell into a trap. When he perceived that he was caught in the snare, he began to roar with his loudest voice. At this tremendous noise the Mouse instantly ran to his assistance, and exclaimed: "You have no need to fear; I will make an adequate return for your great kindness." Immediately he began to survey all the knots and the fastenings of the knots; and



gnawing the strings after he had examined them, loosened the snare. Thus did the Mouse restore the captured Lion to the woods.

FABLE V.

THE MAN AND THE TREES.

Those perish, who give assistance to their foes.

A certain Man, having made an axe, besought the Trees to afford him a handle from their wood that would prove firm: they all desired that a piece of Olive-tree should be given. He accepted the offer, and, fitting on the handle, set to work with the axe to hew down the huge trunks. While he was selecting such as he thought fit, the Oak is reported thus to have said to the Ash: "We richly deserve to be cut down."

FABLE VI.

THE MOUSE AND THE FROG.

A Mouse, in order that he might pass over a river with greater ease, sought the aid of a Frog. She tied the fore leg of the Mouse to her hinder thigh. Hardly had they swum to the middle of the river, when the Frog dived suddenly, trying to reach the bottom, that she might perfidiously deprive the Mouse of life. While he struggled with all his might not to sink, a Kite that was flying near at hand, beheld the prey, and seizing the floundering Mouse in his talons, at the same time bore off the Frog that was fastened to him.

Thus do men often perish while meditating the destruction of others.

FABLE VII.

THE TWO COCKS AND THE HAWK.

A Cock who had often fought with *another* Cock, and been beaten, requested a Hawk to *act as* umpire in the contest.

The latter conceived hopes, if both should come, of devouring him who should first present himself. Shortly after, when he saw that they had come to plead their cause, he seized the one who first brought his case into court. The victim clamorously exclaimed : “ ‘Tis not I that should be punished, but the one who took to flight ;” the Bird *replied* : “ Do not suppose that you can this day escape my talons ; it is just that you should now yourself endure the treacheries you were planning for another.”¹

He who often cogitates upon the death of others, little knows what sad Fate he may be preparing for himself.

FABLE VIII.

THE SNAIL AND THE APE.

A Snail, smitten with admiration of a Mirror which she had found, began to climb its shining face, and lick it, fancying she could confer no greater favour upon it, than to stain its brightness with her slime. An Ape, when he saw the Mirror *thus* defiled, remarked : “ He who allows himself to be trodden by such *beings*, deserves to suffer such a disgrace.”

This Fable is written for those Women who unite themselves to ignorant and foolish Men.

FABLE IX.

THE CITY MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A City Mouse being once entertained at the table of a Country one, dined on humble acorns in a hole. Afterwards he prevailed upon the Countryman by his entreaties to enter the city and a cellar that abounded with the choicest things. Here, while they were enjoying remnants of various kinds, the door is thrown open, and in comes the Butler ; the Mice, terrified at the noise, fly in different direc-

¹ *Planning for another*)—Ver. 10. The nature of the reason assigned by the Hawk is not very clear. Perhaps the writer did not care that he should give even so much as a specious reason.

tions, and the City one easily hides himself in his well-known holes; while the unfortunate Rustic, all trepidation in that strange house, and dreading death, runs to-and-fro along the walls. When the Butler had taken what he wanted, and had shut the door, the City Mouse bade the Country one again to take courage. The latter, still in a state of perturbation, replied: "I hardly can take any food for fear. Do you think he will come?"—"Why are you in such a fright?" said the City one; "come, let us enjoy dainties which you may seek in vain in the country." The Countryman *replied*: "You, who don't know what it is to fear, will enjoy all these things; but, free from care and at liberty, may acorns be my food!"

"Tis better to live secure in poverty, than to be consumed by the cares attendant upon riches.

FABLE X.

THE ASS FAWNING UPON HIS MASTER.

An Ass, seeing the Dog fawn upon his master, and how he was crammed at his table each day, and had bits thrown to him in abundance by the Servants, thus remarked: "If the Master and the Servants are so very fond of a most filthy Dog, what must it be with me, if I should pay him similar attentions, who am much better than this Dog, and useful and praiseworthy in many respects; who am supported by the pure streams of undefiled water, and never in the habit of feeding upon nasty food? Surely I am more worthy than a whelp to enjoy a happy life, and to obtain the highest honor." While the Ass is thus soliloquising, he sees his Master enter the stable; so running up to him in haste and braying aloud, he leaps upon him, claps both feet on his shoulders, begins to lick his face; and tearing his clothes with his dirty hoofs, he fatigues his Master with his heavy weight, as he stupidly fawns upon him. At their Master's outcry the Servants run to the spot, and seizing everywhere such sticks and stones as come in their way, they punish the braying *beast*, and knocking him off his Master's body, soon send him back, half-dead to the manger, with sore limbs and battered rump.

This Fable teaches that a fool is not to thrust himself upon those who do not want him, or affect to perform the part of one superior to him.

FABLE XI.

THE CRANE, THE CROW, AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

A Crane and a Crow had made a league on oath, that the Crane should protect the Crow against the Birds, *and* that the Crow should foretell the future, so that the Crane might be on her guard. After this, on their frequently flying into the fields of a certain Countryman, and tearing up by the roots what had been sown, the owner of the field saw it, and being vexed, cried out : "Give me a stone, Boy, that I may hit the Crane." When the Crow heard this, at once she warned the Crane, who took all due precaution. On another day, too, the Crow hearing him ask for a stone, again warned the Crane carefully to avoid the danger. The Countryman, suspecting that the divining Bird heard his commands, said to the Boy : "If I say, give me a cake, do you secretly hand me a stone." The Crane came *again* ; he bade the Boy give him a cake, but the Boy gave him a stone, with which he hit the Crane, and broke her legs. The Crane, on being wounded, said : "Prophetic Crow, where now are your auspices ? Why did you not hasten to warn your companion, as you swore you would, that no such evil might befall me ?" The Crow made answer : "It is not my art that deserves to be blamed ; but the purposes of double-tongued people are so deceiving, who say one thing and do another."

Those who impose upon the inexperienced by deceitful promises, fail not to cajole them by-and-bye with pretended reasons.

FABLE XII.

THE BIRDS AND THE SWALLOW.

The Birds having assembled in one spot, saw a Man sowing flax in a field. When the Swallow found that they thought

nothing at all of this, she is reported to have called them together, and thus addressed them : "Danger awaits us all from this, if the seed should come to maturity." The Birds laughed *at her*. When the crop, however, sprang up, the Swallow again remarked : "Our destruction is impending ; come, let us root up the noxious blades, lest, if they shortly grow up, nets may be made thereof, and we may be taken by the contrivances of man." The Birds persist in laughing at the words of the Swallow, and foolishly despise *this* most prudent advice. But she, in her caution, at once betook herself to Man, that she might suspend her nest in safety under his rafters. The Birds, however, who had disregarded her wholesome advice, being caught in nets made of the flax, came to an untimely end.

FABLE XIII.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FOX.

Once on a time a Partridge was sitting in a lofty tree. A Fox came up, and began *thus* to speak : "O Partridge, how beautiful is your aspect ! Your beak transcends the coral ; your thighs the brightness of purple. And then, if you were to sleep, how much more beauteous you would be. As soon as the silly Bird had closed her eyes, that instant the Fox seized the credulous thing. Suppliantly she uttered these words, mingled with loud cries : "O Fox, I beseech you, by the graceful dexterity of your exquisite skill, utter my name as before, and then you shall devour me." The Fox, willing to speak, opened his mouth, and so the Partridge escaped destruction. Then said the deluded Fox : "What need was there for me to speak ?" The Partridge retorted : "And what necessity was there for me to sleep, when my hour for sleep had not come ?"

This is for those who speak when there is no occasion, and who sleep when it is requisite to be on the watch.

FABLE XIV.

THE ASS, THE OX, AND THE BIRDS.

An Ass and an Ox, fastened to the same yoke, were drawing a waggon. While the Ox was pulling with all his might he broke his horn. The Ass swears that he experiences no help whatever from his weak companion. Exerting himself in the labour, the Ox breaks his other horn, and at length falls dead upon the ground. Presently, the Herdsman loads the Ass with the flesh of the Ox, and he breaks down amid a thousand blows, and stretched in the middle of the road, expires. The Birds flying to the prey, exclaim: "If you had shown yourself compassionate to the Ox when he entreated you, you would not have been food for us through your untimely death."

FABLE XV.

THE LION AND THE SHEPHERD.

A Lion,¹ while wandering in a wood, trod on a thorn, and soon after came up, wagging his tail, to a Shepherd: "Don't be alarmed," said he, "I suppliantly entreat your aid; I am not in search for prey." Lifting up the *wounded* foot, the Man places it in his lap, and, taking out the thorn, relieves the patient's severe pain: whereupon the Lion returns to the woods. Some time after, the Shepherd (being accused on a false charge) is condemned, and is ordered to be exposed to ravening Beasts at the ensuing games. While the Beasts, on being let out,² are roaming to-and-fro, the Lion recognizes the Man who effected the cure, and again raising his foot, places it in the Shepherd's lap. The King, as soon as he aware of this, immediately restored the Lion to the woods, and the Shepherd to his friends.

¹ *A Lion*)—Ver. 1. This story is also told by Seneca—*De Beneficiis*, B. II. c. 19, and by Aulus Gellius, B. III. c. 14.

² *The Beasts, on being let out*)—Ver. 10. The beasts were sent forth from "cavæ," or "cages," into the area of the Circus or Amphitheatre.

FABLE XVI.

THE GNAT AND THE BULL.

A Gnat having challenged a Bull to a trial of strength, all the People came to see the combat. Then *said* the Gnat: “ “Tis enough that you have come to meet me in combat; for *though* little in my own idea, I am great in your judgment,” *and so saying*, he took himself off on light wing through the air, and duped the multitude, and eluded the threats of the Bull. *Now* if the Bull had kept in mind his strength of neck, and had contemned an ignoble foe, the vapouring of the trifler would have been all in vain.

He loses character who puts himself on a level with the undeserving.

FABLE XVII.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

A Steed, swelling *with pride* beneath his trappings, met an Ass, and because the latter, wearied with his load, made room very slowly: “ Hardly,” said the *Horse*, “ can I restrain myself from kicking you severely.” The Ass held his peace, only appealing with his groans to the Gods. The Horse in a short space of time, broken-winded with running, is sent to the farm. There the Ass espying him laden with dung, thus jeered him: “ Where are your former trappings, vain boaster, who have now fallen into the misery which you treated with such contempt?”

Let not the fortunate man, unmindful of the uncertainty of fortune, despise the lowly one, seeing that he knows not what he may come to himself.

FABLE XVIII.

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

The Birds were at war with the Beasts, and the conquerors were defeated in their turn ; but the Bat, fearing the doubtful issue of *the strife*, always betook himself to those whom he saw victorious. When they had returned to their former state of peace, the fraud was apparent to both sides ; convicted therefore of a crime so disgraceful, *and* flying from the light, he thenceforth hid himself in deep darkness, always flying alone by night.

Whoever offers himself for sale to both sides, will live a life of disgrace, hateful to them both.

FABLE XIX.

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE HAWK, AND THE FOWLER.

While a Hawk was sitting in a Nightingale's nest, on the watch for a Hare, he found there some young ones. The Mother, alarmed at the danger of her offspring, flew up, and suppliantly entreated him to spare her young ones. "I will do what you wish," he replied, "if you will sing me a tuneful song with a clear voice." On this, much as her heart failed her, still, through fear, she obeyed, and being compelled, full of grief she sang. The Hawk, who had seized the prey, *then* said : " You have not sung your best ;" and, seizing one of the young ones with his claws, began to devour it. A Fowler approaches from another direction, and stealthily extending his reed,¹ touches the perfidious *creature* with bird-lime, and drags him to the ground.

Whoever lays crafty stratagems for others, ought to beware that he himself be not entrapped by cunning.

¹ *Extending his reed*)—Ver. 13. From this it would appear, that fowlers stood behind trees, and used reeds tipped with birdlime, for the purpose of taking birds.

FABLE XX.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE SHEPHERD.

A Wolf, in the course of time, had collected a store in his den, that he might have food, which he might enjoy at his ease for many months. A Fox, on learning this, went to the Wolf's den, and *said* with tremulous voice: "Is all right, brother? For not having seen you on the look-out for prey in your woods, life has been saddened every day." The Wolf, when he perceived the envy of his rival, *replied*: "You have not come hither from any anxiety on my account, but that you may get a share. I know what is your deceitful aim." The Fox enraged, comes to a Shepherd, *and says*: "Shepherd, will you return me thanks, if to-day I deliver up to you the enemy of your flock, so that you need have no more anxiety?" The Shepherd *replied*: "I will serve you, and will with pleasure give you anything you like." She points out the Wolf's den to the Shepherd, who shuts him in, despatches him immediately with a spear, and gladly gratifies his rival with the property of another. When, however, the Fox had fallen into the Hunter's hands, being caught and mangled by the Dogs, she said: "Hardly have I done an injury to another, ere I am now punished myself."

Whoever ventures to injure another, ought to beware lest a greater evil befall himself.

FABLE XXI.

THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES.

When the Sheep and the Wolves¹ engaged in battle, the former, safe under the protection of the dogs, were victorious. The Wolves sent ambassadors, and demanded a peace,

¹ *The Sheep and the Wolves*)—Ver. 1. Demosthenes is said to have related this Fable to the Athenians, when dissuading them from surrendering the Orators to Alexander.

ratified on oath, on these terms ; that the Sheep should give up the Dogs, and receive as hostages the whelps of the Wolves. The Sheep, hoping that lasting concord would be thus secured, did as the Wolves demanded. Shortly after, when the whelps began to howl, the Wolves, alleging as a pretext, that their young ones were being murdered, and that the peace had been broken by the Sheep, made a simultaneous rush on every side, and attacked the latter *thus* deprived of protectors ; and so a late repentance condemned their folly in putting faith in their enemies.

If a person gives up to others the safeguard under which he has previously lived in security, he will afterwards wish it back, but in vain.

FABLE XXII.

THE APE AND THE FOX.

An Ape asked a Fox to spare him some part of her exceeding length of tail, with which he might be enabled to cover his most unseemly hinder parts. "For of what use," said he, "is a tail of such extraordinary length ? For what purpose do you drag such a vast weight along the ground ?" The Fox *answered* : "Even if it were longer, and much bulkier, I would rather drag it along the ground and through mud and thorns, than give you a part ; that you might not appear more comely through what covers me."

Greedy and rich *man*, this Fable has a lesson for you, who, though you have a superabundance, still give nothing to the poor.

FABLE XXIII.

THE WOLF, THE SHEPHERD, AND THE HUNTSMAN.

A Wolf, flying from the Huntsman's close pursuit, was seen by a Shepherd, *who noticed* which way he fled, and in what spot he concealed himself. "Herdsman," said the terrified fugitive, "by all your hopes, do not, I do adjure you by the great Gods, betray an innocent being, who has done you no injury."

“Don’t fear,” the Shepherd replied; “I’ll point in another direction.” Soon after, the Huntsman comes up in haste: “Shepherd, have you not seen a Wolf come this way? Which way did he run?” The Shepherd replied, in a loud voice: “He certainly did come, but he fled to the left,” but he secretly motioned with his eyes towards the right. The other did not understand him, and went on in haste. Then said the Shepherd to the Wolf: “What thanks will you give me for having concealed you?” “To your tongue, I give especial ones,” said the Wolf, “but on your deceitful eyes I pray that the darkness of eternal night may fall.”

He who, courteous in his words, conceals deceit in his heart, may understand that he is himself described in this Fable.

FABLE XXIV.

THE TRUTHFUL MAN, THE LIAR, AND THE APES.

A Liar and a Truthful Man, while travelling together, chanced to come into the land of the Apes. One of the number, who had made himself King, seeing them, ordered them to be detained, that he might learn what men said of him, and at the same time he ordered all the Apes to stand in lengthened array on the right and left; and that a throne should be placed for himself, as he had formerly seen was the practice with the Kings among men. After this he questions the men so ordered to be brought before him: “What do you think of me, strangers?” “You seem to be a most mighty King,” the Liar replied. “What of these whom you see now about me?” “These are ministers,¹ these are lieutenants, and leaders of troops.” The Ape thus lyingly praised, together with his crew, orders a present to be given to the flatterer. On this the Truth-teller remarked to himself: “If so great the reward for lying, with what gifts shall I not be presented, if, according to my custom, I tell the truth?” The Ape then turns to the Truthful Man: “And

¹ Your ministers)—Ver. 13. “Comites” here seems to mean “ministers,” in the sense in which the word was used in the times of the later Roman emperors.

what do you think of me and those whom you see standing before me?" He made answer: " You are a genuine Ape, and all these *are* Apes, who are like you." The King, enraged, ordered him to be torn with teeth and claws, because he had told the truth.

A courtly lie is praised by the wicked; plain-spoken truth brings destruction on the good.

FABLE XXV.

THE MAN AND THE LION.

A Man was disputing with a Lion which was the stronger of the two, and while they were seeking evidence on the matter in dispute, they came at last to a sepulchre, on which *the human disputant* pointed out a Lion, depicted with his jaws rent asunder by a Man—a striking proof of superior strength. The Lion made answer: " This was painted by a human hand; if Lions knew how to paint, you would see the man undermost. But I will give a more convincing proof of our valour." He *accordingly* led the Man to some games¹ where, calling his attention to men slain in reality by Lions, he said: " There is no need of the testimony of pictures here; real valour is shown by deeds."

This Fable teaches that liars use colouring in vain, when a sure test is produced.

FABLE XXVI.

THE STORK, THE GOOSE, AND THE HAWK.

A Stork, having come to a well-known pool, found a Goose diving frequently beneath the water, and enquired why she did so. The other replied: " This is our custom, and we find our food in the mud; and then, besides, we thus find safety, and escape the attack of the Hawk when he comes against

¹ *Some games*) — Ver. 9. "Spectaculum," or "venatio." These were exhibited by the wealthy Romans in the amphitheatre or circus, and on some occasions many hundred beasts were slain in one day. Of course, as here mentioned, their assailants would sometimes meet with an untimely end.

us." "I am much stronger than the Hawk," said the Stork; "if you choose to make an alliance with me, you will be able victoriously to deride him." The Goose believing her; and immediately accepting her aid, goes with her into the fields: forthwith comes the Hawk, and seizes the Goose in his remorseless claws and devours her, while the Stork flies off. The Goose *called out after her*: "He who trusts himself to so weak a protector, deserves to come to a still worse end."

FABLE XXVII.

THE SHEEP AND THE CROW.

A Crow, sitting at her ease upon a Sheep's back, pecked her with her beak. After she had done this for a long time, the Sheep, so patient under injury, remarked: "If you had offered this affront to the Dog, you could not have endured his barking." But the Crow *thus answered* the Sheep: "I never sit on the neck of one so strong, as I know whom I may provoke; my years having taught me cunning, I am civil to the robust, but insolent to the defenceless. Of such a nature have the Gods thought fit to create me."

This Fable was written for those base persons who oppress the innocent, and fear to annoy the bold.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

In winter time, an Ant was dragging forth from her her hole, and drying, the grains which, in her foresight, she had collected during the summer. A Grasshopper, being hungry, begged her to give him something: the Ant *replied*: "What were you doing in summer?" The other *said*: "I had not leisure to think of the future: I was wandering through hedges and meadows, singing away." The Ant laughing, and carrying back the grains, *said*: "Very well, you who were singing away in the summer, *ance* in the winter."

Let the sluggard always labour at the proper time, lest when he has nothing, he beg in vain.

FABLE XXIX.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

An Ass asked a Horse for a little barley. "With all my heart," said he, "if I had more than I wanted, I would give you plenty, in accordance with my dignified position; but bye-and-bye, as soon as I shall have come to my manger in the evening, I will give you a sackful of wheat." The Ass replied: "If you now deny me on a trifling occasion, what am I to suppose you will do on one of greater importance?"

They who, while making great promises, refuse small favours, show that they are very tenacious of giving.

FABLE XXX.

THE OLD LION AND THE FOX.

Worn with years, a Lion pretended illness. Many Beasts came for the purpose of visiting the sick King, whom at once he devoured. But a wary Fox stood at a distance before the den, saluting the King. On the Lion asking her why she did not come in: "Because," said she, "I see many foot-marks of those who have gone in, but none of those who came out."

The dangers of others are generally of advantage to the wary.

FABLE XXXI.

THE CAMEL AND THE FLEA.

A Flea, chancing to sit on the back of a Camel who was going along weighed down with heavy burdens, was quite delighted with himself, as he appeared to be so much higher. After they had made a long journey, they came together in the evening to the stable. The Flea immediately exclaimed, skipping lightly to the ground: "See, I have got down directly, that I may not weary you any longer, so galled as you are." The Camel replied: "I thank you; but neither

when you were on me did I find myself oppressed by your weight, nor do I feel myself at all lightened now you have dismounted."

He who, while he is of no standing, boasts to be of a lofty one, falls under contempt when he comes to be known.

FABLE XXXII.

THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A She-Goat, that she might keep her young one in safety, on going forth to feed, warned *her* heedless Kid not to open the door, because she knew that many wild beasts were prowling about the cattle stalls. When she was gone, there came a Wolf, imitating the voice of the dam, and ordered the door to be opened for him. When the Kid heard him, looking through a chink, he said to the Wolf: "I hear a sound like my Mother's *voice*, but you are a deceiver, and an enemy to me; under my Mother's voice you are seeking to drink my blood, and stuff yourself with my flesh. Farewell."

"Tis greatly to the credit of children to be obedient to their parents.

FABLE XXXIII.

THE POOR MAN AND THE SERPENT.

In the house of a certain Poor Man, a Serpent was always in the habit of coming to his table, and being fed there plentifully upon the crumbs. Shortly after, the Man becoming rich, he began to be angry with the Serpent, and wounded him with an axe. After the lapse of some time he returned to his former poverty. When he saw that like the varying lot of the Serpent, his own fortunes also changed, he coaxingly begged him to pardon the offence. Then said the Serpent to him: "You will repent of your wickedness until my wound is healed; don't suppose, however, that I take you henceforth with implicit confidence to be my friend. Still, I could wish to be reconciled with you, if only I could never recall to mind the perfidious axe."

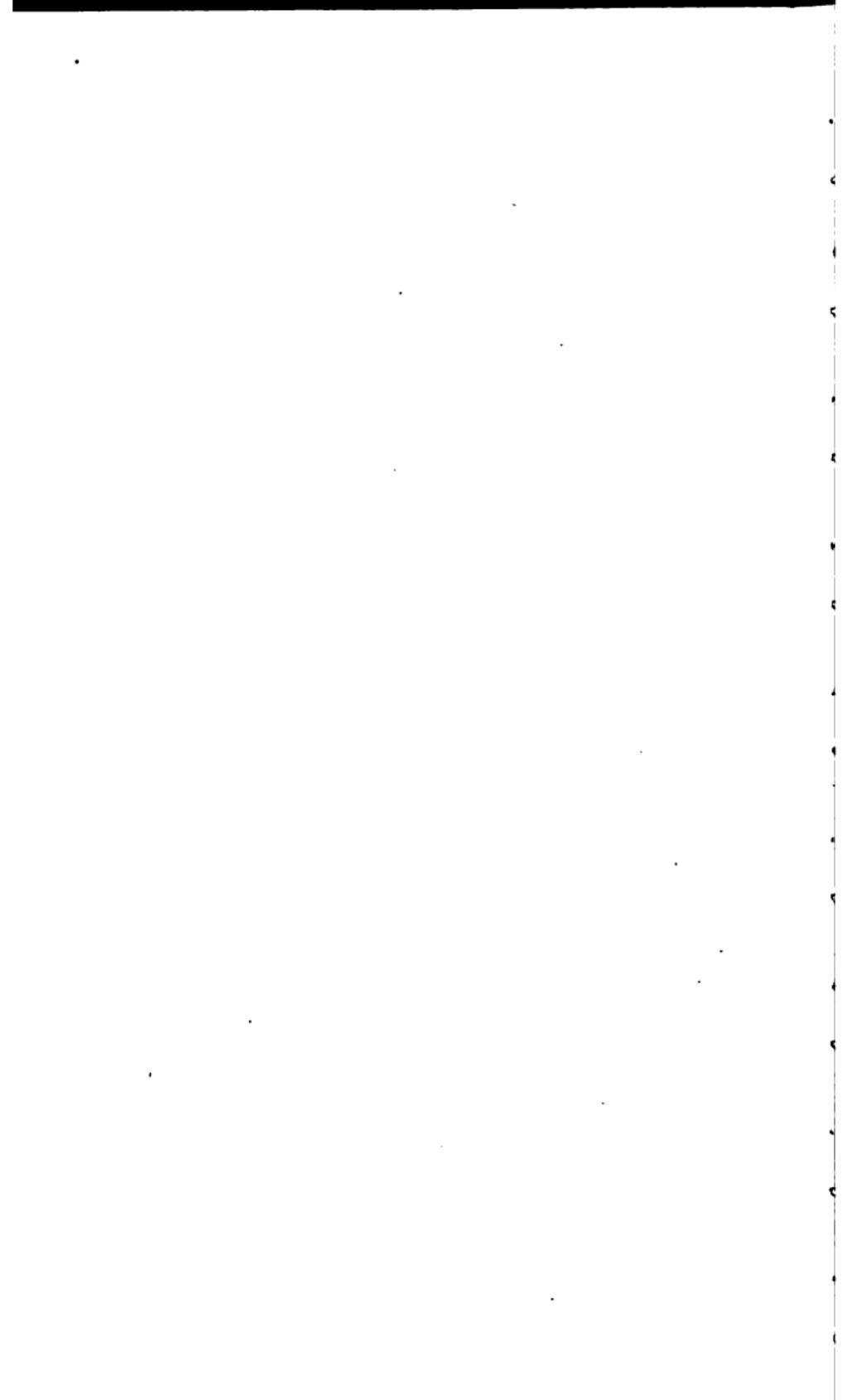
He deserves to be suspected, who has once done an injury; and an intimacy with him is always to be renewed with caution.

FABLE XXXIV.

THE EAGLE AND THE KITE.

An Eagle was sitting on a branch with a Kite, in sorrowful mood. "Why," said the Kite, "do I see you with such a melancholy air?" "I am looking out," said she, "for a mate suited to myself, and cannot find one." "Take me," said the Kite, "who am so much stronger than you." "Well, are you able to get a living by what you can carry away?" "Many's the time that I have seized and carried off an ostrich in my talons." Induced by his words, the Eagle took him as her mate. A short time having passed after the nuptials, the Eagle said: "Go and carry off for me the booty you promised me." Soaring aloft, the Kite brings back a field-mouse, most filthy, and stinking from long-contracted mouldiness. "Is this," said the Eagle, "the performance of your promise?" The Kite replied to her: "That I might contract a marriage with royalty, there is nothing I would not have pledged myself to do, although I knew that I was unable."

Those who seek anxiously for partners of higher rank, painfully lament a deception that has united them to the worthless.



THE FABLES OF PHÆDRUS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, A.M.,

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BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT from the founder Esop fell,
In neat familiar verse I tell:
Twofold's the genius of the page,
To make you smile and make you sage.
But if the critics we displease,
By wrangling brutes and talking trees,
Let them remember, ere they blame,
We're working neither sin nor shame;
'Tis but a play to form the youth
By fiction, in the cause of truth.

FABLE I. THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

By thirst incited; to the brook
The Wolf and Lamb themselves betook.
The Wolf high up the current drank,
The Lamb far lower down the bank.
Then, bent his rav'nous maw to cram,
The Wolf took umbrage at the Lamb.

“ How dare you trouble all the flood,
And mingle my good drink with mud?”
“ Sir,” says the Lambkin, sore afraid,
“ How should I act, as you upbraid?

The thing you mention cannot be,
 The stream descends from you to me."—
 Abash'd by facts, says he, "I know
 'Tis now exact six months ago
 You strove my honest fame to blot"—
 "Six months ago, sir, I was not."
 "Then 'twas th' old ram thy sire," he cried,
 And so he tore him, till he died.

To those this fable I address
 Who are determined to oppress,
 And trump up any false pretence,
 But they will injure innocence.

II. THE FROGS DESIRING A KING.

With equal laws when Athens threw,
 The petulance of freedom drove
 Their state to license, which o'erthrew
 Those just restraints of old they knew.
 Hence, as a factious discontent
 Through every rank and order went,
 Pisistratus the tyrant form'd
 A party, and the fort he storm'd:
 Which yoke, while all bemoan'd in grief,
 (Not that he was a cruel chief,
 But they unused to be controll'd)
 Then Esop thus his fable told:

The Frogs, a freeborn people made,
 From out their marsh with clamor pray'd
 That Jove a monarch would assign
 With power their manners to refine.
 The sovereign smiled, and on their bog
 Sent his petitioners a log,
 Which, as it dash'd upon the place,
 At first alarm'd the tim'rous race.
 But ere it long had lain to cool,
 One slyly peep'd out of the pool,
 And finding it a king in jest,
 He boldly summon'd all the rest.
 Now, void of fear, the tribe advancea,
 And on the timber leap'd and danced,

And having let their fury loose,
 In gross affronts and rank abuse,
 Of Jove they sought another king,
 For useless was this wooden thing.
 Then he a water-snake empower'd,
 Who one by one their race devour'd.
 They try to make escape in vain,
 Nor, dumb through fear, can they complain.
 By stealth they Mercury depute,
 That Jove would once more hear their suit,
 And send their sinking state to save ;
 But he in wrath this answer gave :
 " You scorn'd the good king that you had,
 And therefore you shall bear the bad."

Ye likewise, O Athenian friends,
 Convinced to what impatience tends,
 Though slavery be no common curse,
 Be still, for fear of worse and worse.

III. THE VAIN JACKDAW.

Lest any one himself should plume,
 And on his neighbour's worth presume ;
 But still let Nature's garb prevail—
 Esop has left this little tale :

A Daw, ambitious and absurd,
 Pick'd up the quills of Juno's bird ;
 And, with the gorgeous spoil adorn'd,
 All his own sable brethren scorn'd,
 And join'd the peacocks—who in scoff
 Stripp'd the bold thief, and drove him off.
 The Daw, thus roughly handled, went
 To his own kind in discontent :
 But they in turn contemn the spark,
 And brand with many a shameful mark.
 Then one he formerly disdain'd,
 " Had you," said he, " at home remain'd—
 Content with Nature's ways and will,
 You had not felt the peacock's bill ;
 Nor 'mongst the birds of your own dress
 Had been deserted in distress."

IV. THE DOG IN THE RIVER.

The churl that wants another's fare
Deserves at least to lose his share.

As through the stream a Dog convey'd
A piece of meat, he spied his shade
In the clear mirror of the flood,
And thinking it was flesh and blood,
Snapp'd to deprive him of the treat :—
But mark the glutton's self-defeat,
Miss'd both another's and his own,
Both shade and substance, beef and bone.

V. THE HEIFER, GOAT, SHEEP, AND LION.

A partnership with men in power
We cannot build upon an hour.

This Fable proves the fact too true :

An Heifer, Goat, and harmless Ewe,
Were with the Lion as allies,
To raise in desert woods supplies.
There, when they jointly had the luck
To take a most enormous buck,
The Lion first the parts disposed,
And then his royal will disclosed.
“ The first, as Lion hight, I crave ;
The next you yield to me, as brave ;
The third is my peculiar due,
As being stronger far than you ;
The fourth you likewise will renounce,
For him that touches, I shall trounce.”
Thus rank unrighteousness and force
Seized all the prey without remorse.

VI. THE FROGS AND SUN.

When Esop saw, with inward grief,
The nuptials of a neighb'ring thief,
He thus his narrative begun :

Of old 'twas rumor'd that the Sun
Would take a wife : with hideous cries
The quer'rous Frogs alarm'd the skies.

Moved at their murmurs, Jove inquired
 What was the thing that they desired ?
 When thus a tenant of the lake,
 In terror, for his brethren spake :
 “ Ev’n now one Sun too much is found,
 And dries up all the pools around,
 Till we thy creatures perish here ;
 But oh, how dreadfully severe,
 Should he at length be made a sire,
 And propagate a race of fire !”

VII. THE FOX AND THE TRAGIC MASK.

A Fox beheld a Mask—“ O rare
 The headpiece, if but brains were there !”
 This holds—whene’er the Fates dispense
 Pomp, pow’r, and everything but sense.

VIII. THE WOLF AND CRANE.

Who for his merit seeks a price
 From men of violence and vice,
 Is twice a fool—first so declared,
 As for the worthless he has cared ;
 Then after all, his honest aim
 Must end in punishment and shame.

A bone the Wolf devour’d in haste,
 Stuck in his greedy throat so fast,
 That, tortured with the pain, he roar’d,
 And ev’ry beast around implored,
 That who a remedy could find
 Should have a premium to his mind.

A Crane was wrought upon to trust
 His oath at length—and down she thrust
 Her neck into his throat impure,
 And so perform’d a desp’rate cure.
 At which, when she desired her fee,
 “ You base, ungrateful minx,” says he,
 “ Whom I so kind forbore to kill,
 And now, forsooth, you’d bring your bill !”

IX. THE HARE AND THE SPARROW.

Still to give cautions, as a friend,
And not one's own affairs attend,
Is but impertinent and vain,
As these few verses will explain.

A Sparrow taunted at a Hare
Caught by an eagle high in air,
And screaming loud—"Where now," says she,
"Is your renown'd velocity?
Why loiter'd your much boasted speed?"
Just as she spake, an hungry glede
Did on th' injurious railer fall,
Nor could her cries avail at all.
The Hare, with its expiring breath,
Thus said: "See comfort ev'n in death!
She that derided my distress
Must now deplore her own no less."

X. THE WOLF AND FOX, WITH THE APE FOR JUDGE.

Whoe'er by practice indiscreet
Has pass'd for a notorious cheat,
Will shortly find his credit fail,
Though he speak truth, says Esop's tale.

The Wolf the Fox for theft arraign'd;
The Fox her innocence maintain'd:
The Ape, as umpire, takes his seat;
Each pleads his cause with skill and heat.
Then thus the Ape, with aspect grave,
The sentence from the hustings gave:
"For you, Sir Wolf, I do descry
That all your losses are a lie—
And you, with negatives so stout,
O Fox! have stolen the goods no doubt."

XI. THE ASS AND THE LION HUNTING.

A coward, full of pompous speech,
The ignorant may overreach;
But is the laughing-stock of those
Who know how far his valor goes.

Once on a time it came to pass,
 The Lion hunted with the Ass,
 Whom hiding in the thickest shade
 He there proposed should lend him aid,
 By trumpeting so strange a bray,
 That all the beasts he should dismay,
 And drive them o'er the desert heath
 Into the lurking Lion's teeth.
 Proud of the task, the long-ear'd loon
 Struck up such an outrageous tune,
 That 'twas a miracle to hear—
 The beasts forsake their haunts with fear,
 And in the Lion's fangs expired :
 Who, being now with slaughter tired,
 Call'd out the Ass, whose noise he stops.
 The Ass, parading from the copse,
 Cried out with most conceited scoff,
 " How did my music-piece go off ?
 " So well—were not thy courage known,
 Their terror had been all my own ! "

XII. THE STAG AT THE FOUNTAIN.

FULL often what you now despise
 Proves better than the things you prize ;
 Let Esop's narrative decide :
 A Stag beheld, with conscious pride,
 (As at the fountain-head he stood)
 His image in the silver flood,
 And there extols his branching horns,
 While his poor spindle-shanks he scorns—
 But, lo ! he hears the hunter's cries,
 And, frighten'd, o'er the champaign flies--
 His swiftness baffles the pursuit :
 At length a wood receives the brute,
 And by his horns entangled there,
 The pack began his flesh to tear :
 Then dying thus he wail'd his fate :
 " Unhappy me ! and wise too late !
 How useful what I did disdain !
 How grievous that which made me vain ! "

XIII. THE FOX AND THE CROW.

His folly in repentance ends,
Who, to a flatt'ring knave attends.

A Crow, her hunger to appease,
Had from a window stolen some cheese,
And sitting on a lofty pine
In state, was just about to dine.
This, when a Fox observed below,
He thus harangued the foolish Crow :
"Lady, how beauteous to the view
Those glossy plumes of sable hue!
Thy features how divinely fair!
With what a shape, and what an air!
Could you but frame your voice to sing,
You'd have no rival on the wing."
But she, now willing to display
Her talents in the vocal way,
Let go the cheese of luscious taste,
Which Renard seized with greedy haste.
The grudging dupe now sees at last
That for her folly she must fast.

XIV. THE COBBLER TURNED DOCTOR.

A bankrupt Cobbler, poor and lean,
(No bungler e'er was half so mean)
Went to a foreign place, and there
Began his med'cines to prepare :
But one of more especial note
He call'd his sov'reign antidote ;
And by his technical bombast
Contrived to raise a name at last.
It happen'd that the king was sick,
Who, willing to detect the trick,
Call'd for some water in an ewer,
Poison in which he feign'd to pour
The antidote was likewise mix'd ;
He then upon th' empiric fix'd
To take the medicated cup,
And, for a premium, drink it up

The quack, through dread of death, confess'd
 That he was of no skill possess'd ;
 But all this great and glorious job
 Was made of nonsense and the mob.
 Then did the king his peers convoke,
 And thus unto th' assembly spoke :
 " My lords and gentlemen, I rate
 Your folly as inordinate,
 Who trust your heads into his hand,
 Where no one had his heels japann'd."—
 This story their attention craves
 Whose weakness is the prey of knaves.

XV. THE SAPIENT ASS.

In all the changes of a state,
 The poor are the most fortunate,
 Who, save the name of him they call
 Their king, can find no odds at all.
 The truth of this you now may read—
 A fearful old man in a mead,
 While leading of his Ass about,
 Was startled at the sudden shout
 Of enemies approaching nigh.
 He then advised the Ass to fly,
 " Lest we be taken in the place :"—
 But loth at all to mend his pace,
 " Pray, will the conqueror," quoth Jack,
 " With double panniers load my back ?"
 " No," says the man. " If that's the thing,"
 Cries he, " I care not who is king."

XVI. THE SHEEP, THE STAG, AND THE WOLF

When one rogue would another get
 For surety in a case of debt,
 'Tis not the thing t' accept the terms,
 But dread th' event—the tale affirms.

A Stag approach'd the Sheep, to treat
 For one good bushel of her wheat.
 " The honest Wolf will give his bond."
 At which, beginning to despond,

“ The Wolf (cries she) ‘s a vagrant bite,
And you are quickly out of sight ;
Where shall I find or him or you
Upon the day the debt is due ? ”

XVII. THE SHEEP, THE DOG, AND THE WOLF.

Liars are liable to rue
The mischief they ‘re so prone to do.
The Sheep a Dog unjustly dunn’d
One loaf directly to refund,
Which he the Dog to the said Sheep
Had given in confidence to keep.
The Wolf was summoned, and he swore
It was not one, but ten or more.
The Sheep was therefore cast at law
To pay for things she never saw.
But, lo ! ere many days ensued,
Dead in a ditch the Wolf she view’d :
“ This, this,” she cried, “ is Heaven’s decree
Of justice on a wretch like thee.”

XIX. THE BITCH AND HER PUPPIES.

Bad men have speeches smooth and fair,
Of which, that we should be aware,
And such designing villains thwart,
The underwritten lines exhort.

A Bitch besought one of her kin
For room to put her Puppies in :
She, loth to say her neighbour nay,
Directly lent both hole and hay.
But asking to be reposess’d,
For longer time the former press’d,
Until her Puppies gather’d strength,
Which second lease expired at length ;
And when, abused at such a rate,
The lender grew importunate,
“ The place,” quoth she, “ I will resign
When you ‘re a match for me and mine.”

XX. THE HUNGRY DOGS.

A stupid plan that fools project,
Not only will not take effect,
ut proves destructive in the end
To those that bungle and pretend.

Some hungry Dogs beheld an hide
Deep sunk beneath the crystal tide,
Which, that they might extract for food,
They strove to drink up all the flood;
But bursten in the desp'rate deed,
They perish'd, ere they could succeed.

XXI. THE OLD LION.

Whoever, to his honor's cost,
His pristine dignity has lost,
Is the fool's jest and coward's scorn,
When once deserted and forlorn.

With years enfeebled and decay'd,
A Lion gasping hard was laid:
Then came, with furious tusk, a boar,
To vindicate his wrongs of yore:
The bull was next in hostile spite,
With goring horn his foe to smite:
At length the ass himself, secure
That now impunity was sure,
His blow too insolently deals,
And kicks his forehead with his heels.
Then thus the Lion, as he died:
" 'Twas hard to bear the brave," he cried;
But to be trampled on by thee
Is Nature's last indignity;
And thou, O despicable thing,
Giv'st death at least a double sting."

XXII. THE MAN AND THE WEASEL.

A Weasel, by a person caught,
And willing to get off, besought
The man to spare. "Be not severe
On him that keeps your pantry clear

Of those intolerable mice."

"This were," says he, "a work of price,
If done entirely for my sake,
And good had been the plea you make:
But since, with all these pains and care,
You seize yourself the dainty fare
On which those vermin used to fall,
And then devour the mice and all,
Urge not a benefit in vain."

This said, the miscreant was slain.

The satire here those chaps will own,
Who, useful to themselves alone,
And bustling for a private end,
Would boast the merit of a friend.

XXIII. THE FAITHFUL HOUSE-DOG.

A Man that's gen'rous all at once
May dupe a novice or a dunce;
But to no purpose are the snares
He for the knowing ones prepares.

When late at night a felon tried
To bribe a Dog with food, he cried,
"What ho! do you attempt to stop
The mouth of him that guards the shop?
You 're mightily mistaken, sir,
For this strange kindness is a spur,
To make me double all my din,
Lest such a scoundrel should come in."

XXIV. THE PROUD FROG.

When poor men to expenses run,
And ape their betters, they 're undone.

An Ox the Frog a-grazing view'd,
And envying his magnitude,
She puffs her wrinkled skin, and tries
To vie with his enormous size:
Then asks her young to own at least
That she was bigger than the beast.
They answer, No. With might and main
She swells and strains, and swells again.

“ Now for it, who has got the day?”
 The Ox is larger still, they say.
 At length, with more and more ado,
 She raged and puffed, and burst in two.

XXV. THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

Who give bad precepts to the wise,
 And cautious men with guile advise,
 Not only lose their toil and time,
 But slip into sarcastic rhyme.

The dogs that are about the Nile,
 Through terror of the Crocodile,
 Are therefore said to drink and run.
 It happen'd on a day, that one,
 As scamp'ring by the river side,
 Was by the Crocodile espied :
 “ Sir, at your leisure drink, nor fear
 The least design or treach'ry here.”
 “ That,” says the Dog, “ ma'm, would I do
 With all my heart, and thank you too,
 But as you can on dog's flesh dine,
 You shall not taste a bit of mine.”

XXVI. THE FOX AND THE STORK.

One should do injury to none ;
 But he that has th' assault begun,
 Ought, says the fabulist, to find
 The dread of being served in kind,

A Fox, to sup within his cave
 The Stork an invitation gave,
 Where, in a shallow dish, was pour'd
 Some broth, which he himself devour'd ;
 While the poor hungry Stork was fain
 Inevitably to abstain.
 The Stork, in turn, the Fox invites,
 And brings her liver and her lights
 In a tall flagon, finely minced,
 And thrusting in her beak, convinced
 The Fox that he in grief must fast,
 While she enjoy'd the rich repast.

Then, as in vain he lick'd the neck,
 The Stork was heard her guest to check,
 " That every one the fruits should bear
 Of their example, is but fair."

XXVII. THE DOG, TREASURE, AND VULTURE.

A Dog, while scratching up the ground,
 'Mongst human bones a treasure found ;
 But as his sacrilege was great,
 To covet riches was his fate,
 And punishment of his offence ;
 He therefore never stirr'd from thence,
 But both in hunger and the cold,
 With anxious care he watch'd the gold,
 Till wholly negligent of food,
 A ling'ring death at length ensued.

Upon his corse a Vulture stood,
 And thus descanted :—" It is good,
 O Dog, that there thou liest bereaved,
 Who in the highway wast conceived,
 And on a scurvy dunghill bred,
 Hadst royal riches in thy head."

XXVIII. THE FOX AND EAGLE.

Howe'er exalted in your sphere,
 There's something from the mean to fear ;
 For, if their property you wrong,
 The poor's revenge is quick and strong.

When on a time an Eagle stole
 The cubs from out a Fox's hole,
 And bore them to her young away,
 That they might feast upon the prey,
 The dam pursues the winged thief,
 And deprecates so great a grief ;
 But safe upon the lofty tree,
 The Eagle scorn'd the Fox's plea.
 With that the Fox perceived at hand
 An altar, whence she snatch'd a brand,
 And compassing with flames the wood,
 Put her in terror for her brood.

She therefore, lest her house should burn,
Submissive did the cubs return.

XXIX. THE FROGS AND BULLS.

Men of low life are in distress
When great ones enmity profess.

There was a Bull-fight in the fen,
A Frog cried out in trouble then,
“ Oh, what perdition on our race !”
“ How,” says another, “ can the case
Be quite so desp’rate as you’ve said ?
For they’re contending who is head,
And lead a life from us disjoin’d,
Of sep’rate station, diverse kind.”—
“ But he, whoworsted shall retire,
Will come into this lowland mire,
And with his hoof dash out our brains,
Wherfore their rage to us pertains.”

XXX. THE KITE AND THE DOVES

He that would have the wicked reign,
Instead of help will find his bane.
The Doves had oft escaped the Kite,
By their celerity of flight ;
The ruffian then to coz’nage stoop’d,
And thus the tim’rous race he duped :
“ Why do you lead a life of fear,
Rather than my proposals hear ?
Elect me for your king, and I
Will all your race indemnify.”
They foolishly the Kite believed,
Who having now the pow’r received,
Began upon the Doves to prey,
And exercise tyrannic sway.
“ Justly,” says one who yet remain’d,
“ We die the death ourselves ordain’d.”

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

THE way of writing Esop chose,
 Sound doctrine by example shows ;
 For nothing by these tales is meant,
 So much as that the bad repent ;
 And by the pattern that is set,
 Due diligence itself should whet.
 Wherefore, whatever arch conceit
 You in our narratives shall meet
 (If with the critic's ear it take,
 And for some special purpose make),
 Aspires by real use to fame,
 Rather than from an author's name.
 In fact, with all the care I can,
 I shall abide my Esop's plan :
 But if at times I intersperse
 My own materials in the verse,
 That sweet variety may please
 The fancy, and attention ease ;
 Receive it in a friendly way ;
 Which grace I purpose to repay
 By this consciousness of my song ;
 Whose praises, lest they be too long,
 Attend, why you should stint the sneak,
 But give the modest, ere they seek.

FABLE I. THE JUDICIOUS LION.

A Lion on the carcass stood
 Of a young heifer in the wood ;
 A robber that was passing there,
 Came up, and ask'd him for a share.
 "A share," says he, "you should receive,
 But that you seldom ask our leave
 For things so handily removed."
 At which the ruffian was reproved.

It happen'd that the selfsame day
 A modest pilgrim came that way,
 And when he saw the Lion, fled :
 Says he, " There is no cause of dread,
 In gentle tone—take you the chine,
 Which to your merit I assign."—
 Then having parted what he slew,
 To favour his approach withdrew.

A great example, worthy praise,
 But not much copied now-a-days !
 For churls have coffers that o'erflow,
 And sheepish worth is poor and low.

II. THE BALD-PATE DUPE.

Fondling or fondled—any how—
 (Examples of all times allow)
 That men by women must be fleeced.

A dame, whose years were well increased,
 But skill'd t' affect a youthful mien,
 Was a staid husband's empress queen ;
 Who yet sequester'd hali his heart
 For a young damsel, brisk and smart.
 They, while each wanted to attach
 Themselves to him, and seem his match,
 Began to tamper with his hair.
 He, pleased with their officious care,
 Was on a sudden made a coot ;
 For the young strumpet, branch and root,
 Stripp'd of the hoary hairs his crown,
 E'en as th' old cat grubb'd up the brown.

III. THE MAN AND THE DOG.

Torn by a Cur, a man was led
 To throw the snappish thief some bread
 Dipt in the blood, which, he was told,
 Had been a remedy of old.
 Then Esop thus :—" Forbear to show
 A pack of dogs the thing you do,
 Lest they should soon devour us quite,
 When thus rewarded as they bite."

One wicked miscreant's success
Makes many more the trade profess.

IV. THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW.

An Eagle built upon an oak
A Cat and kittens had bespoke
A hole about the middle bough ;
And underneath a woodland Sow
Had placed her pigs upon the ground.
Then treach'rous Puss a method found
To overthrow, for her own good,
The peace of this chance neighbourhood
First to the Eagle she ascends—
“ Perdition on your head impends,
And, far too probable, on mine ;
For you observe that grubbing Swine
Still works the tree to overset,
Us and our young with ease to get.”
Thus having filled the Eagle's pate
With consternation very great,
Down creeps she to the Sow below ;
“ The Eagle is your deadly foe,
And is determined not to spare
Your pigs, when you shall take the air.”
Here too a terror being spread,
By what this tattling gossip said,
She slyly to her kittens stole,
And rested snug within her hole.
Sneaking from thence with silent tread
By night her family she fed,
But look'd out sharply all the day,
Affecting terror and dismay.
The Eagle lest the tree should fall,
Keeps to the boughs, nor stirs at all ;
And, anxious for her grunting race,
The Sow is loth to quit her place.
In short, they and their young ones starve,
And leave a prey for Puss to carve.
Hence warn'd ye credulous and young,
Be cautious of a double tongue.

V. CÆSAR AND HIS SLAVE.

There is in town a certain set
Of mortals, ever in a sweat,
Who idly bustling here and there,
Have never any time to spare,
While upon nothing they discuss
With heat, and most outrageous fuss ;
Plague to themselves, and to the rest
A most intolerable pest.

I will correct this stupid clan
Of busy-bodies, if I can,
By a true story; lend an ear,
'Tis worth a trifler's time to hear.

Tiberius Cæsar, in his way
To Naples, on a certain day
Came to his own Misenian seat,
(Of old Lucullus's retreat,)
Which from the mountain top surveys
Two seas, by looking different ways.
Here a shrewd slave began to cringe
With dapper coat and sash of fringe,
And, as his master walk'd between
The trees upon the tufted green,
Finding the weather very hot,
Officiates with his wat'ring-pot ;
And still attending through the glade,
Is ostentatious of his aid.
Cæsar turns to another row,
Whére neither sun nor rain could go ;
He, for the nearest cut he knows,
Is still before with pot and rose.
Cæsar observes him twist and shift,
And understands the fellow's drift;
"Here, you sir," says th' imperial lord.
The bustler, hoping a reward,
Runs skipping up. The chief in jest
Thus the poor jackanapes address'd
"As here is no great matter done,
Small is the premium you have won :

The cuffs that make a servant free,
Are for a better man than thee."

VI. THE EAGLE, CARRION CROW, AND TORTOISE.

No soul can warrant life or right,
Secure from men of lawless might ;
But if a knave's advice assist,
'Gainst fraud and force what can exist ?

An Eagle on a Tortoise fell,
And mounting bore him by the shell :
She with her house her body screens,
Nor can be hurt by any means.
A Carrion Crow came by that way,
" You've got," says she, " a luscious prey ;
But soon its weight will make you rue,
Unless I show you what to do."

The captor promising a share,
She bids her from the upper air
To dash the shell against a rock,
Which would be sever'd by the shock.
The Eagle follows her bchest,
Then feasts on turtle with his guest.

Thus she, whom Nature made so strong,
And safe against external wrong,
No match for force, and its allies,
To cruel death a victim dies.

VII. THE MULES AND ROBBERS.

Two laden Mules were on the road—
A charge of money was bestowed
Upon the one, the other bore
Some sacks of barley. He before,
Proud of his freight, begun to swell,
Stretch'd out his neck, and shook his bell.
The poor one, with an easy pace,
Came on behind a little space,
When on a sudden, from the wood
A gang of thieves before them stood ;
And, while the muleteers engage,
Wound the poor creature in their rage

Eager they seize the golden prize,
But the vile barley-bags despise.
The plunder'd mule was all forlorn,
The other thank'd them for their scorn :
“ ‘Tis now my turn the head to toss,
Sustaining neither wound nor loss.”
The low estate's from peril clear,
But wealthy men have much to fear.

VIII. THE STAG AND THE OXEN.

A Stag unharbour'd by the hounds,
Forth from his woodland covert bounds,
And blind with terror, at th' alarm
Of death, makes to a neighb'ring farm ;
There snug conceals him in some straw,
Which in an ox's stall he saw.
“ Wretch that thou art !” a bullock cried,
“ That com'st within this place to hide ;
By trusting man you are undone,
And into sure destruction run.”
But he with suppliant voice replies :
“ Do you but wink with both your eyes,
I soon shall my occasions shape,
To make from hence a fair escape.”
The day is spent, the night succeeds,
The herdsman comes, the cattle feeds,
But nothing sees—then to and fro
Time after time the servants go ;
Yet not a soul perceives the case.
The steward passes by the place,
Himself no wiser than the rest.
The joyful Stag his thanks address'd
To all the Oxen, that he there
Had found a refuge in despair.
“ We wish you well,” an Ox return'd,
“ But for your life are still concern'd,
For if old Argus come, no doubt,
His hundred eyes will find you out.”
Scarce had the speaker made an end,
When from the supper of a friend

The master enters at the door,
 And, seeing that the steers were poor
 Of late, advances to the rack.
 " Why were the fellow's hands so slack ?
 Here's hardly any straw at all,
 Brush down those cobwebs from the wall.
 Pray how much labour would it ask ?"
 While thus he undertakes the task,
 To dust, and rummage by degrees,
 The Stag's exalted horns he sees :
 Then calling all his folks around,
 He lays him breathless on the ground.

The master, as the tale declares,
 Looks sharpest to his own affairs.

EPILOGUE.

A STATUE of great cost and fame
 Th' Athenians raised to Esop's name,
 Him setting on th' the eternal base,
 Whom servile rank could not disgrace ;
 That they might teach to all mankind
 The way to honor's unconfined,
 That glory's due to rising worth,
 And not alone to pomp and birth.

Since then another seized the post,
 Lest I priority should boast,
 This pow'r and praise was yet my own,
 That he should not excel alone :
 Nor is this Envy's jealous ire,
 But Emulation's genuine fire.

And if Rome should approve my piece,
 She'll soon have more to rival Greece.
 But should th' invidious town declare
 Against my plodding over-care,
 They cannot take away, nor hurt
 Th' internal conscience of desert.

If these my studies reach their aim,
 And, reader, your attention claim,
 If your perception fully weighs
 The drift of these my labour'd lays ;

Then such success precludes complaint.
 But if the Picture which I paint
 Should happen to attract their sight,
 Whom luckless Nature brought to light,
 Who scorn the labours of a man,
 And when they carp do all they can ;
 Yet must this fatal cause to mourn
 With all its bitterness be borne,
 Till fortune be ashamed of days,
 When genius fails, and int'rest sways.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE, TO EUTYCHUS.

THE tales of Phædrus would you read,
 O Eutychus, you must be freed
 From business, that the mind unbent
 May take the author's full intent.

You urge that this poetic turn
 Of mine is not of such concern,
 As with your time to interfere
 A moment's space : 'tis therefore clear
 For those essays you have no call,
 Which suit not your affairs at all.
 A time may come, perhaps you'll say,
 That I shall make a holiday,
 And have my vacant thoughts at large,
 The student's office to discharge—
 And can you such vile stuff peruse,
 Rather than serve domestic views,
 Return the visits of a friend,
 Or with your wife your leisure spend,
 Relax your mind, your limbs relieve,
 And for new toil new strength receive ?

From wordly cares you must estrange
 Your thoughts, and feel a perfect change,

If to Parnassus you repair,
 And seek for your admission there,
 Me—(whom a Grecian mother bore
 On Hill Pierian, where of yore
 Mnemosyne in love divine
 Brought forth to Jove the tuneful Nine.
 Though sprung where genius reign'd with art,
 I grubb'd up av'rice from my heart,
 And rather for applause than pay,
 Embrace the literary way)
 Yet as a writer and a wit,
 With some abatements they admit.
 What is his case then, do you think,
 Who toils for wealth nor sleeps a wink.
 Preferring to the pleasing pain
 Of composition sordid gain ?
 But hap what will (as Sinon said,
 When to king Priam he was led),
 I book the third shall now fulfil,
 With Æsop for my master still ;
 Which book I dedicate to you,
 As both to worth and honour due.
 Pleased, if you read—if not, content
 As conscious of a sure event,
 That these my fables shall remain,
 And after-ages entertain.

In a few words I now propose
 To point from whence the Fable rose.
 A servitude was all along
 Exposed to most oppressive wrong,
 The suff'rer therefore did not dare
 His heart's true dictates to declare ;
 But couch'd his meaning in the veil
 Of many an allegoric tale,
 And jesting with a moral aim,
 Eluded all offence and blame.
 This is the path that I pursue,
 Inventing more than Æsop knew ;
 And certain topics by-the-by,
 To my own hindrence did I try.

But was there any of mankind,
 Besides Sejanus, so inclined,
 Who was alone to work my fall,
 Informer, witness, judge and all ;
 I would confess the slander true,
 And own such hardships were my due ;
 Nor would I fly, my grief to ease,
 To such poor lenitives as these.
 If any through suspicion errs,
And to himself alone refers,
 What was design'd for thousands more
 He'll show too plainly, where he's sore.
 Yet ev'n from such I crave excuse,
 For (far from personal abuse)
 My verse in gen'ral would put down
 True life and manners of the town.

But here, perhaps, some one will ask
 Why I, forsooth, embraced this task ?
 If Esop, though a Phrygian, rose,
 And ev'n derived from Scythian snows ;
If Anacharsis could devise
 By wit to gain th' immortal prize ;
 Shall I, who to learn'd Greece belong,
 Neglect her honour and her song,
And by dull sloth myself disgrace ?
 Since we can reckon up in Thrace,
 The authors that have sweetest sung,
 Where Linus from Apollo sprung ;
And he whose mother was a muse,
 Whose voice could tenderness infuse
 To solid rocks, strange monsters quell'd,
 And Hebrus in his course withheld.

Envy, stand clear, or thou shalt rue
 Th' attack, for glory is my due.
 Thus having wrought upon your ear,
 I beg that you would be sincere,
 And in the poet's cause avow
 That candor, all the world allow.

FABLE I. THE OLD WOMAN AND EMPTY CASK.

An ancient dame a firkin sees,
 In which the rich Falernian lees
 Send from the nobly tinctured shell
 A rare and most delicious smell !
 There when a season she had clung
 With greedy nostrils to the bung,
 " O spirit exquisitely sweet !"
 She cried, " how perfectly complete
 Were you of old, and at the best,
 When ev'n your dregs have such a zest !"
 They 'll see the drift of this my rhyme,
 Who knew the author in his prime.

II. THE PANTHER AND SHEPHERDS.

Their scorn comes home to them again
 Who treat the wretched with disdain.

A careless Panther long ago
 Fell in a pit, which overthrow
 The Shepherds all around alarm'd ;
 When some themselves with cudgels arm'd ;
 Others threw stones upon its head ;
 But some in pity sent her bread,
 As death was not the creature's due.
 The night came on—the hostile crew
 Went home, not doubting in the way
 To find the Panther dead next day.
 But she, recovering of her strength,
 Sprang from the pit and fled at length.
 But rushing in a little space
 From forth her den upon the place,
 She tears the flock, the Shepherd slays,
 And all the region round dismay'd.
 Then they began to be afraid
 Who spared the beast and lent their aid ;
 They reck not of the loss, but make
 Their pray'r for life, when thus she spake :
 " I well remember them that threw
 The stones, and well remember you

Who gave me bread—desist to fear,
For 'twas the oppressor brought me here."

III. THE APE'S HEAD.

A certain person, as he stood
Within the shambles buying food,
Amongst the other kitchen fare
Beheld an Ape suspended there ;
And asking how 'twould taste, when dress'd,
The butcher shook his head in jest ;
" If for such prog your fancy is,
Judge of the flavour by the phiz."

This speech was not so true as keen,
For I in life have often seen
Good features with a wicked heart,
And plainness acting virtue's part.

IV. ESOP AND THE INSOLENT FELLOW.

Fools from success perdition meet.
An idle wretch about the street
At Esop threw a stone in rage.
" So much the better," quoth the sage,
And gives three farthings for the job ;
" I've no more money in my fob ;
But if you 'll follow my advice,
More shall be levied in a trice."
It happen'd that the selfsame hour
Came by a man of wealth and pow'r.
" There, throw your pellet at my lord,
And you shall have a sure reward!"
The fellow did as he was told ;
But mark the downfall of the bold ;
His hopes are baulk'd, and, lo ! he gains
A rope and gibbet for his pains.

V. THE FLY AND THE MULE.

A Fly that sat upon the beam
Rated the Mule : " Why, sure you dream ?

“ Pray get on faster with the cart
 Or I shall sting you till you smart ! ”
 She answers : “ All this talk I hear
 With small attention, but must fear
 Him who upon the box sustains
 The pliant whip, and holds the reins.
 Cease then your pertness—for I know
 When to give back, and when to go.”

This tale derides the talking crew,
 Whose empty threats are all they do.

VI. THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

I will, as briefly as I may,
 The sweets of liberty display.

A Wolf half famish'd, chanced to see
 A Dog, as fat as dog could be :
 For one day meeting on the road,
 They mutual compliments bestowed :
 “ Prithee,” says Isgrim, faint and weak,
 “ How came you so well fed and sleek ?
 I starve, though stronger of the two.”
 “ It will be just as well with you,”
 The Dog quite cool and frank replied,
 “ If with my master you'll abide.”
 “ For what ? ” “ Why merely to attend,
 And from night thieves the door defend.”
 “ I gladly will accept the post,
 What ! shall I bear with snow and frost
 And all this rough inclement plight,
 Rather than have a home at night,
 And feed on plenty at my ease ? ”
 “ Come, then, with me ”—the Wolf agrees.
 But as they went the mark he found,
 Where the Dog's collar had been bound :
 “ What's this, my friend ? ” “ Why, nothing.” “ Nay,
 Be more explicit, sir, I pray.”
 “ I'm somewhat fierce and apt to bite,
 Therefore they hold me pretty tight,
 That in the day-time I may sleep,
 And night by night my vigils keep.

At eveningtide they let me out,
And then I freely walk about :
Bread comes without a care of mine.
I from my master's table dine ;
The servants throw me many a scrap,
With choice of pot-liquor to lap ;
So, I've my bellyful, you find."

" But can you go where you've a mind ? "

" Not always, to be flat and plain."

" Then, Dog, enjoy your post again,
For to remain this servile thing,
Old Isgrim would not be a king."

VII. THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

Warn'd by our council, oft beware,
And look into yourself with care.

There was a certain father had
A homely girl and comely lad.
These being at their childish play
Within their mother's room one day,
A looking-glass was in the chair,
And they beheld their faces there.
The boy grows prouder as he looks ;
The girl is in a rage, nor brooks
Her boasting brother's jests and sneers,
Affronted at each word she hears :
Then to her father down she flies,
And urges all she can devise
Against the boy, who could presume
To meddle in a lady's room.
At which, embracing each in turn,
With most affectionate concern,
" My dears," he says, " ye may not pass
A day without this useful glass ;
You, lest you spoil a pretty face,
By doing things to your disgrace ;
You, by good conduct to correct
Your form, and beautify defect."

VIII. A SAYING OF SOCRATES.

Though common be the name of friend,
 Few can to faithfulness pretend,
 That Socrates (whose cruel case,
 I'd freely for his fame embrace,
 And living any envy bear
 To leave my character so fair)
 Was building of a little cot,
 When some one, standing on the spot,
 Ask'd, as the folks are apt to do,
 "How comes so great a man as you
 Content with such a little hole?"—
 "I wish," says he, "with all my sou
 That this same little house I build
 Was with true friends completely fill'd."

IX. OF DOUBT AND CREDULITY.

"Tis frequently of bad event
 To give or to withhold assent.
 Two cases will th' affair explain—
 The good Hippolytus was slain ;
 In that his stepdame credit found,
 And Troy was levell'd with the ground ;
 Because Cassandra's prescious care
 Sought, but obtain'd no credence there.
 The facts should then be very strong,
 Lest the weak judge determine wrong :
 But that I may not make too free
 With fabulous antiquity,
 I now a curious tale shall tell,
 Which I myself remember well.

An honest man, that loved his wife,
 Was introducing into life
 A son upon the man's estate.
 One day a servant (whom, of late,
 He with his freedom had endu'd)
 Took him aside, and being shrewd,
 Supposed that he might be his heir
 When he'd divulged the whole affair.

Much did he lie against the youth,
But more against the matron's truth :
And hinted that, which worst of all
Was sure a lover's heart to gall,
The visits of a lusty rake,
And honour of his house at stake.

He at this scandal taking heat,
Pretends a journey to his seat ;
But stopp'd at hand, while it was light,
Where, on a sudden, and by night,
He to his wife's apartment sped,
Where she had put the lad to bed,
As watchful of his youthful bloom.
While now they're running to the room,
And seek a light in haste, the sire,
No longer stifling of his ire,
Flies to the couch, where grouping round,
A head, but newly shaved, he found ;
Then, as alone, he vengeance breath'd,
The sword within his bosom sheath'd—
The candle ent'ring, when he spied
The bleeding youth, and by his side
The spotless dame, who being fast
Asleep, knew nothing that had pass'd,
Instant in utmost grief involved,
He vengeance for himself resolved ;
And on that very weapon flew,
Which his too cred'lous fury drew.
Th' accusers take the woman straight,
And drag to the centumvirate ;
Th' ill-natured world directly built
A strong suspicion of her guilts,
As she th' estate was to enjoy—
The lawyers all their skill employ ;
And a great spirit those exert
Who most her innocence assert.
The judges then to Cæsar pray'd
That he would lend his special aid ;
Who, as they acted upon oath,
Declared themselves extremely loth

To close this intricate affair—
 He, taking then himself the chair,
 The clouds of calumny displaced.
 And Truth up to her fountain traced.
 “ Let the freedman to vengeance go,
 The cause of all this scene of woe :
 For the poor widow, thus undone,
 Deprived of husband and of son,
 To pity has a greater plea
 Than condemnation, I decree—
 But if the man, with caution due,
 Had rather blamed than listen’d to
 The vile accuser, and his lie
 Had strictly search’d with Reason’s eye,
 This desp’rate guilt he had not known,
 Nor branch and root his house o’erthrown.”

Nor wholly scorn, nor yet attend
 Too much at what the tatlers vend,
 Because there’s many a sad neglect.
 Where you have little to suspect ;
 And treach’rous persons will attaint
 Men, against whom there’s no complaint.
 Hence simple folks too may be taught
 How to form judgments as they ought,
 And not see with another’s glass ;
 For things are come to such a pass,
 That love and hate work diff’rent ways,
 As int’rest or ambition sways.
 Them you may know, in them confide,
 Whom by experience you have tried.
 Thus have I made a long amends
 For that brief style which some offends.

XI. THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A Cock, while scratching all around,
 A Pearl upon the dunghill found :
 “ O splendid thing in foul disgrace,
 Had there been any in the place

That saw and knew thy worth when sold,
Ere this thou hadst been set in gold.
But I, who rather would have got
A corn of barley, heed thee not;
No service can there render'd be
From me to you, and you to me."

I write this tale to them alone
To whom in vain my pearls are thrown.

XII. THE BEES AND THE DRONES

Up in a lofty oak the Bees
Had made their honey-combs : but these
The Drones asserted they had wrought.
Then to the bar the cause was brought
Before the wasp, a learned chief,
Who well might argue either brief,
As of a middle nature made.
He therefore to both parties said :
" You're not dissimilar in size,
And each with each your color vies ;
That there's a doubt concerning both :
But, lest I err, upon my oath,
Hives for yourselves directly choose,
And in the wax the work infuse,
That, from the flavor and the form,
We may point out the genuine swarm."
The Drones refuse, the Bees agree—
Then thus did Justice Wasp decree :
" Who can, and who cannot, is plain,
So take, ye Bees, your combs again."

This narrative had been suppress'd
Had not the Drones refused the test.

XIII. ESOP PLAYING.

As Esop was with boys at play,
And had his nuts as well as they,
A grave Athenian, passing by,
Cast on the sage a scornful eye,
As on a dotard quite bereaved :
Which, when the moralist perceived,

(Rather himself a wit profess'd
 Than the poor subject of a jest)
 Into the public way he flung
 A bow that he had just unstrung:
 " There solve, thou conjurer," he cries,
 " The problem, that before thee lies."
 The people throng; he racks his brain,
 Nor can the thing enjoin'd explain.
 At last he gives it up—the seer
 Thus then in triumph made it clear:
 " As the tough bow exerts its spring,
 A constant tension breaks the string;
 But if 'tis let at seasons loose,
 You may depend upon its use."
 Thus recreative sports and play
 Are good upon a holiday,
 And with more spirit they'll pursue
 The studies which they shall renew.

XIV. THE DOG AND THE LAMB.

A Dog bespoke a sucking Lamb,
 That used a she-goat as her dam,
 " You little fool, why, how you baa !
 This goat is not your own mamma :"—
 Then pointed to a distant mead,
 Where several sheep were put to feed.
 " I ask not," says the Lamb, " for her
 Who had me first at Nature's spur,
 And bore me for a time about,
 Then, like a fardel, threw me out;
 But her that is content to bilk
 Her own dear kids, to give me milk."
 " Yet she that yean'd you sure," says Tray,
 " Should be preferr'd"—" I tell thee nay—
 Whence could she know that what she hid
 Was black or white?—but grant she did—
 I being thus a male begot
 'Twas no great favor, since my lot
 Was hour by hour, throughout my life,
 To dread the butcher and his knife.

Why should I therefore give my voice
 For her who had no pow'r or choice
 In my production, and not cleave
 To her so ready to relieve,
 When she beheld me left alone,
 And has such sweet indulgence shown?"
 Kind deeds parental love proclaim,
 Not mere necessity and name.

XV. THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Those who will not the forms obey
 To be obliging in their way,
 Must often punishment abide
 For their ill-nature, and their pride.

A Grasshopper, in rank ill-will,
 Was very loud and very shrill
 Against a sapient Owl's repose,
 Who was compelled by day to doze
 Within a hollow oak's retreat,
 As wont by night to quest for meat—
 She is desired to hold her peace.
 But at the word her cries increase ;
 Again requested to abate
 Her noise, she's more importunate.
 The Owl perceiving no redress,
 And that her words were less and less
 Accounted of, no longer pray'd,
 But thus an artifice essay'd :
 " Since 'tis impossible to nod,
 While harping like the Delphian god,
 You charm our ears, stead of a nap,
 A batch of nectar will I tap,
 Which lately from Minerva came ;
 Now if you do not scorn the same,
 Together let us bumpers ply."
 The Grasshopper, extremely dry,
 And, finding she had hit the key
 That gain'd applause, approach'd with glee ;
 At which the Owl upon her flew,
 And quick the trembling vixen slew.

Thus by her death she was adjudged
To give what in her life she grudged.

XVI. THE TREES PROTECTED.

The gods took certain trees (th' affair
Was some time since) into their care.
The oak was best approved by Jove,
The myrtle by the queen of love ;
The god of music and the day
Vouchsafed to patronise the bay ;
The pine Cybele chanced to please,
And the tall poplar Hercules.
Minerva upon this inquired
Why they all barren trees admired ?
“ The cause,” says Jupiter, “ is plain,
Lest we give honour up for gain.”
“ Let every one their fancy suit,
I choose the olive for its fruit.”
The sire of gods and men replies,
“ Daughter, thou shalt be reckon'd wise
By all the world, and justly too ;
For whatsoever things we do,
If not a life of useful days,
How vain is all pretence to praise ! ”
Whate'er experiments you try,
Have some advantage in your eye.

XVII. JUNO AND THE PEACOCK.

Her fav'rite bird to Juno came,
And was in dudgeon at the dame,
That she had not attuned her throat
With Philomela's matchless note ;
“ She is the wonder of all ears ;
But when I speak the audience sneers.
The goddess to the bird replied,
(Willing to have him pacified,)
“ You are above the rest endued
With beauty and with magnitude ;
Your neck the em'rald's gloss outvies,
And what a blaze of gemmeous dies

Shines from the plumage of your tail!"
 " All this dumb show will not avail,"
 Cries he, " if I'm surpass'd in voice."
 " The fates entirely have the choice
 Of all the lots—fair form is yours ;
 The eagle's strength his prey secures ;
 The nightingale can sing an ode ;
 The crow and raven may forebode :
 All these in sheer contentment crave
 No other voice than Nature gave."

By affectation be not sway'd,
 Where Nature has not lent her aid ;
 Nor to that flatt'ring hope attend,
 Which must in disappointment end.

XVIII. ESOP AND THE IMPORTUNATE FELLOW.

Esop (no other slave at hand)
 Received himself his lord's command
 An early supper to provide.
 From house to house he therefore tried
 To beg the favor of a light ;
 At length he hit upon the right.
 But as when first he sallied out
 He made his tour quite round about,
 On his return he took a race
 Directly, cross the market-place :
 When thus a talkative buffoon,
 " Esop, what means this light at noon ?"
 He answer'd briefly, as he ran,
 " Fellow, I'm looking for a man."
 Now if this jackanapes had weigh'd
 The true intent of what was said,
 He'd found that Esop had no sense
 Of manhood in impertinence.

XIX. THE ASS AND PRIESTS OF CYBELE.

The luckless wretch that's born to woe
 Must all his life affliction know—
 And harder still, his cruel fate
 Will on his very ashes wait.

Cybele's priests, in quest of bread,
 An Ass about the village led,
 With things for sale from door to door;
 Till work'd and beaten more and more,
 At length, when the poor creature died,
 They made them drums out of his hide.
 Then question'd " how it came to pass
 They thus could serve their darling Ass ?"
 The answer was, " He thought of peace
 In death, and that his toils would cease ;
 But see his mis'ry knows no bounds,
 Still with our blows his back resounds."

BOOK IV.

PROLOGUE.

To you, who 've graver things bespoke,
 This seems no better than a joke,
 And light for mere amusement made ;
 Yet still we drive the scribbling trade,
 And from the pen our pleasure find,
 When we've no greater things to mind.
 Yet if you look with care intense,
 These tales your toil shall recompense ;
 Appearance is not always true,
 And thousands err by such a view.
 'Tis a choice spirit that has pried
 Where clean contrivance chose to hide :
 That this is not at random said,
 I shall produce upon this head
 A fable of an arch device,
 About the Weasel and the Mice.

FABLE I. THE WEAZEL AND MICE.

A Weasel, worn with years, and lame,
 That could not overtake its game,

Now with the nimble Mice to deal,
Disguised herself with barley meal;
Then negligent her limbs she spread
In a sly nook, and lay for dead.

A Mouse that thought she there might feed,
Leapt up, and perish'd in the deed;
A second in like manner died;
A third, and sundry more beside:
Then comes the brindled Mouse, a chap
That oft escaped both snare and trap,
And seeing how the trick was played,
Thus to his crafty foe he said:—
“So may’st thou prosper day and night,
As thou art not an errant bite.”

II. THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

An hungry Fox with fierce attack
Sprang on a Vine, but tumbled back,
Nor could attain the point in view,
So near the sky the bunches grew.
As he went off, “They’re scurvy stuff,”
Says he, “and not half ripe enough—
And I’ve more rev’rence for my tripes
Than to torment them with the gripes.”

For those this tale is very pat
Who lessen what they can’t come at.

III. THE HORSE AND BOAR.

A Wild-Boar wallow’d in the flood,
And troubled all the stream with mud,
Just where a horse to drink repair’d—
He therefore having war declared,
Sought man’s alliance for the fight,
And bore upon his back the knight;
Who being skill’d his darts to throw,
Despatched the Wild-Boar at a blow.
Then to the steed the victor said,
“I’m glad you came to me for aid,
For taught how useful you can be,
I’ve got at once a spoil and thee.”

On which the fields he made him quit,
 To feel the spur and champ the bit.
 Then he his sorrow thus express'd:
 "I needs must have my wrongs redress'd,
 And making tyrant man the judge,
 Must all my life become a drudge."

This tale the passionate may warn,
 To bear with any kind of scorn;
 And rather all complaint withdraw
 Than either go to war or law.

IV. ESOP AND THE WILL.

That one man sometimes is more shrewd
 Than a stupendous multitude,
 To after-times I shall rehearse
 In my concise familiar verse.

A certain man on his decease,
 Left his three girls so much a-piece:
 The first was beautiful and frail,
 With eyes still hunting for the male;
 The second giv'n to spin and card,
 A country housewife working hard;
 The third but very ill to pass,
 A homely slut, that loved her glass.
 The dying man had left his wife
 Executrix, and for her life
 Sole tenant, if she should fulfil
 These strange provisos of his will:
 "That she should give th' estate in fee
 In equal portions to the three;
 But in such sort, that this bequest
 Should not be holden or possess'd;
 Then soon as they should be bereav'n
 Of all the substance that was giv'n,
 They must for their good mother's ease
 Make up an hundred sesterces."
 This spread through Athens in a trice;
 The prudent widow takes advice.
 But not a lawyer could unfold
 How they should neither have nor hold

The very things that they were left.
Besides, when once they were bereft,
How they from nothing should confer
The money that was due to her.

When a long time was spent in vain,
And no one could the will explain,
She left the counsellors unfeud,
And thus of her own self decreed :
The minstrels, trinkets, plate, and dress,
She gave the Lady to possess.
Then Mrs. Notable she stocks
With all the fields, the kine and flocks :
The workmen, farm, with a supply
Of all the tools of husbandry.
Last, to the Guzzler she consigns
The cellar stored with good old wines,
A handsome house to see a friend,
With pleasant gardens at the end.
Thus as she strove th' affair to close,
By giving each the things they chose,
And those that knew them every one
Highly applauded what was done.
Esop arose, and thus address'd
The crowd that to his presence press'd :
" O that the dead could yet perceive !
How would the prudent father grieve,
That all th' Athenians had not skill
Enough to understand his will !
Then at their joint request he solved
That error, which had all involved.
" The gardens, house, and wine vaults too,
Give to the spinster as her due ;
The clothes, the jewels, and such ware,
Be all the tippling lady's share ;
The fields, the barns, and flocks of sheep,
Give the gay courtesan to keep.
Not one will bear the very touch
Of things that thwart their tastes so much ;
The slut to fill her cellar straight
Her wardrobe will evacuate ;

The lady soon will sell her farms,
 For garments to set off her charms ;
 But she that loves the flocks and kine
 Will alienate her stores of wine,
 Her rustic genius to employ.
 Thus none their portions shall enjoy,
 And from the money each has made
 Their mother shall be duly paid."

Thus one man by his wit disclosed
 The point that had so many posed.

V. THE BATTLE OF THE MICE AND WEASELS.

The routed Mice upon a day
 Fled from the Weasels in array ;
 But in the hurry of the flight,
 What with their weakness and their fright
 Each scarce could get into his cave :
 Howe'er, at last their lives they save.
 But their commanders (who had tied
 Horns to their heads in martial pride,
 Which as a signal they design'd
 For non-commission'd mice to mind)
 Stick in the entrance as they go,
 And there are taken by the foe,
 Who, greedy of the victim, gluts
 With mouse-flesh his ungodly guts.

Each great and national distress
 Must chiefly mighty men oppress ;
 While folks subordinate and poor
 Are by their littleness secure.

VI. PHÆDRUS TO THE CAVILLERS.

Thou that against my tales inveigh'st,
 As much too pleasant for thy taste ;
 Egregious critic, cease to scoff,
 While for a time I play you off,
 And strive to soothe your puny rage.
 As Esop comes upon the staga,

And dress'd entirely new in Rome,
 Thus enters with the tragic plume.—
 “ O that the fair Thessalian pine
 Had never felt the wrath divine,
 And fearless of the axe's wound,
 Had still the Pelian mountain crown'd !
 That Argus by Palladian aid
 Had ne'er the advent'rous vessel made ;
 In which at first, without dismay,
 Death's bold professors won their way,
 In which th' inhospitable main
 Was first laid open for the bane
 Of Grecians and barbarians too.
 Which made the proud Æetas rue,
 And whence Medea's crimes to nought
 The house and reign of Pelias brought.
 She—while in various forms she tries
 Her furious spirit to disguise,
 At one place in her flight bestow'd
 Her brother's limbs upon the road ;
 And at another could betray
 The daughters their own sire to slay.

How think you now ?—What arrant trash !
 And our assertions much too rash !—
 Since prior to th' Ægean fleet
 Did Minos piracy defeat,
 And made adventures on the sea.
 How then shall you and I agree ?
 Since, stern as Cato's self, you hate
 All tales alike, both small and great.

Plague not too much the man of parts ;
 For he that does it surely smarts.—

This threat is to the fools, that squeam
 At every thing of good esteem ;
 And that they may to taste pretend,
 Ev'n heaven itself will discommend.

VII. THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

He that a greater biter bites,
 His folly on himself requites,

As we shall manifest forthwith.—

There was a hovel of a smith,
Where a poor Viper chanced to steal,
And being greedy of a meal,
When she had seized upon a file,
Was answer'd in this rugged style :
“ Why do you think, O stupid snake !
On me your usual meal to make,
Who've sharper teeth than thine by far,
And can corrode an iron bar ? ”

VIII. THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A crafty knave will make escape,
When once he gets into a scrape,
Still meditating self-defence,
At any other man's expense.

A Fox by some disaster fell
Into a deep and fenced well :
A thirsty Goat came down in haste,
And ask'd about the water's taste,
If it was plentiful and sweet ?
At which the Fox, in rank deceit,
“ So great the solace of the run,
I thought I never should have done.
Be quick, my friend, your sorrows drown,”
This said, the silly Goat comes down.
The subtle Fox herself avails,
And by his horns the mound she scales,
And leaves the Goat in all the mire,
To gratify his heart's desire.

IX. THE TWO BAGS.

Great Jove, in his paternal care,
Has giv'n a man two Bags to bear ;
That which his own default contains
Behind his back unseen remains ;
But that which others' vice attests
Swags full in view before our breasts.

Hence we're inevitably blind,
Relating to the Bag behind ;

But when our neighbours misdemean,
Our censures are exceeding keen.

X. THE SACRILEGIOUS THIEF.

A villain to Jove's altar came
To light his candle in the flame,
And robb'd the god in dead of night,
By his own consecrated light :
Then thus an awful voice was sent,
As with the sacrilege he went :
" Though all this gold and silver plate
As gifts of evil men I hate ;
And their removal from the fane
Can cause the Deity no pain ;
Yet, caitiff, at th' appointed time,
Thy life shall answer for thy crime.
But, for the future, lest this blaze,
At which the pious pray and praise,
Should guide the wicked, I decree
That no such intercourse there be."
Hence to this day all men decline
To light their candle at the shrine ;
Nor from a candle e'er presume
The holy light to re-illum.

How many things are here contain'd,
By him alone can be explain'd
Who could this useful tale invent.
In the first place, herein is meant,
That they are often most your foes
Who from your fost'ring hand arose.
Next, that the harden'd villain's fate
Is not from wrath precipitate,
But rather at a destined hour.
Lastly, we're charg'd with all our pow'r,
To keep ourselves, by care intense,
From all connexions with offence.

XI. HERCULES AND PLUTUS.

Wealth by the brave is justly scorn'd,
Since men are from the truth suborn'd,

And a full chest perverts their ways
From giving or deserving praise.

When Hercules, for matchless worth,
Was taken up to heav'n from earth,
As in their turns to all the crowd
Of gratulating gods he bow'd,
When Plutus, Fortune's son, he spies,
He from his face averts his eyes.
Jove ask'd the cause of this disgust :
" I hate him, as he is unjust,
To wicked men the most inclined,
And grand corrupter of mankind."

XII. THE HE-GOATS AND SHE-GOATS.

When the She-Goats from Jove obtain'd
A beard, th' indignant Males complain'd,
That females by this near approach
Would on their gravity encroach.
" Suffer, my sapient friends," says he,
" Their eminence in this degree,
And bear their beard's most graceful length,
As they can never have your strength."

Warn'd by this little tale, agree
With men in gen'ral form'd like thee,
While you by virtue still exceed,
And in the spirit take the lead.

XIII. THE PILOT AND SAILORS.

On hearing a poor man lament
His worldly thoughts in discontent,
Esop this tale began to write,
For consolation and delight.

The ship by furious tempests toss'd,
The Mariners gave all for lost ;
But midst their tears and dread, the scene
Is changed at once, and all serene.
The wind is fair, the vessel speeds,
The Sailors' boist'rous joy exceeds :
The Pilot then, by peril wise,
Was prompted to philosophise.

“ ‘Tis right to put a due restraint
 On joy, and to retard complaint,
 Because alternate hope and fright
 Make up our lives of black and white.”

XIV. THE MAN AND THE ADDER.

He, that malicious men relieves,
 His folly in a season grieves.
 A Man, against himself humane,
 Took up an Adder, that had lain
 And stiffen’d in the frosty air,
 And in his bosom placed with care,
 Where she with speed recov’ring breath,
 Her benefactor stung to death.
 Another Adder near the place,
 On asking why she was so base,
 Was told, “ ‘Tis others to dissuade
 From giving wickedness their aid.”

XV. THE FOX AND THE DRAGON.

A Fox was throwing up the soil,
 And while with his assiduous toil
 He burrow’d deep into the ground,
 A Dragon in his den he found,
 A-watching hidden treasure there,
 Whom seeing, Renard speaks him fair :
 “ First, for your pardon I apply
 For breaking on your privacy ;
 Then, as you very plainly see
 That gold is of no use to me,
 Your gentle leave let me obtain
 To ask you, what can be the gain
 Of all this care, and what the fruit,
 That you should not with sleep recruit
 Your spirits, but your life consume
 Thus in an everlasting gloom ?”
 “ ‘Tis not my profit here to stay,”
 He cries ; “ but I must Jove obey.”
 “ What ! will you therefore nothing take
 Yourself, nor others welcome make ?”

“Ev’n so the fates decree.”—“Then, sir,
Have patience, whilst I do aver
That he who like affections knows
Is born with all the gods his foes.
Since to that place you needs must speed,
Where all your ancestors precede,
Why in the blindness of your heart
Do you torment your noble part?”

All this to thee do I indite,
Thou grudging churl, thy heir’s delight,
Who robb’st the gods of incense due,
Thyself of food and raiment too ;
Who hear’st the harp with sullen mien,
To whom the piper gives the spleen ;
Who’rt full of heavy groans and sighs
When in their price provisions rise ;
Who with thy frauds heaven’s patience tire
To make thy heap a little higher,
And, lest death thank thee, in thy will
Hast tax’d the undertaker’s bill.

XVI. PHÆDRUS, ON HIS FABLES.

What certain envious hearts intend
I very clearly comprehend,
Let them dissemble e’er so much.—
When they perceive the master’s touch,
And find ’tis likely to endure,
They’ll say ’tis Esop to be sure—
But what appears of mean design,
At any rate they’ll vouch for mine.
These in a word I would refute :
Whether of great or no repute,
What sprung from Esop’s fertile thought
This hand has to perfection brought ;
But waiving things to our distaste,
Let’s to the destined period haste.

XVII. THE SHIPWRECK OF SIMONIDES.

A man, whose learned worth is known,
Has always riches of his own.

Simonides, who was the head
Of lyric bards, yet wrote for bread,
His circuit took through every town
In Asia of the first renown,
The praise of heroes to rehearse,
Who gave him money for his verse.
When by this trade much wealth was earn'd,
Homewards by shipping he return'd
(A Cean born, as some suppose):
On board he went, a tempest rose,
Which shook th' old ship to that degree,
She founder'd soon as out at sea.
Some purses, some their jewels tie
About them for a sure supply;
But one more curious, ask'd the seer,
"Poet, have you got nothing here?"
"My all," says he, "is what I am."—
On this some few for safety swam
(For most o'erburden'd by their goods,
Were smother'd in the whelming floods).
The spoilers came, the wealth demand,
And leave them naked on the strand.
It happen'd for the shipwreck'd crew
An ancient city was in view,
By name Clazomena, in which
There lived a scholar learn'd and rich,
Who often read, his cares to ease,
The verses of Simonides,
And was a vast admirer grown
Of this great poet, though unknown.
Him by his converse when he traced,
He with much heartiness embraced,
And soon equipp'd the bard anew,
With servants, clothes, and money too.
The rest benevolence implored,
With case depicted on a board:
Which when Simonides espied,
"I plainly told you all," he cried,
"That all my wealth was in myself;
As for your chattels and your pelf.

On which ye did so much depend,
They're come to nothing in the end."

XVIII. THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

The Mountain labor'd, groaning loud,
On which a num'rous gaping crowd
Of noodles came to see the sight,
When, lo ! a mouse was brought to light !

This tale 's for men of swagg'ring cast,
Whose threats, voluminous and vast,
With all their verse and all their prose,
Can make but little on 't, God knows.

XIX. THE ANT AND THE FLY.

An Ant and Fly had sharp dispute
Which creature was of most repute ;
When thus began the flaunting Fly :
" Are you so laudible as I ?
I, ere the sacrifice is carved,
Precede the gods ; first come, first served—
Before the altar take my place,
And in all temples show my face,
Whene'er I please I set me down
Upon the head that wears a crown.
I with impunity can taste
The kiss of matrons fair and chaste,
And pleasure without labor claim—
Say, trollop, canst thou do the same ? "

" The feasts of gods are glorious fare,
No doubt, to those who 're welcome there ;
But not for such detested things.—
You talk of matron's lips and kings ;
I, who with wakeful care and pains
Against the winter hoard my grains,
Thee feeding upon ordure view.—
The altars you frequent, 'tis true ;
But still are driv'n away from thence,
And elsewhere, as of much offence.

A life of toil you will not lead,
 And so have nothing when you need.
 Besides all this, you talk with pride
 Of things that modesty should hide.
 You plague me here, while days increase,
 But when the winter comes you cease.
 Me, when the cold thy life bereaves,
 A plenteous magazine receives.
 I think I need no more advance
 To cure you of your arrogance."

The tenor of this tale infers
 Two very diff'rent characters ;
 Of men self-praised and falsely vain,
 And men of real worth in grain.

XX. THE ESCAPE OF SIMONIDES

Th' attention letters can engage,
 Ev'n from a base degen'rate age,
 I've shown before ; and now shall show
 Their lustre in another view,
 And tell a memorable tale,
 How much they can with heav'n prevail,
 Simonides, the very same
 We lately had a call to name,
 Agreed for such a sum to blaze
 A certain famous champion's praise.
 He therefore a retirement sought,
 But found the theme on which he wrote
 So scanty, he was forced to use
 Th' accustom'd license of the muse,
 And introduced and praise bestow'd
 On Leda's sons to raise his ode ;
 With these the rather making free,
 As heroes in the same degree.
 He warranted his work, and yet
 Could but one third of payment get.
 Upon demanding all the due,
 "Let them," says he, "pay t' other two,
 Who take two places in the song ;
 But lest you think I do you wrong

And part in dudgeon—I invite
 Your company to sup this night,
 For then my friends and kin I see,
 'Mongst which I choose to reckon thee.'"
 Choused and chagrined, yet shunning blame,
 He promised, set the hour, and came;
 As fearful lest a favour spurn'd
 Should to an open breach be turn'd.
 The splendid banquet shone with plate,
 And preparations full of state
 Made the glad house with clamors roar—
 When on a sudden at the door
 Two youths, with sweat and dust besmear'd,
 Above the human form appear'd,
 And charged forthwith a little scout
 To bid Simonides come out,
 That 'twas his int'rest not to stay.—
 The slave, in trouble and dismay,
 Roused from his seat the feasting bard,
 Who scarce had stirr'd a single yard
 Before the room at once fell in,
 And crush'd the champion and his kin.
 No youths before the door are found.—
 The thing soon spread the country round;
 And when each circumstance was weigh'd,
 They knew the gods that visit made,
 And saved the poet's life in lieu
 Of those two-thirds which yet were due.

EPILOGUE TO EUTYCHUS.

I yet have stock in hand to spare,
 And could write on—but will forbear—
 First, lest I tire a friend, whose state
 And avocations are so great :
 And then, if other pens should try
 This morals cheme as well as I,
 They may have something to pursue :—
 Yet if the spacious field we view,
 More men are wanting for the plan,
 Rather than matter for the man.

Now for that prize I make my plea
You promised to my brevity.
Keep your kind word; for life, my friend,
Is daily nearer to its end;
And I shall share your love the less
The longer you your hand repress:
The sooner you the boon insure,
The more the tenure must endure;
And if I quick possession take,
The greater profit must I make,
While yet declining age subsists,
A room for friendly aid exists.
Anon with tasteless years grown weak,
In vain benevolence will seek
To do me good—when Death at hand
Shall come and urge his last demand.
'Tis folly, you'll be apt to say,
A thousand times to beg and pray
Of one with so much worth and sense,
Whose gen'rous bounty is propense.
If e'er a miscreant succeeds,
By fair confession of his deeds,
An innocent offender's case
Is far more worthy of your grace.
You for example sake begin,
Then others to the lure you'll win,
And in rotation more and more
Will soon communicate their store.
Consider in your mind how far
At stake your word and honour are;
And let your closing the debate
By what I may congratulate.
I have been guilty of excess
Beyond my thought in this address
But 'tis not easy to refrain
A spirit work'd up to disdain
By wretches insolent and vile,
With a clear conscience all the while.
You'll ask me, sir, at whom I hint—
In time they may appear in print.

But give me leave to cite a phrase
 I met with in my boyish days.
 " 'Tis dangerous for the mean and low
 Too plain their grievances to show."
 This is advice I shall retain
 While life and sanity remain.

BOOK V.

PROLOGUE, TO PARTICULAR

WHEN I resolved my hand to stay
 For this, that others might have play,
 On reconsidering of my part
 I soon recanted in my heart:
 For if a rival should arise,
 How can he possibly devise
 The things that I have let alone,
 Since each man's fancy is his own,
 And likewise colouring of the piece?"—
 It was not therefore mere caprice,
 But strong reflection made me write:
 Wherefore since you in tales delight,
 Which I, in justice, after all,
 Not Esop's, but Esopian call;
 Since he invented but a few;
 I more, and some entirely new,
 Keeping indeed the ancient style,
 With fresh materials all the while.
 As at your leisure you peruse
 The fourth collection of my muse,
 That you may not be at a stand,
 A fifth shall shortly come to hand;
 'Gainst which, if as against the rest,
 Malignant cavillers protest,
 Let them carp on, and make it plain
 They carp at what they can't attain.
 My fame's secure, since I can show
 How men of eminence like you,

My little book transcribe and quote,
 As like to live of classic note.
 It is th' ambition of my pen
 To win th' applause of learned men.

I. DEMETRIUS AND MENANDER.

If Esop's name at any time
 I bring into this measured rhyme,
 To whom I've paid whate'er I owe,
 Let all men by these presents know,
 I with th' old fabulist make free,
 To strengthen my authority.
 As certain sculptors of the age,
 The more attention to engage,
 And raise their price, the curious please,
 By forging of Praxiteles;
 And in like manner they purloin
 A Myro to their silver coin.
 'Tis thus our fables we can smoke,
 As pictures for their age bespoke:
 For biting envy, in disgust
 To new improvements, favors rust;
 But now a tale comes in of course,
 Which these assertions will enforce.

Demetrius, who was justly call'd
 The tyrant, got himself install'd,
 And held o'er Athens impious sway.
 The crowd, as ever is the way,
 Came, eager rushing far and wide,
 And, "Fortunate event!" they cried.
 The nobles came, the throne address'd:
 The hand by which they were oppress'd
 They meekly kiss'd, with inward stings
 Of anguish for the face of things.
 The idlers also, with the tribe
 Of those who to themselves prescribe
 Their ease and pleasure, in the end
 Came sneaking, lest they should offend.
 Amongst this troop Menander hics,
 So famous for his comedies.

(Him, though he was not known by sight,
 The tyrant read with great delight,
 Struck with the genius of the bard.)
 In flowing robes bedaub'd with nard,
 And saunt'ring tread he came along,
 Whom, at the bottom of the throng,
 When Phalereus beheld, he said :
 “ How dares that fribble show his head
 In this our presence ? ” he was told—
 “ It is Menander you behold.”
 Then, changed at once from fierce to bland,
 He call'd, and took him by the hand.

II. THE THIEF AND THE TRAVELLERS.

Two men equipp'd were on their way;
 One fearful ; one without dismay,
 An able fencer. As they went,
 A robber came with black intent ;
 Demanding, upon pain of death,
 Their gold and silver in a breath.
 At which the man of spirit drew,
 And instantly disarm'd and slew
 The Thief, his honor to maintain.
 Soon as the rogue was fairly slain,
 The tim'rous chap began to puff—
 And drew his sword, and stripp'd in buff—
 “ Leave me alone with him ! stand back !
 I'll teach him whom he should attack.”
 Then he who fought, “ I wish, my friend,
 But now you'd had such words to lend ;
 I might have been confirm'd the more,
 Supposing truth to all you swore ;
 Then put your weapon in the sheath,
 And keep your tongue within your teeth ;
 Though you may play an actor's part
 On them who do not know your heart,
 I, who have seen this very day
 How lustily you ran away,
 Experience when one comes to blows
 How far your resolution goes.”



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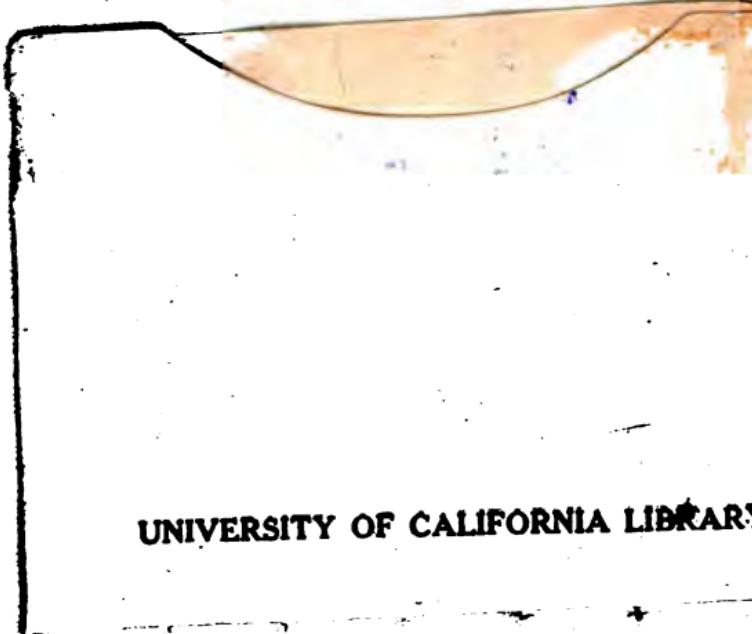
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